Oct. 30, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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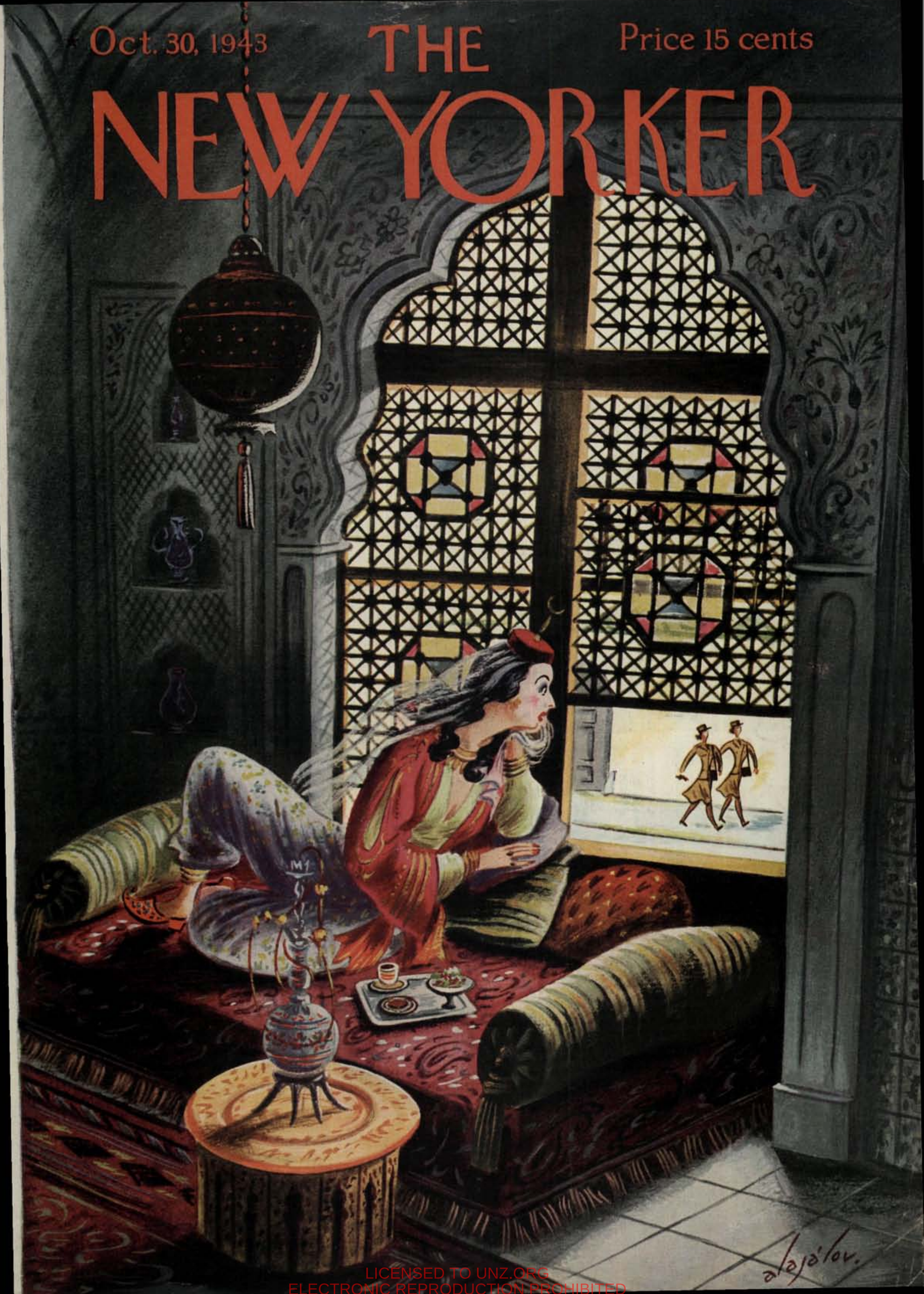

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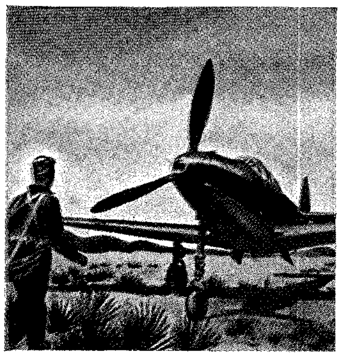
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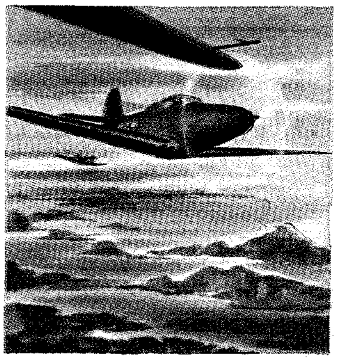
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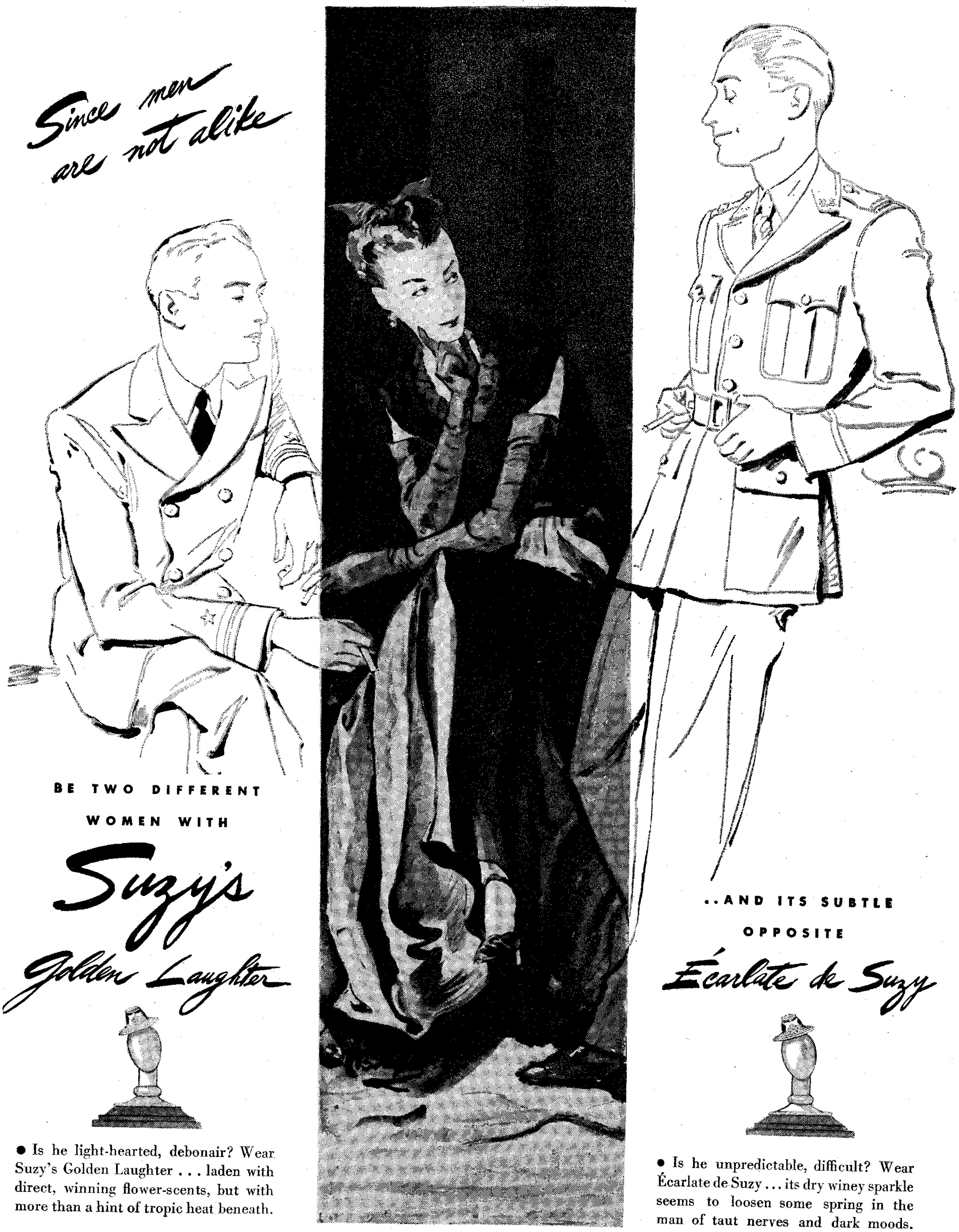

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Another Love Story—Not quite like the epigrams that Oscar used to make. Roland Young, Margaret Lindsay, and Arthur Margetson are among those in Frederick Lonsdale's insanely complicated comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman has directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Arlene Francis, and Doris Nolan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. Helen Hayes, however, is superb. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest largely to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun at 3; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 2, at 2:40.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. Redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life With Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is rounding out its fourth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A New Life—Somewhat elementary debate on Fascism and Democracy, all taking place in a maternity ward. Elmer Rice's play is produced by the Playwrights' Company, and the cast includes Betty Field, George Lambert, and Ann Thomas. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Othello—A magnificent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Visually, at least, Paul Robeson's Moor is perfect, and José Ferrer is a remarkable Iago. Among the others are Uta Hagen, James Monks, and Miss Webster herself. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Three's a Family—Another play about babies, this one a comedy concerned also with the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. Skippy Homeier is splendid in his rôle of the young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Manhattan Nocturne—Eddie Dowling in a melodrama by Roy Walling. Staged by Stella Adler and produced by Walter Drey and George W. Brandt. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Slightly Married—A comedy by Aleen Leslie, with Leon Ames and Mona Barrie. Staged and produced by Melville Burke. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Victory Belles—A farce by Alice Gerstenberg, with Mabel Taliaferro and Barbara Bennett. Produced by Henry Adrian. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Early to Bed—Something about a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and almost as simple-minded as it sounds. Richard Kollmar, Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard are in it, and there is Fats Waller's characteristic music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laugh Time—Frank Fay, Bert Wheeler, Ethel Waters, and many others, including some excellent dogs, in a very satisfactory vaudeville show. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40, and Sun. at 2:15 and 5:30.)

The Merry Widow—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 2, at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—This Nash-Perelman-Weill comedy won't replace "Oklahoma!," but it is very pretty and engaging just the same. Mary Martin is a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Agnes De Mille has contributed a stunning ballet. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. A big, good-natured comedy, also containing Betty Bruce and Cole Porter's music. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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Star and Garter—A musical perhaps adequately defined by its title. Somewhat rowdy, but intermittently pretty funny. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a cast that includes, among many others, Eric Blore. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Outrageous Fortune—Elsie Ferguson, Maria Ouspenskaya, and Margalo Gillmore in a play by Rose Franken. Produced by William Brown Meloney. Opens Wed., Nov. 3. (48th Street, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Artists and Models—Jane Froman and Frances Faye in a new edition of this revue. Produced by Lou Walters, Don Ross, and others. Opens Fri., Nov. 5. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ballet Theatre—"Swan Lake," "Aleko," and "Princess Aurora," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 28. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Fair at Sorochinsk," and "Helen of Troy," Fri. Eve., Oct. 29. . . . "Slavonika," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Aft., Oct. 30. . . . "Fair at Sorochinsk," "Pictures of Goya," "Lilac Garden," and "Helen of Troy," Sat. Eve., Oct. 30. . . . "Romantic Age," "Pillar of Fire," "Judgment of Paris," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Sun. Eve., Oct. 31. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Dim Lustre," "Judgment of Paris," and "Gala Performance," Mon. Eve., Nov. 1. . . . "Giselle," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Gala Performance," Tues. Eve., Nov. 2. . . . "Billy the Kid," "Lilac Garden," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Wed. Eve., Nov. 3. . . . "Petrouchka," "Dim Lustre," "Pas de Deux," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 4. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Fri. Eve., Nov. 5. . . . "Capriccio Espagnol," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., Nov. 6. . . . "Petrouchka," "Dim Lustre," "Pas de Deux," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Eve., Nov. 6. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Katherine Dunham—With her company in a program of primitive and jazz dances. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

Ruth Draper—Presenting a program of monologues as a benefit for Greenwich House: Sat., Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow. CH 2-4140.)

American Concert Ballet—George Balanchine directing a dance group in four new numbers: Sun., Oct. 31, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. ST 9-1391.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40, and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 2, at 2:40.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is pleasant and decorous. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's orchestra and an ice show are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mostly jazz, with Hazel Scott, Mildred Bailey, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A more-or-less tropical retreat, with Joe E. Lewis. Sonny Kendis' orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Michael Lo Scalvo and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing in this handsome room.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has red-coated waiters, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra and a dance team. . . . Another

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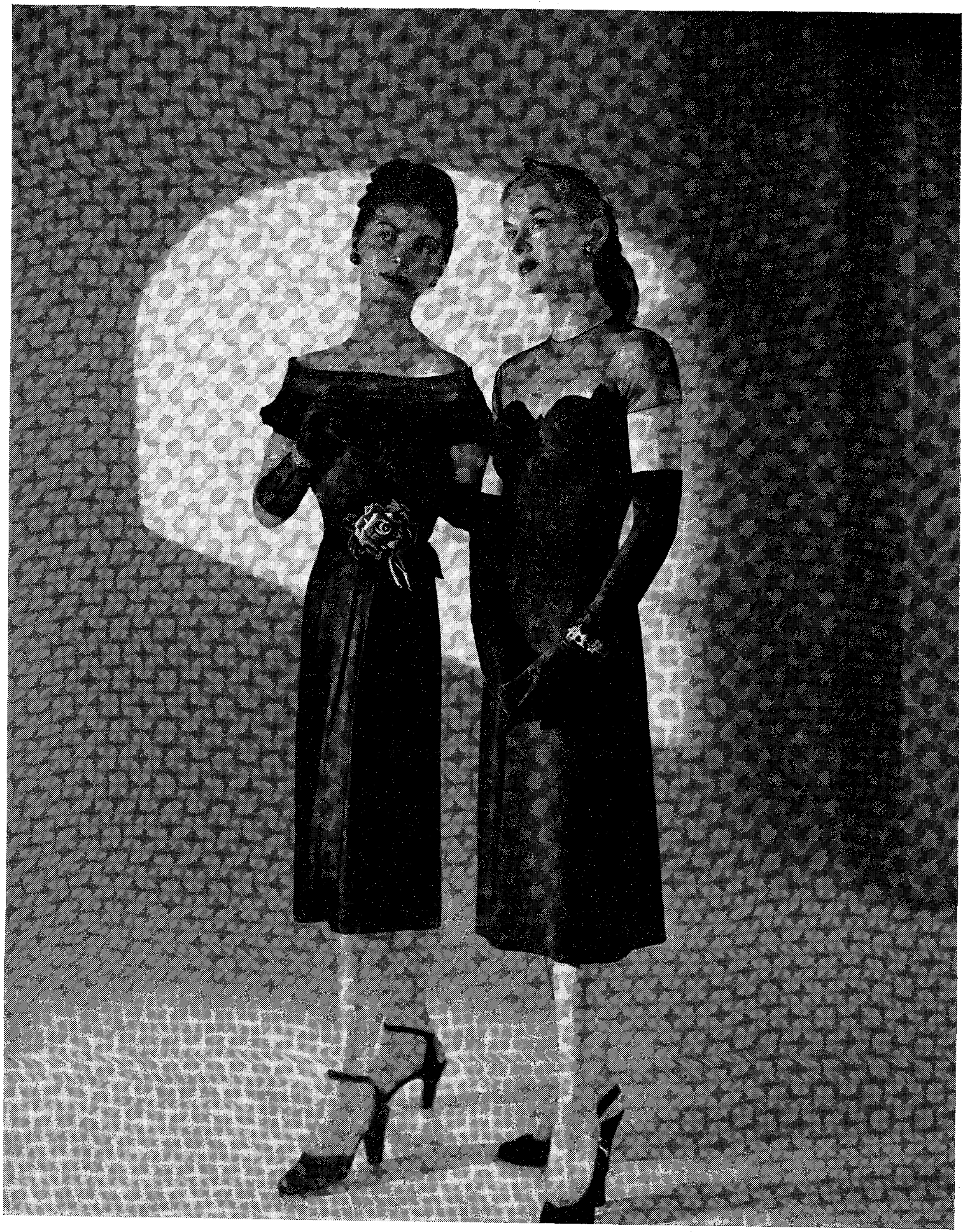
The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 37, October 30, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28,
THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, with her songs and her accent, has taken over the Persian Room. Bob Grant's orchestra.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—Dinner dancing has been revived, in a dignified way, in the Oval Room.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Freddy Miller's orchestra plays in the informal Iridium Room. . . . The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge has dance music by Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side, with Charles Baum's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Ben Cutler's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Frank Sinatra exercises his special talent in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour, along with Milada and Volkoff, the dancers. Leo Reisman's orchestra is there all evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a sequestered place, with Maxine Sullivan heading the show. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Mme. Claude Alphand is back to remind you of Paris. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): not really a one-woman show, but almost. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): if you haven't been to "Oklahoma!," you can at least listen to Celeste Holm here. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music makes an agreeable background for the chatter. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): the girls are beautiful and you probably know what Dwight Fiske looks like; Val Olman's orchestra, and Panchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): this is not, like its namesake, out of bounds for servicemen; Danny Yates' orchestra. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): a big and rather noisy show; Mickey Alpert's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **CASABLANCA,** 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): you can get in and out of here without a passport; Ernie Holst's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): big and lively, with not just one stage, but two, for the floor show. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): girls, acrobats, trained dogs, and Georgie Price. . . . **FOLIES BERGÈRE,** 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): Sally Rand's fan dance is the high spot of a semi-burlesque show; Chavez' rumba band. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, Maurice Rocco, and many others in an all-Negro show; Don Redman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Machito's rumba band and some entertainment—all in a tropical setting. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, and dances by Pearl Primus. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): you'll find Billie Holiday singing the blues here. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Art Tatum plays the piano, and there's also Ben Webster's orchestra. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio supply the music in this midtown saloon.

ART

Milton Avery—Recent water colors of American scenes: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 15.

Arbit Blatas—New portraits and landscapes in oil and water color: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Charles Burchfield—Landscapes in water color done during the last two years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 13.

Giorgio de Chirico—A loan show of early work: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 6.

Cloisters, Fort Tryon Pk. at 190—Militant and protective saints, as shown in medieval sculpture and painting. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Drawings and Prints—Works in color and black-and-white by such artists as Degas, Rodin, Cézanne, Braque, and Picasso: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 15.

Europeans—Works by Mané-Katz, Moise Kisling, Eric Isenburger, and other Continental artists living in this country: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 5.

Flower Paintings—Works by Vaclav Vytlacil, Walt Kuhn, Maurice Sterne, and several others: Mortimer Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

French—At the **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: Erich Maria Remarque's collection of works by Cézanne, Degas, Delacroix, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 13. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: water colors and drawings by about twenty artists, including Picasso, Miró, and Matisse. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Maurice Golubov—New work, and a good deal of it, in oil and tempera: Artists', 43 W. 55. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Nov. 1.

Xavier Gonzalez—A variety of mediums and styles by a New Orleans artist: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Maurice Gordon—Romantic gouaches of ruined Southern mansions and similar subjects by an Army private: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 6.

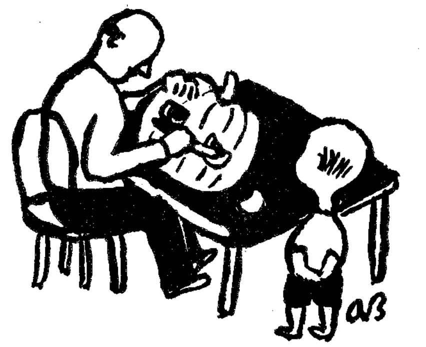
Groups—At the **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: an exhibit of oils and water colors by Ogden M. Pleissner, Peter Hurd, Joseph De Martini, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: annual exhibition of painting and sculpture by members of the gallery's group, including Niles Spencer, Charles Sheeler, and William Zorach. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30. . . . **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57: black-and-whites by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 6. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 18 E. 57: small paintings by members of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 13.

Zoltan Hecht—Water colors of New York: Acquavella, 38 E. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Paul Klee—Twenty-four oils done between 1910 and 1939: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 6.

Landscapes—At the **MARQUIE,** 16 W. 57: works by Raoul Dufy, Chaim Soutine, Louis Eilshemius, Milton Avery, and other modern French and American artists. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: New England scenes by Revington Arthur. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 5. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: water colors by Dong Kingman, the Chinese-American artist. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 6.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Constructions, jewelry, toys, and drawings by Alexander Calder, in a retrospective showing of his work. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov. 28.



Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of water colors, constructions, oils, and other works by such artists as Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, and Warner Phelps. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Nineteenth-Century—Paintings by several American artists of the period in an exhibition emphasizing their similarity to modern schools: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—Recent paintings, mostly of Southern scenes: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 13.

Fred Papsdorf—Oils by a Detroit primitive, in his first one-man show here: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Philip Pieck—Street scenes, landscapes, and figure paintings: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 13.

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstractions in brass, along with a few black-and-whites: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 6.

Barbara Reis—Paintings and drawings with a Masson flavor: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Josef Scharl—Water colors, oils, and drawings by this Expressionist: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Henry Schnakenberg—Paintings and water colors of Central Park: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 13.

Sculptures—Thirty bronzes by Renoir, Degas, and Matisse: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 13.

Tromka—Socially-pointed oils and gouaches by a New York artist: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 6.

Vincent Van Gogh—A loan exhibition of sixty-eight paintings and drawings, many never before shown in New York; a benefit for American and Dutch war relief: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

War Prints—Works by Raphael Soyer, William Gropper, Harry Sternberg, Robert Gwathmey, and others in the "Artists for Victory" group: Kennedy, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 28, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 29, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Oct. 30, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., Oct. 31, at 3 P.M. Bruno Walter conducting: Thurs., Nov. 4, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 5, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Nov. 6, at 8:45 P.M. (Highlights: Jarmila Novotna and Rudolf Firkusny in a Czechoslovakian memorial program, Oct. 28-29; Leonard Shure, Oct. 30-31.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Shaw directing: Town Hall, Sat., Nov. 6, at 8:30 P.M.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Marian Anderson, Wed., Nov. 3, at 8:30 P.M.

Town Hall—Thomas L. Thomas, Fri., Oct. 29, at 8:30 P.M.; Gregor Piatigorsky (a benefit for the Organization for Rehabilitation through Training), Sat., Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M.; Andres Segovia, Wed., Nov. 3, at 8:30 P.M.; Miklos Schwalb, Fri., Nov. 5, at 8:30 P.M.; Wanda Landowska, Sat., Nov. 6, at 3 P.M.

Hunter College Auditorium—Vladimir Horowitz, Fri., Oct. 29, at 8:30 P.M.; a student benefit. (Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Tami Mauriello vs. Lee Savold, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 5. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

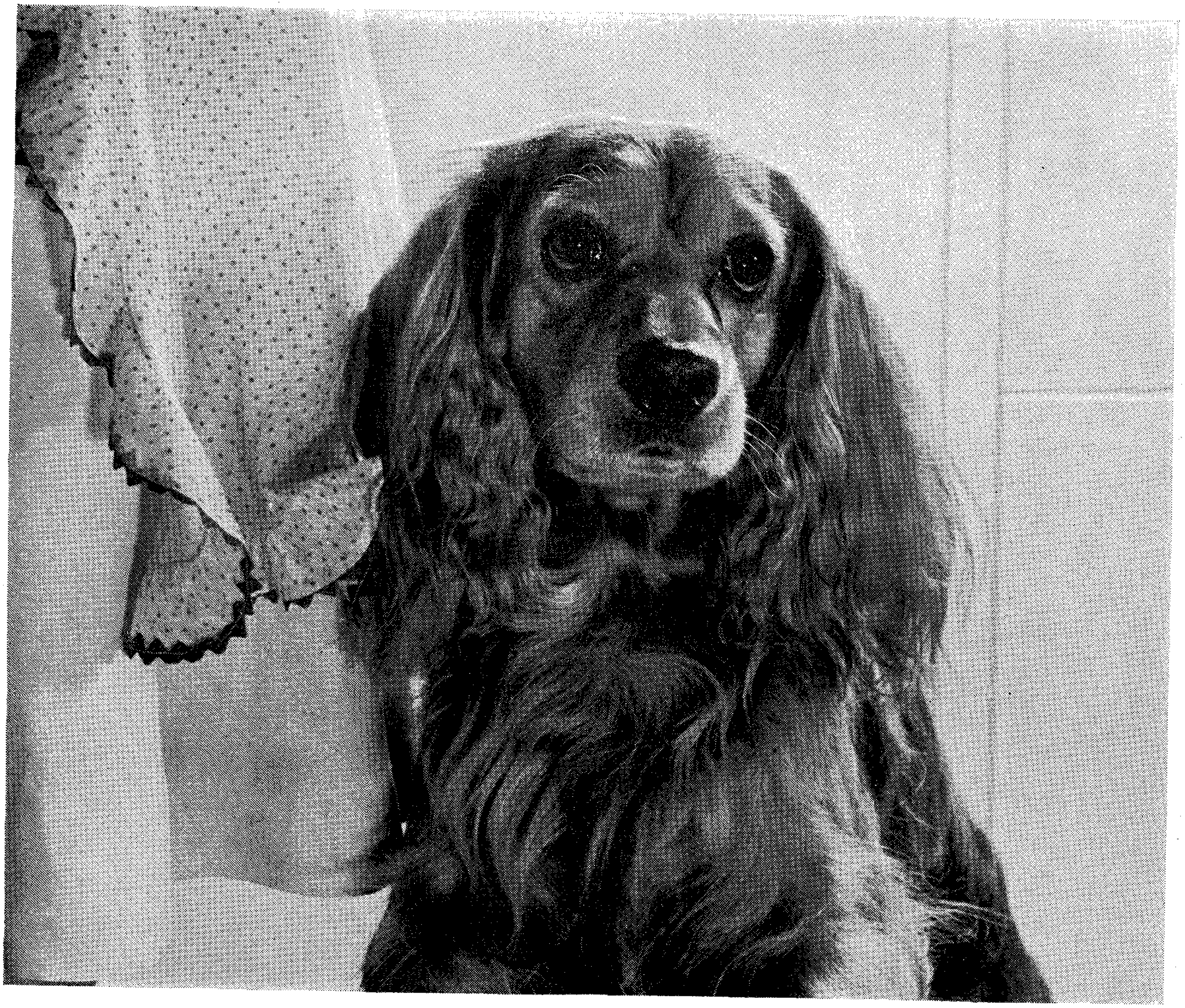
Football—College game: Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium, Sat., Nov. 6, at 1:30 P.M. . . . Professional games: Giants vs. Green Bay, Polo Grounds, Sun., Oct. 31, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Washington, Ebbets Field, Sun., Oct. 31, at 2:30 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Rangers vs. Chicago, Sat., Nov. 6, at 8:30 P.M.

Racing—At Jamaica—Regular season, weekdays at 1:45 P.M., through Wed., Nov. 3. Victory Week, a post-season war-relief-benefit meeting, Thurs., Nov. 4, through Sat., Nov. 13, post time to be announced. (Scarsdale Handicap, Oct. 30; Westchester Handicap, Nov. 3.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station on Sat. between 11 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and on other days between 11:20 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, ar-



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"No scraps for me, any more!"

"It's funny. Used to be lots of stuff left on the plates for me. But no more. D'ya suppose they're giving *my* scraps to some other dog?"

• • •

No, Mike. You're still the family's favorite pup. The reason you don't get juicy left-overs now is because there just aren't any!

Food's gone to war like everything else these days. Folks eat more as they work harder. Soldiers eat a *lot* more. Friends in other countries need help.

That's why plates go back to the kitchen *clean.* That's why there are no extras for you — *or* your folks. You'll all get *enough* to eat, but there won't be any to *waste.*

We know something about food, here at National Dairy. We've been working with Nature's most complete food — milk — for years and years. We've made many nourishing food products from it.

Right now, our laboratories are busy with new developments — new products for wartime use — new ideas for after the war — when butter, cheese and ice cream are plentiful again.

Meantime, Mike, stay right on the job protecting your family — and we'll do the same!

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORP. Kraft · NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORP. Sealtest · NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORP. Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

tillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka, as well as booby traps and official photographs captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **INTERNATIONAL BLDG.**, Rockefeller Center: an exhibition, sponsored by the National Women's Council of the Navy League, showing the activities of the Waves, with members of the organization demonstrating many of their duties, such as parachute rigging, gunnery instruction, and machine repair. Daily 11 A.M. to 8 P.M.; through Nov. 9. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during and after the current war, as illustrated by maps, globes, models, and photomurals; also, at 2:30 P.M. each day, a fifteen-minute film showing the Sikorsky helicopter in action. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., Oct. 31.

RODEO—The yearly visit of the cowboys and cowgirls: Madison Square Garden, through Sun., Oct. 31. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Fri., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. (CO 5-6815.)

ANTIQUES FAIR—Old furniture, silver, china, and the like, exhibited by about a hundred and fifty dealers: Commodore Hotel, Thurs., Oct. 28, from 1 to 11 P.M., and Fri., Oct. 29, from 1 to 9 P.M.

BENEFIT—A variety show by theatre, screen, and radio personalities, with Clifton Fadiman as master of ceremonies; for the Child Study Association: Waldorf-Astoria, Tues., Nov. 2, at 9:30 P.M. For tickets, call CI 7-7780.

ON THE AIR—N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Oct. 31, at 9 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinsky conducting, Sun., Oct. 31, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Oct. 30 and Nov. 6, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Cleveland Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sun., Oct. 31, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . Boxing: Tami Mauriello vs. Lee Savold, Fri., Nov. 5, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Football: Navy vs. Notre Dame, Sat., Oct. 30, at 2:45 P.M., WJZ; Princeton vs. Brown, Sat., Oct. 30, at 3:15 P.M., WOR.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—European furniture from the fifteenth through the eighteenth centuries, Brussels tapestries, paintings, and Oriental rugs, owned by the late Mrs. George L. Mesker: Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 28-30, at 2 P.M. . . . The library of the late Alba B. Johnson, including Kelmscott, Ashendene, and other press publications, and autographs of the Presidents: Wed., Nov. 3, at 2 and 8:15 P.M.

NOTE—The polls will be open for voting on Tues., Nov. 2, from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—Hemingway faithfully, handsomely, and timidly adapted to the screen. The cast includes Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—A conscientious reinterpretation of the much-interpreted novel, with Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 2-3.)

HOLY MATRIMONY—Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," in this new version, turns out to be an ideal showcase for the talents of Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Nov. 1.)

JOHNNY COME LATELY—James Cagney's first independent production, a neatly handled period piece about small-town journalism forty years ago. With Grace George. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Nov. 1. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Nov. 3.)

NEXT OF KIN—The British have put this thriller together to show you that mum, in wartime, is the word. With Nova Pilbeam. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Oct. 28.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—A fine soldier show transferred to the screen with Hollywood additions, many of them successful. George Murphy, Joan Leslie, and Charles Butterworth are some of the civilians in the cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Mon., Nov. 1.)

TRUE TO LIFE—A somewhat erratic but predominantly funny comedy about love and radio. With Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Franchot Tone, and Victor Moore. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—About the best anti-Fascist film that's turned up. Paul Lukas, Bette Davis, and George Coulouris. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 30-Nov. 2. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Oct. 31-Nov. 3. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Sat., Nov. 2-6.)

WE WILL COME BACK—A lively Russian product about guerrilla fighting. It's something like our Westerns, only tougher. (Victoria, B'way at 46; through Wed., Nov. 3.)

REVIVALS

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Romance and ruin in Imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Tues., Nov. 2.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 29-30.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (1939)—A deft adaptation of the old thriller, with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 2-4.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. With Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Oct. 28.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 2-3.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. Dolores Costello and Joseph Cotten. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 28.)

MEET JOHN DOE (1941)—Gary Cooper as Frank Capra's plain American citizen, with Barbara Stanwyck and Edward Arnold. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Oct. 29.)

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (1936)—Another Capra comedy, this one about the fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 2-3.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play, with Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 3-5.)

PRIMROSE PATH (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Oct. 29.)

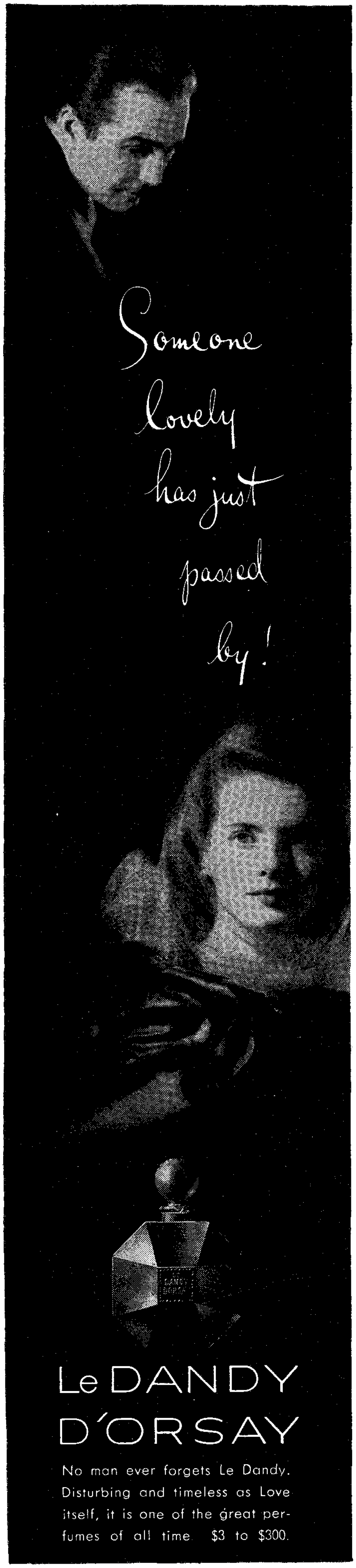
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Tues., Nov. 2.)

STAND-IN (1937)—A satire on Hollywood. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 28.)

A STAR IS BORN (1937)—Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Hollywood life. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 2-3.)

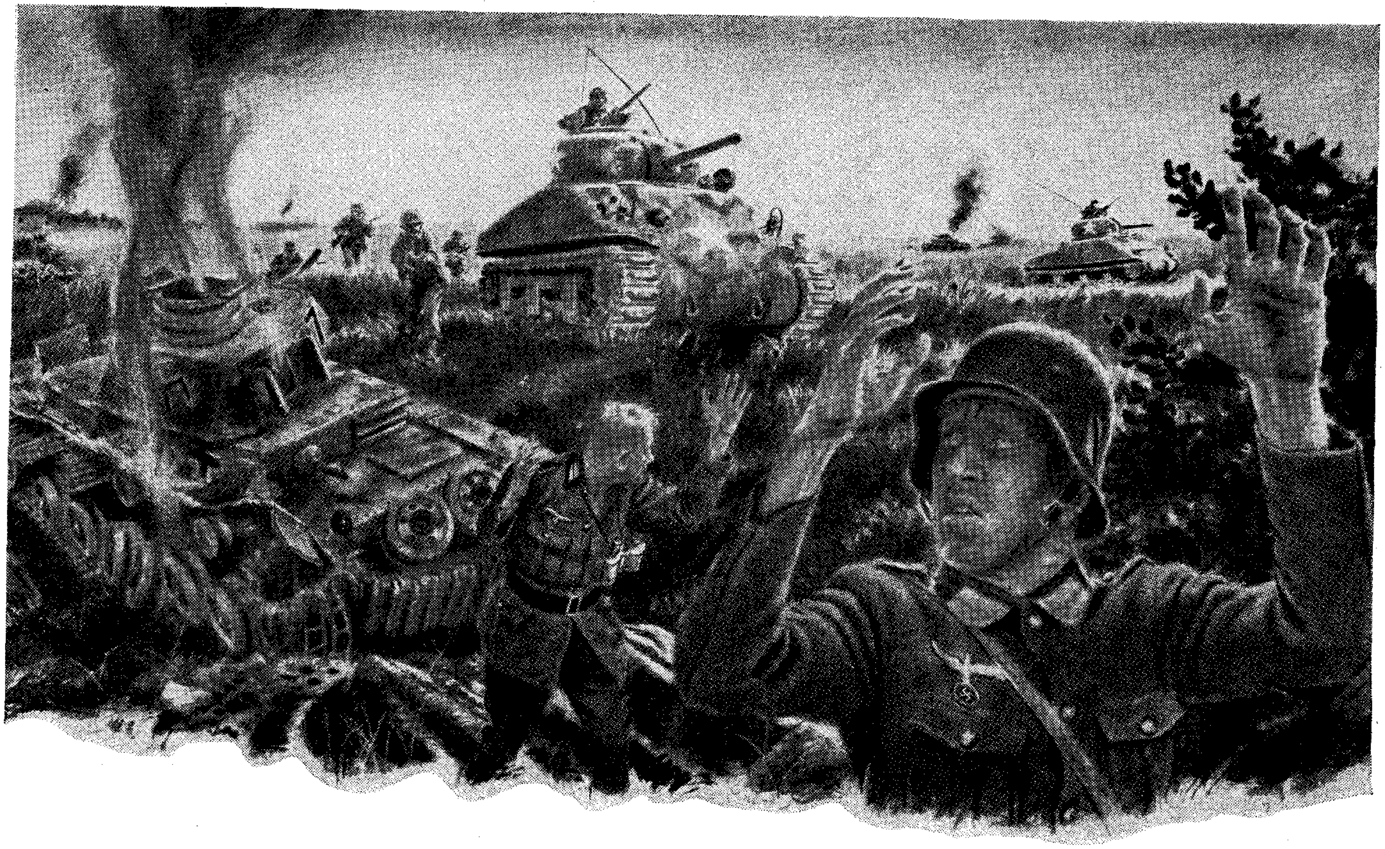
STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 2-3.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., OCT. 28:** "Duck Soup" (1933), with the Marx Brothers. **FRI. AND SAT., OCT. 29-30:** "What! No Beer?" (1933), with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. **SUN. AND MON., OCT. 31-NOV. 1:** "Bombshell" (1933), with Jean Harlow. **TUES. AND WED., NOV. 2-3:** "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), with Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, and Charles Ruggles.


Someone lovely has just passed by!

Le DANDY D'ORSAY

No man ever forgets Le Dandy. Disturbing and timeless as Love itself, it is one of the great perfumes of all time $3 to $300.



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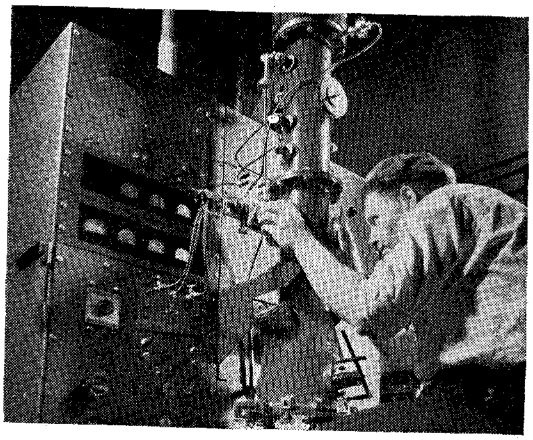
A special Westinghouse device exclusive to American tanks—a gun stabilizer—increases the accuracy of fire by more than 500 per cent. It enables them to fire, without stopping, as our tanks charge across even the roughest battlefield.

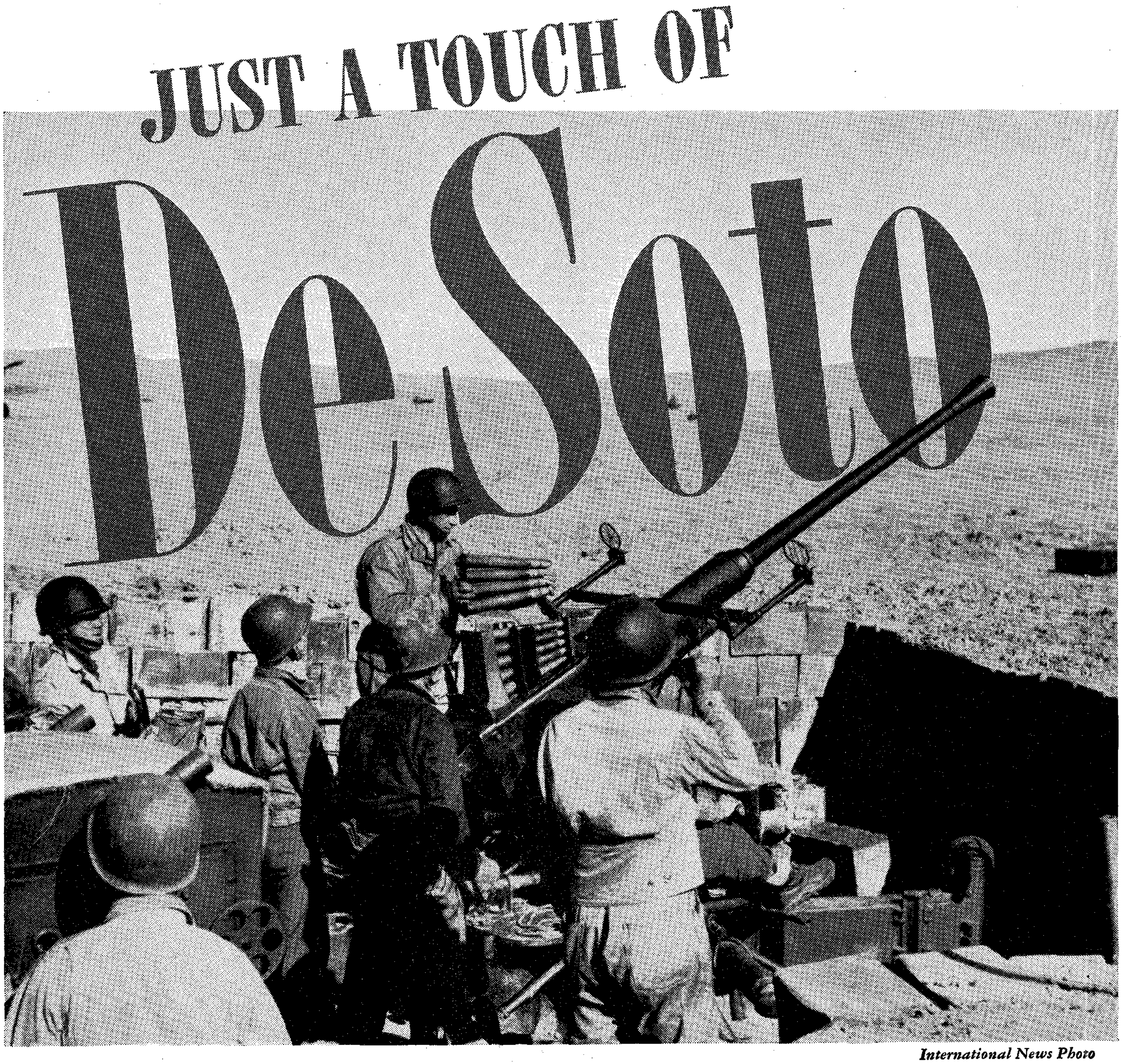
Westinghouse assures unerring accuracy of precision workmanship . . .

Accuracy to the five-millionth of an inch, to the millionth of a pound . . . checked and rechecked by the most delicate instruments known to science. Accuracy that helps give the American fighting man the best equipment of any soldier in the world.



Westinghouse wartime accuracy will build a finer peacetime world . . .

New standards of accuracy have grown out of the demand for *better* machines of war. These same new standards—undreamed of before the war—will mean far superior, longer-lasting equipment in your postwar home . . . even finer electric refrigerators, automatic home laundry machines, electric ranges and the host of other appliances that will make the name Westinghouse more than ever a household word for quality. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities . . . offices everywhere.



International News Photo

WE OF De Soto look fondly on these Bofors cannon as they take up their action positions overseas. Every time they open up on the enemy we are cheering for them. We help to make them.

We've been doing quite a lot of cheering lately. Perhaps you, too, have read about the exploits of the great B-26 Marauder bombers—over Sicily and Italy and a lot of other places. When we read these stirring stories, we glory in them, for we help make Marauder bombers, too.

Our other family pride concerns the stalwart General Sherman tanks. They've told their own fighting story many times, and Rommel told it too—back home among the boys in Berlin. We help make the General Sherman tanks.

Yes, these are among today's De Soto jobs that help to clinch Allied success at the fighting fronts throughout the world. How proud we are of them!

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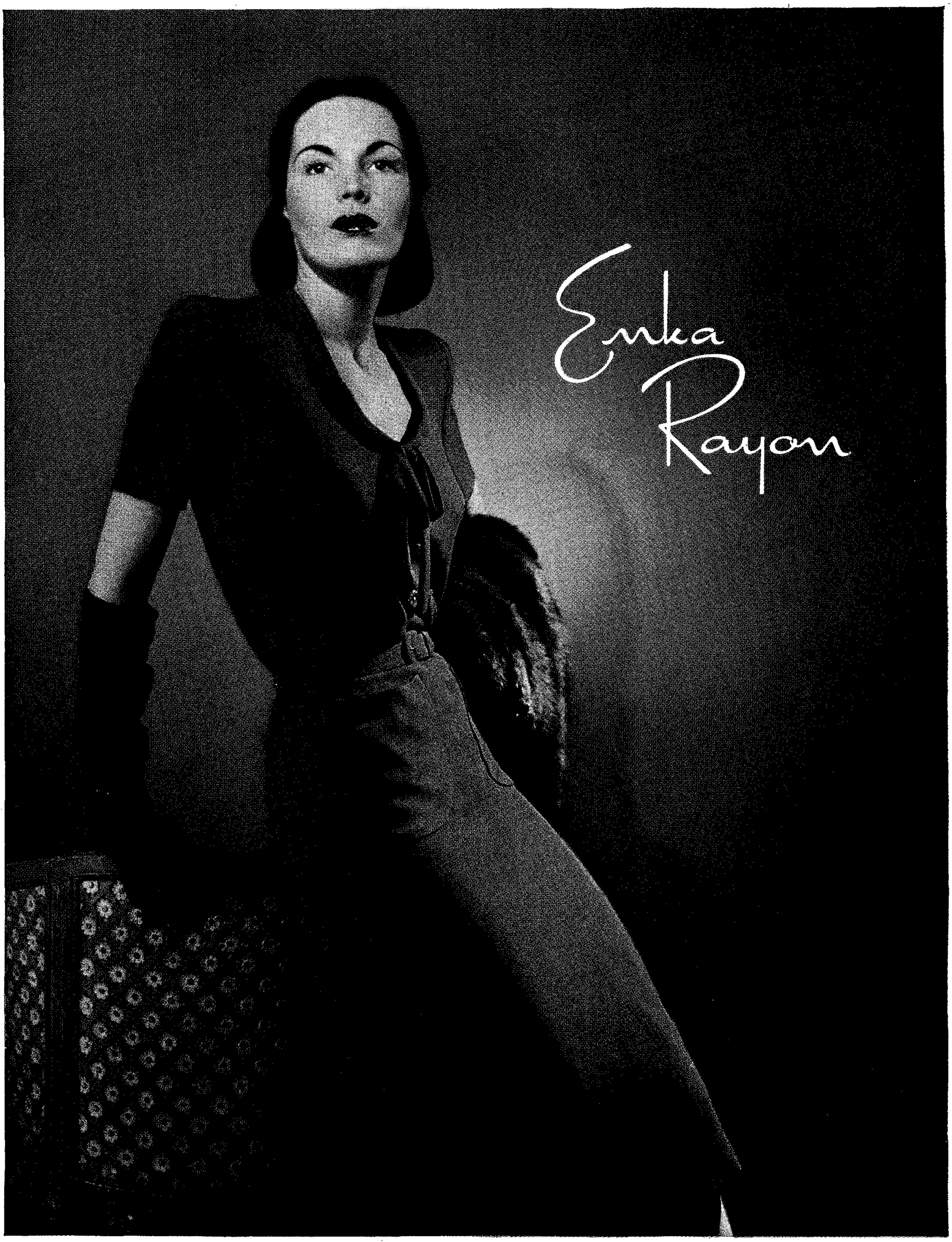
DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a wide variety of special manufacturing services to a large portion of American war industry.

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

War Bonds—Your Personal Investment in Victory

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, EVERY THURSDAY, 9:00 TO 9:30 P. M., EASTERN WAR TIME

WEITZEN



Clarion color in Crepe Looking-Up by William Rose—dress for important little evenings.

B. Altman, New York • Julius Garfinckel, Washington

Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia • Jay's, Boston

ENKA RAYON • 206 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Luxuria —

most women use it. All women should use it.

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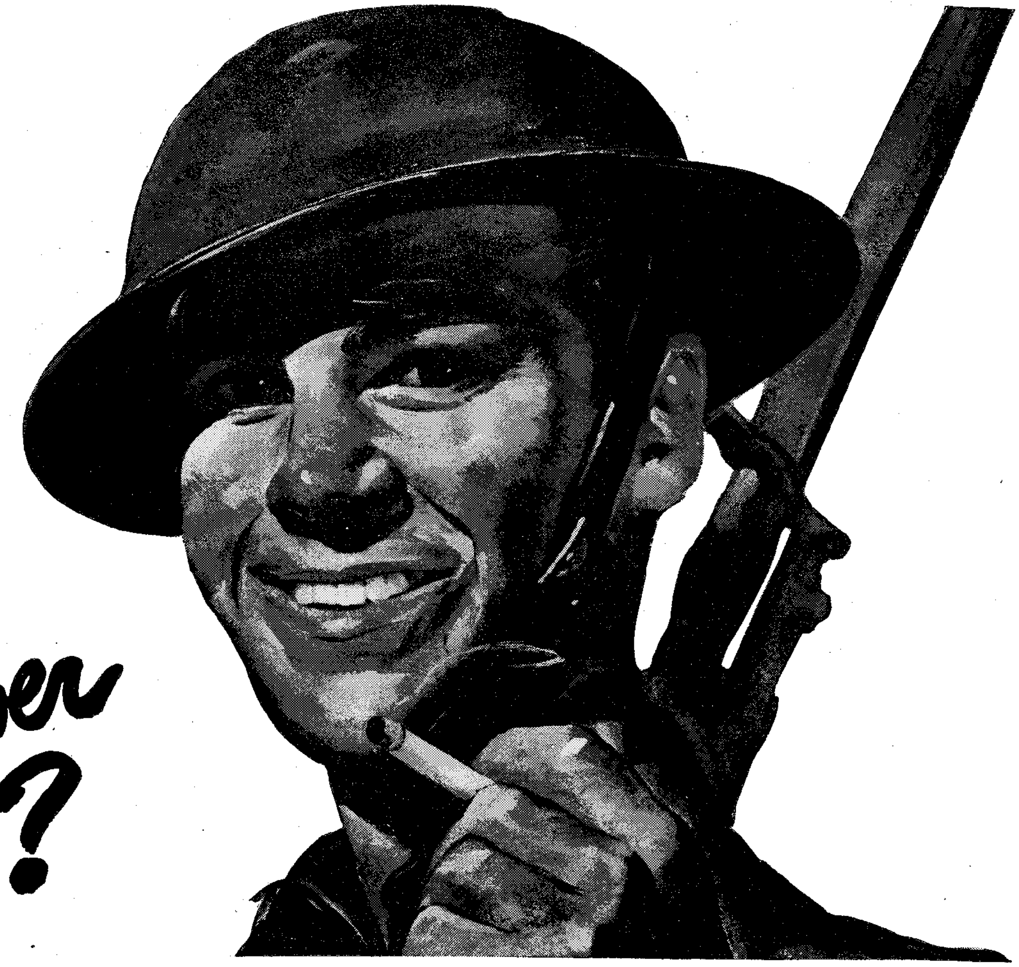


Remember Me?

I'M THE GUY who looked at you from a U S O poster a little over a year ago.

I'm the guy you forked over $34,000,000 for—so that, through the USO, you could let me and all my buddies know that someone home still thought about us—still cared enough not to want us to miss out on any of the things we were in uniform fighting for.

A hot cup of coffee, for example, when you come in all grimy and tuckered out from a little "business" trip...

A club house with easy chairs to melt into and desks to sit at and write home and a dance floor and some decent girls to give us out here a little reminder of what it's still like back there.

You remember, don't you?

You probably dug deep for a lot of other things that year, too...for British War Relief, United China Relief, and so on. Well, this year it's going to be simpler for you. Because this year, seventeen war relief agencies have banded together into one great big campaign—the National War Fund. This time you are only asked to give *once* for *all* seventeen.

And take it from me, as one who ought to know, *that contribution you're going to make is one of the greatest things you can do to bring about victory.* Not just because part of it's going to the USO to do wonders for the morale of the fellows under arms, but because a good deal of it is going to help relieve distress at home through local agencies—as well as abroad, to help keep our allies in the fight.

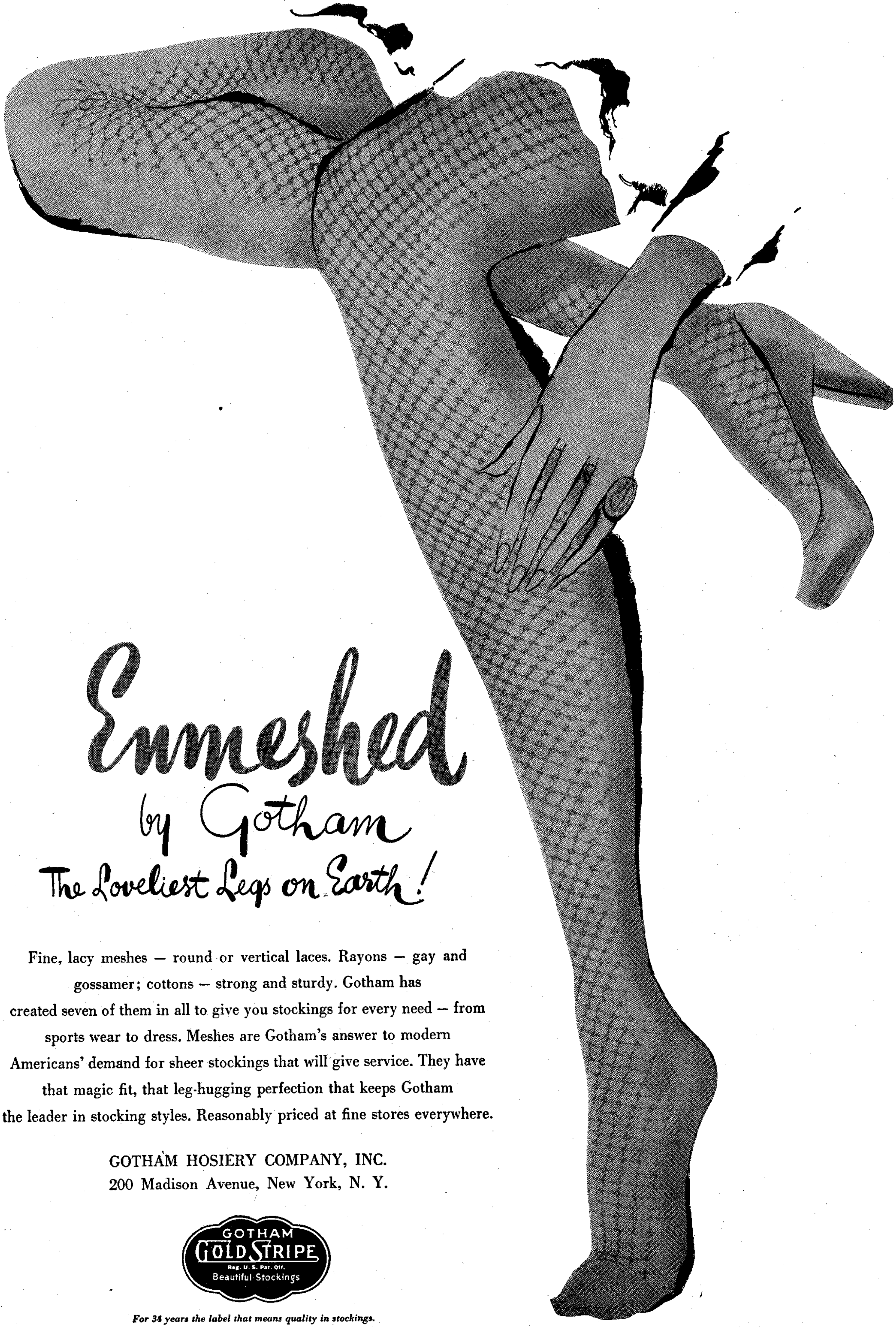
So when you're asked to give to the united campaign of the National War Fund and our community's own war fund this month, remember me. Every dollar you give helps me out in countless ways, and does its bit to bring me home sooner.

Give in a big way, will ya?

Give ONCE for ALL these

U S O
United Seamen's Service
War Prisoners Aid
Belgian War Relief Society
British War Relief Society
French Relief Fund
Friends of Luxembourg
Greek War Relief Association
Norwegian Relief
Polish War Relief
Queen Wilhelmina Fund
Russian War Relief
United China Relief
United Czechoslovak Relief
United Yugoslav Relief Fund
Refugee Relief Trustees
United States Committee for the Care of European Children

NATIONAL WAR FUND



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The Loveliest Legs on Earth!

Fine, lacy meshes — round or vertical laces. Rayons — gay and gossamer; cottons — strong and sturdy. Gotham has created seven of them in all to give you stockings for every need — from sports wear to dress. Meshes are Gotham's answer to modern Americans' demand for sheer stockings that will give service. They have that magic fit, that leg-hugging perfection that keeps Gotham the leader in stocking styles. Reasonably priced at fine stores everywhere.

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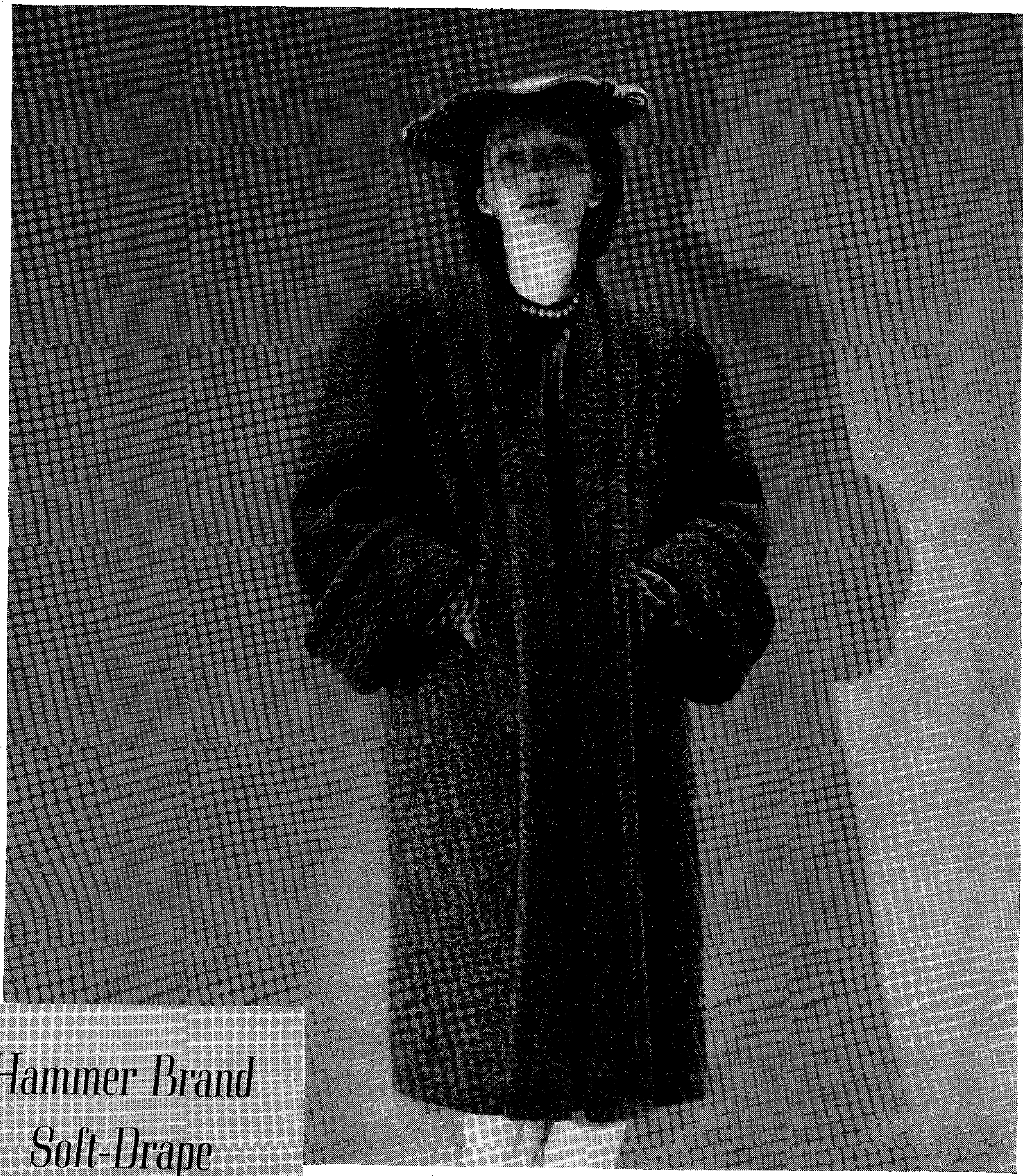

Hammer Brand Soft-Drape Persian Lamb

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Hammer Brand Persian Lamb . . . each lustrous curl a rich deep black . . . each perfect skin soft and supple as velvet . . . makes this magnificent tuxedo an investment in lasting loveliness and timeless charm! Your furrier knows Hammer Brand Persian Lamb . . . he's willing to pay somewhat more and wait longer to get these perfect pelts in order to insure you quality and beauty in the coat you buy. Look for this trade-mark on the back of every skin! At leading fur salons.

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let it get cold! You're warm and well protected in Altman's new raincoat cut on the lines of an officer's coat. Man-tailored in cotton-and-rayon twill. Detachable lining of wool. Oyster-tan. Sizes 10 to 20.

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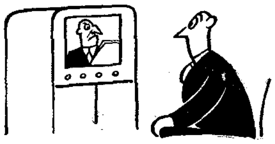
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IF you haven't been worrying about the possibility of news commentators making faces on postwar television programs, now's the time to begin. *Variety* tipped us off to the dread possibilities of such pranks in its review of an experimental television show which had included a news talk by a Mr. Cushing, evidently an anti-Administration man. "While commenting on the Washington scene," the *Variety* reviewer said, "he expressed strong disapproval and contempt over current developments through facial expressions conveying a sneering attitude. . . . To maintain strict news impartiality, television stations will have to employ poker-faced commentators." The human organism being what it is, though, television newscasters are inevitably going to make faces, voluntarily or involuntarily, with dire results. We can imagine the Congressional investigations, the hearings before the FCC:



Q. Did you or did you not, on the date in question, make a face when referring to President Rickenbacker on a television news program?

A. I felt like I was going to sneeze, that's all.

Q. (*by Senator Nye*) *Did* you sneeze?

A. No. It went away.

Q. I have here a Weather Bureau report showing that on the date in question the dust-and-pollen count was lower than normal. What do you say to that?

A. All I can say is I certainly thought I was going to sneeze.

Q. (*by Senator Wheeler*) Are you a member of the Communist party?

We can hardly wait.

THE literary output of Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr. (Old Blood and Guts), begins quite a way beyond where that of the late Rudyard Kipling left off. Some months ago, in reply to a fan letter from a little boy in Texas, the General sturdily predicted that when that little boy grew up there would be a war for *him* to fight in, too. Now, in this month's *Woman's Home Companion*, he has a poem entitled "God of Battles," from which we would like to quote the first two stanzas:

From pride and foolish confidence,
From every weakening creed,
From the dread fear of fearing,
Protect us, Lord, and lead.

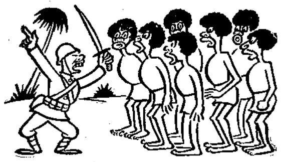
Great God, who through the ages,
Hast braced the bloodstained hand,
As Saturn, Jove, or Woden,
Hast led our warrior band. . . .

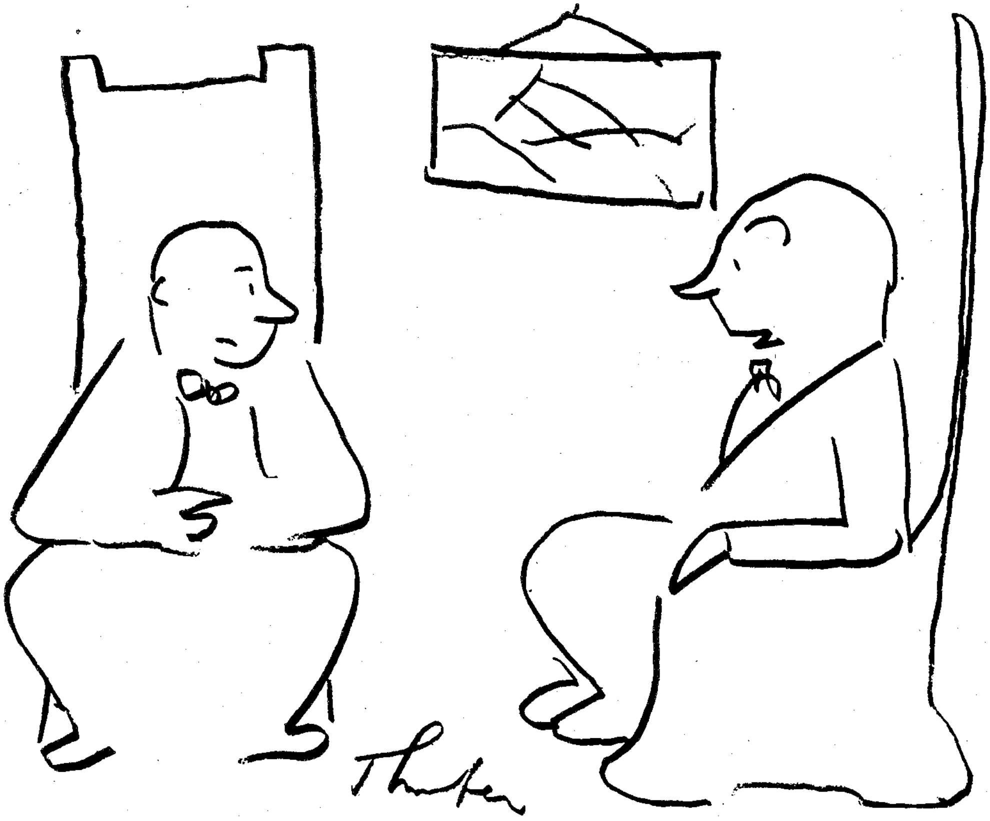
We don't presume to criticize General Patton; we merely think we ought to note the appearance of pantheism among the American High Command as well as its appearance in the *Woman's Home Companion*.

THE most pathetic story we heard last week came from an old friend who hobbled into a bar we were in, displaying definite intimations of mortality and a sprained ankle done up in a cast. He had been walking about in a cemetery, after attending the funeral of a distant and almost unknown cousin, and had fallen into an open grave.

WE recently found ourself staring at a piece written by Virgil Thomson, the *Herald Tribune's* music critic, about a jam session he had attended in the Village. Something was wrong, but at first we couldn't put our finger on it. Mr. Thomson said all the things that music critics have learned to say about *le jazz hot.* He praised Pee Wee Russell's "dirty" sonorities (throwing in the quotation marks, no doubt, as a sop to the *Tribune* copy desk), he chided Tony Spargo, on the drums, for sticking too closely to the Dixieland technique, and he applauded the ensemble's avoidance of "sweet" tone. It was all there, all right, but vaguely out of focus. Then we realized what was wrong—Mr. Thomson had written the piece in the third person. He said, "Your reviewer took a taxicab last Sunday afternoon to Nick's, in Greenwich Village, to hear the weekly jam session" and "If the present reviewer has a major criticism to offer of the band's work, it is . . ." That's no way. Mr. Thomson should have said, simply, "The stuff sent me" or "The stuff didn't send me." As an old *Tribune* reader, we suspect that "The stuff didn't send me" would be a little more accurate.

THOSE treacherous little Japs are up to new and, if we may say so, somewhat inspired deviltry in the South Pacific region, according to an anthropologist friend of ours. Out there, upon occupation of one of the many islands whose inhabitants believe in life after death, the Japanese inform the natives that white men are mistreating their ancestors in the beyond. The Japanese add that their facts come from sources known to be reliable. A few days after the first announcement, they in-





"I can't find any serenity in contemplation because I keep thinking of this one girl."

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variably break the news that some good, kind Japanese have routed the white malefactors and restored tranquillity in the spirit world. This is warfare on a new plane, and only the Japanese, we suppose, could have devised it. It seems as specialized as amphibious operations, and we commend the whole problem to the best military minds of our country.

Bumped Off

ON the whole, we find that even seasoned airplane travellers hold rather murky ideas about plane-travel priorities. People will tell you, for instance, that an Army officer can always take a seat away from an enlisted man or from an officer of inferior rank, and some factory owners believe that a high priority on materials carries with it an equal priority on plane travel. We've even heard it said that the government has taken over the operation of the airlines, the way it took over railroads in the last war. Be advised that all these notions are erroneous. The setup is quite simple, or at least simple as things go these days. Ownership and operation of the airlines are exactly what they were before the war; the government merely has the right to say who the passengers shall be on any given flight. This is done through Priorities and Traffic Headquarters, Army Air Transport Command, which has divided the country into twenty regions, each one under the control of a Regional Air Priority Control Office. You apply to your local office, in person or by telephone or telegraph, telling it how soon you can leave and the latest possible time for arriving at your destination without wrecking the war effort, what connection this particular trip has with the war, and why you're in such a hurry. Also, your application must be certified by whatever branch of the government is concerned with your errand—a shipyard executive would fly with the blessing of the Navy, for instance. If your story stands up, the office decides what degree of priority you should have and notifies the airline. All you have to do then is buy your ticket and show up in time, trusting there won't be so many superior-priority holders around that you have to go home again.

There are four degrees of priority, ranging upward from Number 4, which is scarce enough, to Number 1, which is so important that practically nobody ever gets it. No permanent priorities are issued; you have to prove the urgency of your trip every time. The holder of any sort of priority can, to use the airline people's expression, "bump off" anybody without a priority. The holder of a low priority may be bumped off by a man with a higher priority, or even, in certain cases, by somebody with an equal priority. (If the new fellow was taking a much longer trip, for instance, or had to make a connection somewhere, he might bump you off.) Freight can travel on priorities, too, and it is not uncommon for travellers to find their seat taken by a small piece of machinery in a crate. Hardly an airliner in the country takes off without a full load these days; if there should happen to be some last-minute cancellations, the places are filled with freight.

Rank has nothing to do with the travel priorities allotted to military and naval personnel. A general flying on routine business and with any time to spare could be bumped off by a buck private, if the private was, for example, a technician going somewhere on a hurry-up repair job. Occasionally a soldier or sailor is given air-travel priority if there's been a death in the family and his leave is short. For obvious reasons, it's usually impossible to explain to a bumped-off traveller why the other man's business is more urgent than his, which sometimes leads to a good deal of suppressed muttering in airline offices. A bevy of high-priority businessmen were outraged recently when they were all bumped off at Kansas City and the plane filled up with giggling young ladies wearing slacks. Our informant didn't know who they were but said that they might have been especially skilled factory workers on their way to break up a bottleneck. Occasionally the airlines are confronted with the problem of having the only seat claimed by two or more men who have equal priorities, are going to the same city, and claim equal urgency. In this case, the airline people decide the matter by seniority of application, and break the news to the loser or losers as tactfully as possible. Occasionally they treat a bumped-off passenger to dinner, a show, and a night at a hotel, on the theory that the war isn't going to last forever.

Ersatz

F. A. O. SCHWARZ sells a kit, complete with instructions, for making cute little toy animals out of pipe cleaners. This item has been moving briskly of late, and we wonder if F. A. O. Schwarz knows why. The reason is that there are hardly any pipe cleaners to be had anywhere in town, and the kit means only one thing to a pipe smoker —pipe cleaners. It sells for two dollars and includes fifty cleaners, which makes them a bit more expensive than they used to be. But then, what isn't?

Symposium

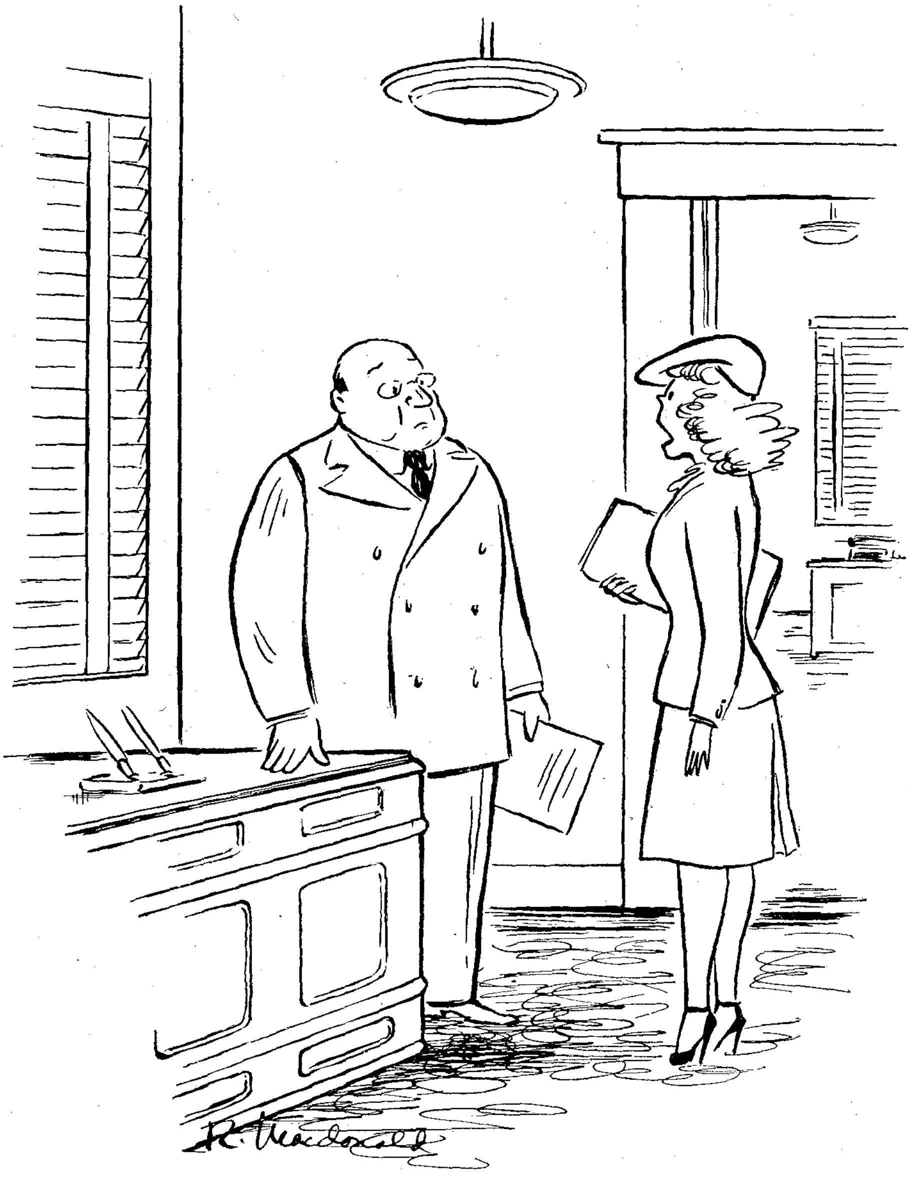
WE had a nice talk last Friday with a twelve-year-old Chinese artist named Plato Chan and his mother, Chih-Yi. They are, respectively, the illustrator and translator of an old Chinese fable called "The Good Luck Horse," which has just been published here. The Chans, who put their last names last, Occidental style, presented us with an advance copy, and we read it straight through. Turned out that the horse in question had got into the habit of walking backward and knocking things down, thus coming to be known as the Bad Luck Horse, but by a series of spirited events embracing the Great Wall, a war, and an elderly magician, the Bad Luck Horse falls in love with a beautiful young mare, marries her, stops walking backward, comes to be known as the Good Luck Horse, and lives happily ever after. It is a charming story, and Plato's drawings of a horse walking backward struck us as first-rate.

The first thing we wanted to know about Plato was where he had got his name. Mrs. Chan explained that in 1931, the year Plato was born, a new planet was discovered. Plato's parents regarded this as something of a portent and decided to name him after the celestial body. For a while the planet was merely called X, and so was the baby. Eventually the planet was christened Pluto. The Chans lost heart. Plato sounded almost the same as Pluto, and a good deal less depressing, and since X was a sober, rather philosophical infant, his name was changed to that. He still keeps the X, though, and explains that it stands for Xenophon.

Plato's father is in the Chinese diplomatic service, and the family has always been on the go. Plato was born in New York. In Germany, at the age of eighteen months, he completed his first major drawing. He had already revealed his talent. Long before he was able to talk he one day reached out toward a dish of fruit. His nurse, just to see what he would do with it, handed him a pear. Plato set it before him, whipped out a crayon and a sheet of paper, and set to work sketching it. From that, he advanced to apples, trees, horses, and people. In 1937, when he was six, his father was stationed in Paris. Here Plato designed patterns for several French silk mills. His mother told us that he felt a delicate artistic embarrassment when, some months later, friends of the family came to tea in silks of his designing.

It was in Paris, six years ago, that Plato had his first public exhibition. The most important work shown was a large oil painting of the Nativity, a canvas which is still one of Plato's favorites. This exhibition netted several thousand francs for the Chinese Refugee Fund. When China declared war on Germany in December of 1941, Plato, his mother, and his sister, who is a year older than Plato and is now a ballet dancer, happened to be visiting in London. Mr. Chan, who had remained in Paris, was interned and sent to a camp somewhere in Germany, and his family has heard nothing of him since. They stayed on in London, where Plato gave several exhibitions, raising over a thousand pounds for war relief. Low, the cartoonist, said that Plato had "a bolder conception of the principles of art than many artists have at eighty," and the Duchess of Gloucester bought a couple of his drawings of horses for her husband. Plato also drew a portrait of the Queen, which he delivered in person to Buckingham Palace.

The Chans came to New York last August and are living up on Claremont Avenue. Mrs. Chan has a job at the Bank of China, of which her uncle at home was until recently the managing director, and Plato and his sister attend the Horace Mann-Lincoln School. Like nearly all prodigies, Plato felt obligated to tell us that he preferred baseball to any other sport. His schoolmates have



"Now that I've agreed to take the job, don't you think I'm entitled to a raise?"

no idea that he is about to have a book published. We could not leave without asking him what he intended to be when he grew up, and he told us that he didn't expect to be an artist. "I don't think there will be much room in China for artists," he said soberly, in a British accent. "Not after this war. We're going to need architects and engineers, and I'll be one or the other."

Misfit

A STOUT and belligerent matron who was jostled while crossing Forty-second Street outside of Grand Central was overheard muttering to her companion, "Have you noticed, Laura? Hundreds of 4-F's these days, walking around and bumping into people."

Ruppell's Vulture, Etc.

SOME time back, we said in these columns that Mr. Lee Crandall, General Curator of the Bronx Zoo, gets many telephone calls reporting the presence of strange and unexpected birds in town and that he had ceased to take these communications lightly several years ago when the unlikely account of a large white bird sitting atop Public School 115, not far from the Zoo, led him to discover the first snowy owl ever known to have dropped in on New York City. Last week we asked Mr. Crandall what else the public has called him about in the way of feathered visitors around here, and we learned that, among many other things, people have reported a flock of dovekies, a lesser bird of paradise, an East Indian golden-fronted green bulbul, and a Ruppell's vulture, all exotic specimens a long way from home. The appearance of such rarities no longer surprises him. "The dodo is supposed to be extinct," he said to us, "but I wouldn't gasp if somebody told me that one was walking down the Grand Concourse."

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The dovekies, small birds which spend most of their lives far out at sea and which in appearance somewhat resemble parrots, came to town in sizable numbers several winters ago on the wings of a great storm which also brought snow. The next morning excited citizens began fishing the exhausted birds out of drifts and getting in touch with Mr. Crandall. There was considerable confusion in their reports at first, but when Mr. Crandall got one man calm enough to answer some questions, he was able to identify the birds and give the proper identification to subsequent inquirers, who were numerous. A dozen of the dovekies ended up at the Bronx Zoo, where they died, since they refused to take food on dry land. The lesser bird of paradise, a native of New Guinea, appeared on a balustrade outside the fifty-fifth floor of 70 Pine Street and looked through the window into the eye of a startled stenographer. She dialled the Zoo. From the girl's description, Mr. Crandall recognized the species, and since the only two lesser birds of paradise that he knew to be in this vicinity were one at the Zoo, which he had just come from seeing, and another at the establishment of a rare-bird dealer not far from the address of his caller, he concluded that the latter specimen had escaped. With the coolness characteristic of a veteran bird handler, Mr. Crandall directed the girl to open the window gently and place a mirror before the fugitive. This she did, as Mr. Crandall held the phone, and when the bird came in to examine its reflection, she closed the window. Mr. Crandall then called the bird man and he rushed around to claim his property, worth two hundred and fifty dollars on the claw.

Last fall a man in Yonkers phoned the Zoo to report the presence of an odd, grass-green bird on his lawn. There are no (or should be no) grass-green birds whatever in this region or for many thousand miles around, and Mr. Crandall figured that the man was a practical joker. The calls from Yonkers continued for a month and after that there was a week of quiet. Then the man called again, triumphantly. He said he'd been on a business trip to Washington and while there had examined the collection of stuffed birds at the Smithsonian Institution and had identified his visitor as a grass-green bulbul, a native of India. This convinced Mr. Crandall, and he dispatched his head keeper to Yonkers with two cages, one containing another bulbul and the other meal worms. The keeper set the cages down near each other on the lawn and moved a little way off, holding up the sliding door of the baited one with a long thread. Almost at once the caged bulbul gave several bulbul cries. The free bird flew down beside it, replied, and then, spotting the meal worms in the adjoining cage, went inside to eat them. The keeper let the door drop and carried both birds back to the Zoo. Ultimately it was discovered that the bulbul belonged to a writer in New Canaan, to whom it was returned.

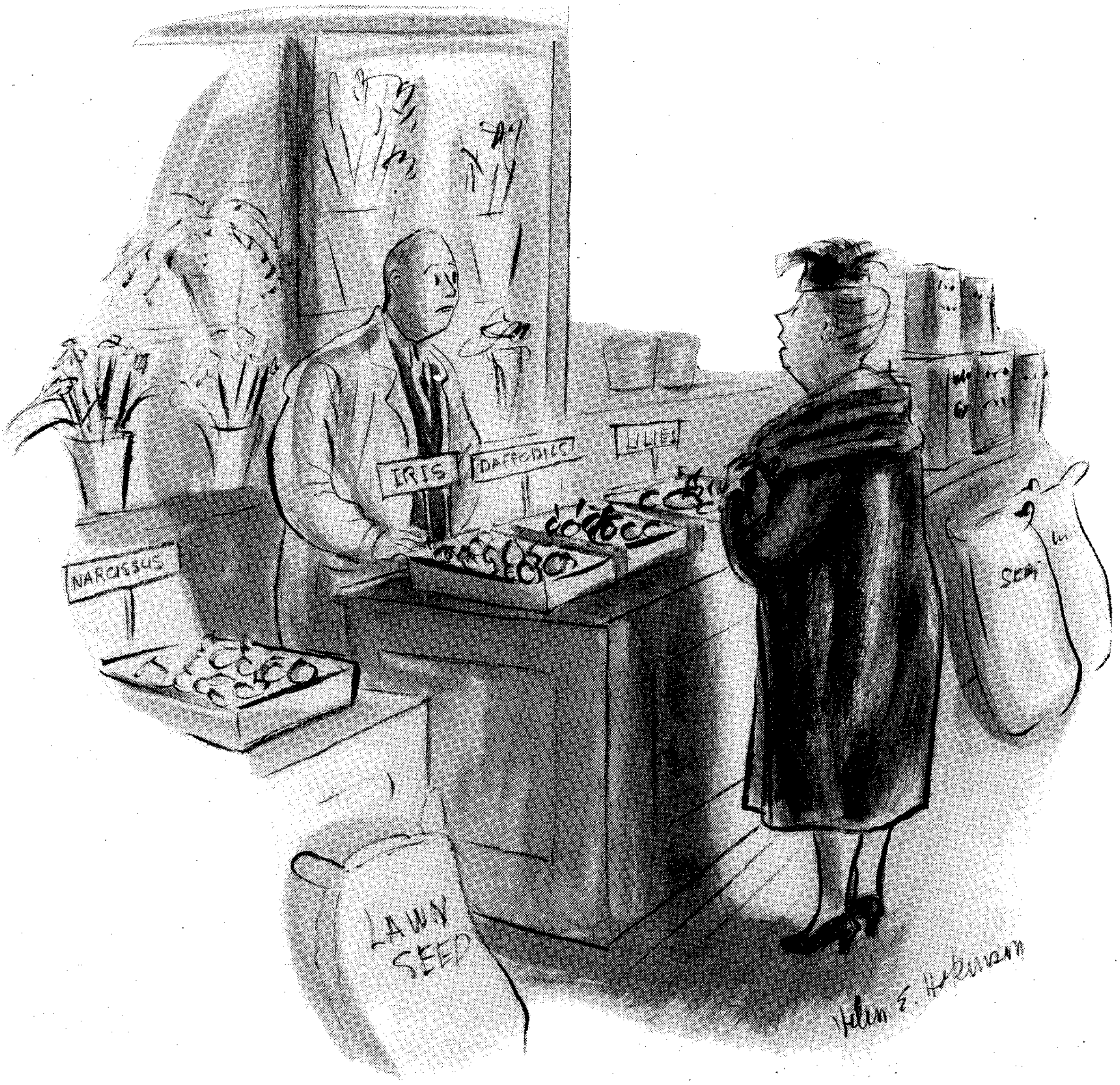
The most puzzling vagrant that has arrived in New York is a Ruppell's vulture, an example of a majestic species standing four feet high which customarily lives in the north of Africa. Nobody has ever heard of one flying the Atlantic, yet a while back an adult specimen turned up in a back yard in the Bronx. The bird had flown in from someplace, alighted, and then found the surrounding space too small for its customary running takeoff. The yard belonged to an old Italian lady, who admired her huge visitor and undertook to make a pet of him. She weakened, however, when he had run her into a ten-dollar meat bill at her butcher's, and led him off to a taxidermist's with a rope around his neck, to have him stuffed. The taxidermist realized that the bird was rare and called Mr. Crandall, who arranged to take over the vulture for the meat bill. The bird has been a contented resident of the Zoo ever since.

Filthy

AN American Field Service man was sitting quietly on the running board of his ambulance in an undesignated part of Italy when he was approached by a hopeful co-belligerent who said he was offering some interesting bargains in literary curiosa. As he flashed a tantalizing glimpse of his wares, the ambulance man noticed, among copies of *Spicy Tales*, *Stolen Sweets*, and the like, a lone, haughty copy of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*.

History Revised

THERE was quite a flurry in Brooklyn, where the tree grows, when a municipal mole came tottering out of the archives with the tidings that the birthplace of Jenny Jerome, who became Lady Randolph Churchill and Winston Churchill's mother, was 426 Henry Street and not, as had previously been supposed, 292 Henry Street. She was born at No. 292, all right, but the houses on the street were later renumbered, making the old 292 the present 426. Anyway, we finally got around to interviewing the incumbents of the newly unearthed shrine, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Romeo and family. When we rang the doorbell at No. 426, a typical Brooklyn brickfront, we were admitted by Mrs. Romeo, who had been bathing one of her four children. "Joe's at work over in New York," she informed us when we had explained our mission. "He's Mode Kiddie Coats, infants' and children's wear. Come in. I show the house." Before taking us around, she told us that the house had been in her husband's family for some twenty-five years. Romeo's father, who lives with the Romeos, bought it from a Richard Curran, who had bought it from an Alderman Kane, the Kane after whom a nearby street is named.



". . . and then I covered them with dirt, and that was the last I ever saw of them."

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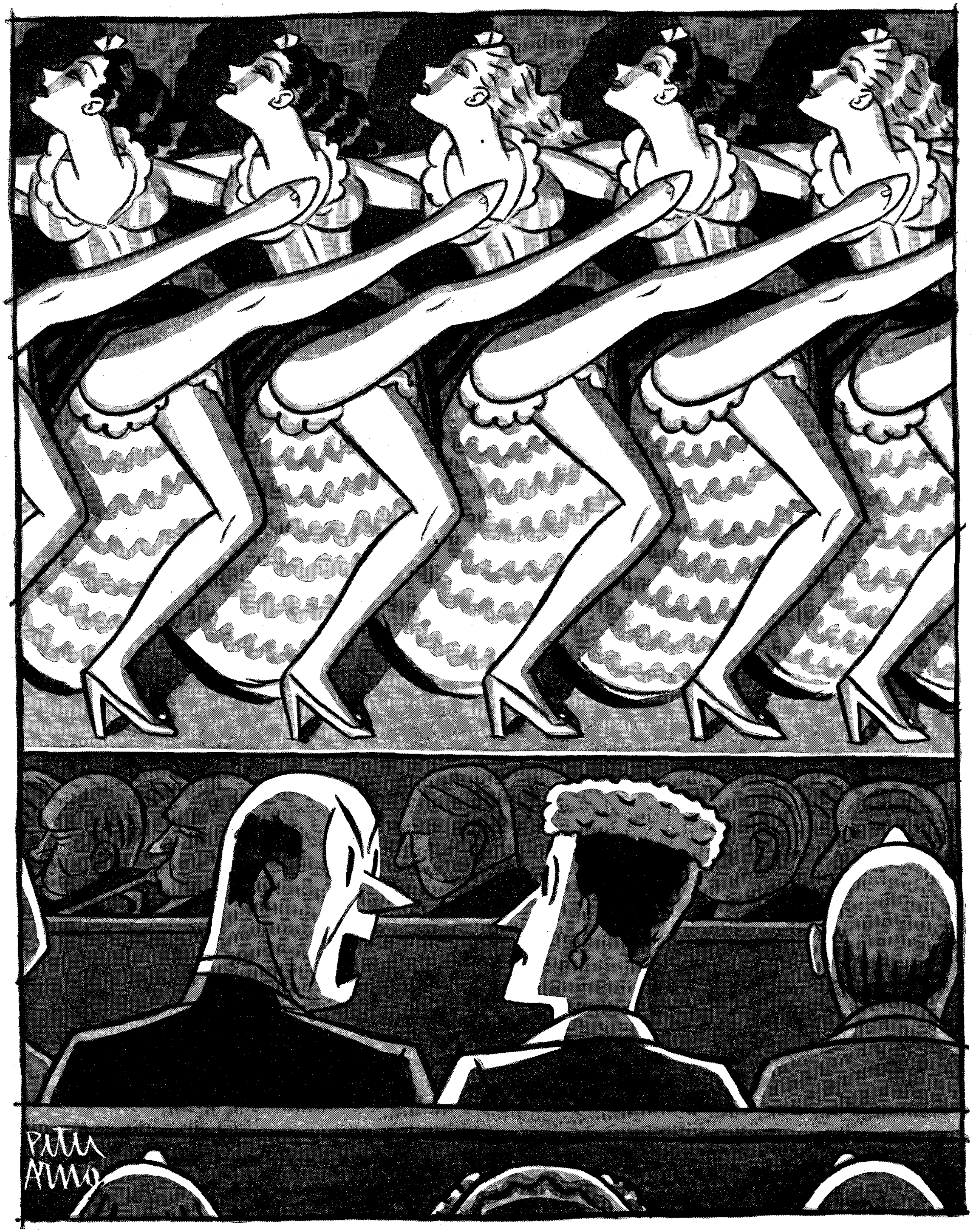
The first the Romeos knew about their house being Miss Jerome's birthplace was when a reporter from the indefatigable Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* came around, bringing photostatic copies of the municipal records. "I thought it was a gag at first," Mrs. Romeo said. "Then I got real excited and called up my husband and said, 'Hello, Joe, we're living where Churchill's mother was born, and we're not even knowing it.'" Romeo knocked off work and came home to inspect the property in the light of this new discovery. "It was just like winning a sweepstakes ticket," Mrs. Romeo said. As far as she is able to remember, the house had offered no evidence of its exalted past in her day. Once, when the heating system was being changed over from coal to oil, they came across a brick wrapped in a copy of an old, old newspaper. Mrs. Romeo said she remarked at the time, "My, this house must be old," but naturally she hadn't had any ideas about Churchill's mother then. A certain prominence has resulted from the discovery. People who call up the Romeos usually say "Is this the Churchill residence?" or make some other respectful joke, and some admirers of Churchill have even turned up in person, among them a lady novelist whose name Mrs. Romeo has forgotten and a Marine major who said he was a distant relative of the Prime Minister. "They came in and looked at the staircase and the high ceilings and had coffee and cake," Mrs. Romeo said. "Tell what he did to *me*, Mamma," a young female Romeo interrupted. "Oh, yes, Gloria liked the major fine," said Mrs. Romeo. "He kissed her hand. He figured out that Lady Churchill must have been born upstairs, on account of the ground floor was two big rooms, like a reception hall or something."

We hung around a little while, until Mr. Romeo came home from business. He told us that even before the news about Miss Jerome broke he had been holding onto the house mainly because of sentiment. "My father's attached to it," he said. "It's not very handy to my business and I've been this way and that about it, but now that we know about Churchill's mother, we feel a sort of responsibility." Mr. Romeo has no intention of writing to Churchill, but hopes that he will feel welcome to visit if he's ever in Brooklyn. As for the people in the present 292 Henry Street, which is *not* Jenny Jerome's birthplace, he's sorry for them. "Must have been a hell of a letdown," he remarked.

Rank

A GIRL turned up at work the other day wearing two officer's silver bars pinned to her sweater. One of her office mates asked, "Is your boy friend a captain?" "Goodness, *no*," she said. "Two lieutenants."



"How do I know where they got the shoe coupons?"

WE ARE LIKE YOU MIGHT SAY BOOM COMPANIONS

Benny Greenspan, the Hollywood agent, had telephoned me early in the morning to tell me he was returning to the Coast in a few days. "Before I blow town, Artie," he said, "there's somethin' imperative pryin' on my mind and I simply gotta discuss it with you. So supposin' you name the restront and I'll meet you."

"How about Twenty-One?" I suggested.

"The last time I was in that jernt they treated me like I was a fugitive fomm some leopard colony or other," Benny said. "But the hell with wreckin' our brains thinkin' up places to eat. I'll meet you there happest twelve, but on the nose."

After waiting a half hour in the outer room, I lost all patience and decided to have lunch without him. As I was giving my order there was a commotion in the doorway and I turned to see what was going on. The doorman had Benny by the arm and they were exchanging words. I quickly rose from the table and when Benny saw me he triumphantly pointed me out to the doorman, who waved and withdrew.

"You're late," I said as Benny joined me.

"Blame it on that chimpaneze who wouldn't lemme in. I hadda folly some people to get past the door. Boy, the way this place is guarded you gotta have a special disposition fomm the Pope to get in. Besides," he added, grinning self-consciously, "somethin' happened to me just when I was leavin' my hotel."

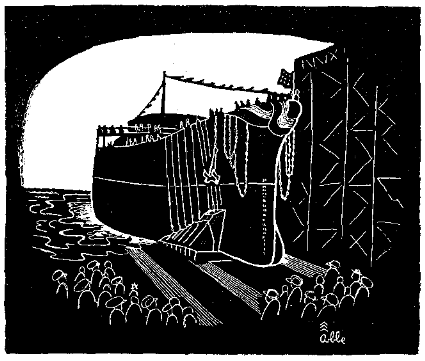
Benny pulled his chair closer to the table, leaned forward, and lowered his voice. "I was grabbin' me a cab, see, when alluva sudden I turn aroun' and I see a gorgeous blonde, she's breezin' right past me, a real raven beaudy. And, boy, is she the heighth of fashion! She's dressed to the hills with fur pieces simply drippin' galore. So nachelly I give her a second gander when, lo and behold, she's Bonnie Branch, a cute dish I useta know back in Hollywood. In fack, she got a lotta notary in the papers on account she was the correspondent when some big metal typhoon got a divorce slapped on hisself.

"Nachelly, Artie, I hadda stop and pass a few remarks what's been cookin' with her lately, specially when she's got on a pair diamond clips, I guarantee, Artie, they don't come with no package fomm Cracker Jacks. So she informs me she is mindin' a Park Avenue apartment fa a certain genneman friend who happens to handle some bobbed wire fa the govvement, he's away in Washington alla time, and she says she still got a yen fa the movie game so why not drop in anytime I'm aroun' the neighborhood and discuss maybe there's a part she could play in some pickcha or other." Benny pulled an envelope from his pocket and looked at the back of it. "So now I got her phone number. What I think I'll do, I'm gonna give her a buzz later, maybe she's free tonight and I can drop in and we could sit down and have a drink or two—you know, just fa a relaxative."

By this time the captain was at our table, ready to take Benny's order. Benny solemnly studied the menu for a minute or two and then shook his head. "Boy, oh, boy, just lookit hommuch bail they want just to release a poor hunk meat fomm the icebox! Fa another couple bucks a person could own the damn cow and get a leather pair shoes besides!

"Look," he said to the captain, "I'm on a very strick diet, see, and furthermore I happen not to have an appetite right now. I just wanna nipple away on some food while my friend here eats his lunch. So supposin' you fix me up a plain liddle watercrest salat with some slice tomaters and lotsa toasted rolls. At the same time I'll have a nice cold glass milk. Wait," he said as the captain started to withdraw. "Better change that milk to cawfee on account milk is liable to cuddle in my stomick." He waited for the captain to leave and then turned to me. "Frankly, Artie, I could knock off a full-size meal, but after the way they treated me when I come in, like I'm some common rift-raft or other, they could drop dead without I run up a big bill yet!"

"What's on your mind, Benny?" I said, anxious to know the reason for his phone call.



"That Bonnie Branch, she's sure a cute chick—"

"You said you had something to discuss with me."

He stared at me, obviously puzzled for a moment, then quickly collected himself. "Oh—oh, that! Listen, Artie, you happen by any chance to be intimately acquainted with a certain pardy, a Broadway producer, he goes under the name Jay Parker?"

"No," I said, "I don't know him personally, but I know something about him."

"Yeah?" said Benny, sitting erect. "What, finstance?"

"Well, he produced several comedies and musicals, all turkeys, before he clicked with his 'Pranks.' In fact, 'Jay Parker's Pranks' was an annual musical event in the theatre for a number of years, and he gave Ziegfeld, White, and Carroll some pretty stiff competition. Then something happened—just what I don't know, but he had a series of flops, then suddenly disappeared."

Benny shook his head. "He din disappear, Artie. In fack, Jay Parker was my house guest in Hollywood fa awmost six whole weeks this year. Supprised, huh?" he said, noticing my expression.

"Yes, I am," I said.

He pointed to the food the waiter had placed before me. "Supposin' you go ahead and polish off your meal and I'll explain you how we met, the two of us.

"To begin with, I been romancin', a cute liddle article, she was in stock over at Unity—Elaine somethin'-or-other, her name happens to be. Anyways, Elaine useta be a former 'Pranks' girl, see, and she informs me one day Jay Parker is in town and hozz about a double date with him? You know me, strickly a Hollywood character, so the name Jay Parker simply went inside one ear and out the same one, it din mean a thing. But I figger what could I lose, so I says to Elaine, 'O.K., honey, we go on a double date.'

"So that's how I met Mr. Parker, at some creep jernt on the Strip. He's with a stunnin' redhead. At first I think she's got on widow tweeds and she's in mournin', but finey it turns out it's a blue dress she got on and if she's in mournin' it's fa the liquor she can't get after the waiter yelled 'Last round.' Anyways, I'm with Jay a couple minutes and right away I deteck he's a refined type person who's got class spelt all over him. He's wearin' a snappy setta threads, you could tell they come fomm an expert costume tailor, and the way he knocks off that English, it's a pleasure to sit and listen.

"Now you'd think a highly polished fella like Jay, who's got lotsa finesse, he'd be a liddle snoody to me on account I'm just a common flesh-peddler tryin' to make a few soft bucks in the industry. No, sir! Fa some reason or other he takes a shine on me and before the night is over we are like you might say boom companions.

"When the dolls leave to go to the ladies' room to powder their noses, Jay and me have another round and the next thing I know he opens up and he gives me the lowdown on hisself and, frankly, Artie, I'm agasp!

"First of all, he comes fomm a highly society family whose old man was simply 'liddered with dough. In fack, he spent a young fortune givin' Jay a movvellous education and even sent him abroad—you know, to Europe—he should study music. And when it comes to music, I mean the long-hair kind, Jay knows it backwards and forwards and even sideways. Artie, he's forgotten more stuff on his liddle pinkie, that Jay, than Oscar Levant knows in his whole head!

"Somehow or other he din like to make with the classy stuff like his folks wanted him to make, so he got inarrested in show business. But evveybody simply refused to reckanize what a terrific talent he got when it came to knockin' out songs. Finey he said to hisself, 'The hell with it! With my financial setup why should I bust a gut astin' these incomepoops to do me any favors? Rather I should produce my own shows, insteada the dough flowin' into their pocketbooks if it's a hit.' Which is exackly what he did!

"Now get this, Artie," Benny continued. "I find out this character, this Jay Parker who useta occupy such a prominent notch on Broadway, he ain't got what to eat. He's strickly fomm hunger, but strickly! All he's got left is his wardrobe and some past-due bills, and he's figgerin' on movin' to some flea bag on account his hotel give him an 'or else' notice awready. You hear? Alluva sudden I get an idea. 'Benny,' I says to myself, 'why not see if you could place him in some studio or other to produce musicals, a fella with his New Yawk reputation?'

"So I says to Jay, 'Look, Jay, I'm gonna level with you. If I don't like a person I wouldn't even give him a spit and a cuppa cawfee. But if I do like a person he could have a shirt offa my back. Frankly,' I says, 'I like you somehow, so why not move in with me till things pert up? I happen to have a big house with lotsa spare rooms, so what diffrince does a house guest make, just a couple extra sheets to send to the wash evvey week,' I says."

BENNY paused to spear some of my food with his fork. He tasted it and made a face. "Murder! Strickly a build-up fa a case of indigestion!"

"Don't worry about my food," I said. "Tell me more about Parker."

"It's Parker who developed me along the lines of food," Benny went on. "After he moved to my house, the next thing I find out he's a—waddeya call them guys?" He snapped his fingers. "Oh, you know—cure somethin'. These guys know all about fomm the subjeck of food."

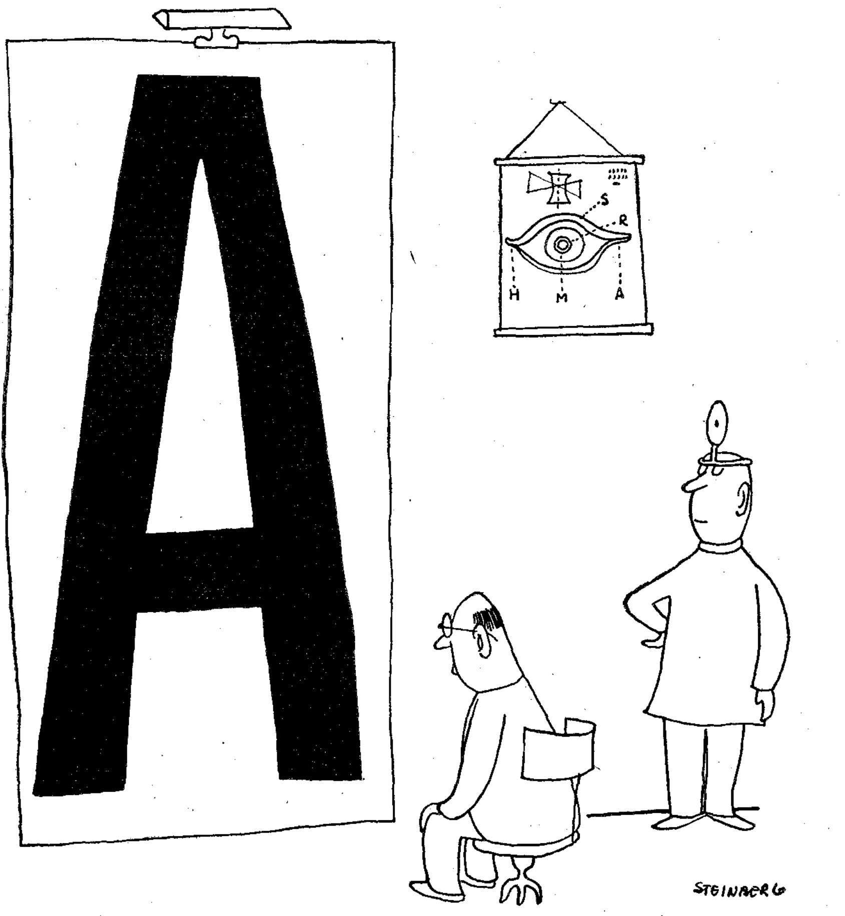
"An epicure."

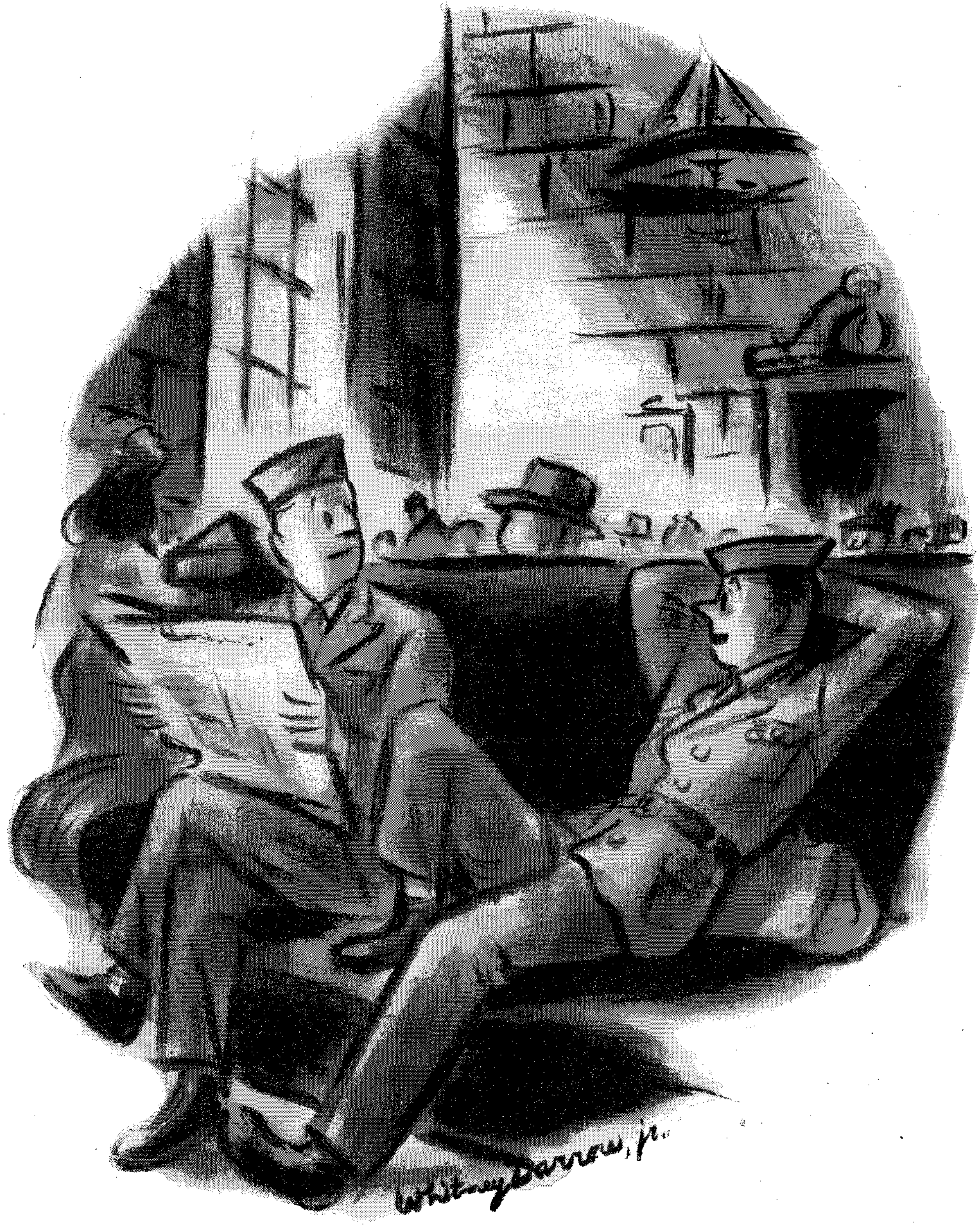
"Yeah, Jay is an epicure but fomm way back. What he don't know fomm eats I wouldn't put in a dog's mouth. Evvey night I come home fomm my awfice, there he'd be in the kitchen fixin' somethin' delicious or other with all kinds gravy and currier sauce. And could he make desserts! Grape Suizettes, that was his speciality. And when we went out to dinner he knew all the places to go to—a liddle Eyetalian fish ghetto fa spaghetti or else a certain charmain jernt fa Chinese food. He certainey was rabbit on the subjeck fomm eats!

"In the meantime I tried to sell him to the studios, but it was strickly a case no soap whatsoever. What they're after, they tell me, is fresh blood. You hear, Artie! Fresh blood they want. Alluva sudden the industry is competin' with the blood bank! Honestly, I was gettin' to be a nervous wretch on account his bills kept runnin' up and he'd ten-buck me to death. Evveytime I slip him a sawbuck he'd blow it the same night—a regella sky's-the-limit kid!

"Finey I sit down with him and we go over his financial situation with a fine tooth and I find out the oney assets he's got, there's a lotta Army costumes left over in dead storage in Frisco fomm his last show, a turkey, but he figgers maybe I could sell them to some studio where they're makin' a war pickcha. So he shows me the sketches fomm the costumes and, Artie, I hadda give him a hoarse laugh, it's so comical. In the first place, they're not strickly accordin' to the Army emanuel, the uniforms, and in the second place, the industry happens to be in the pickcha game and not some second-hand junk shop, walk upstairs and save two bucks!

"Then alluva sudden I get an idear.




Whitney Darrow, jr.

"Shows, dances, Stage Door Canteen—gosh, I'll sure be glad to be back in camp and get a good night's sleep!"

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'Benny,' I says to myself, 'the reason you can't place this character, Jay, is account the studios don't know the Broadway oldtimers, specially the fellas who've been washed up. What you gotta do, Benny,' I says to myself, 'you gotta make them think that Jay, he's hotter than a water pistol.' So I says to him, 'Jay, I'm gonna get you a pickcha connection come hell and hot water. But you must coöperate with me on a liddle scheme I got in mind.' So he promised O.K., he'd coöperate.

"Next day I call up Sonny Grant—you know, head fomm Monarch Pickchas—and I invite he should come to the house fa dinner. Sonny is the type man who loves to make a pig fomm his stomick, see, and when I explain him what's gonna be on the menu fa dinner, honest to God, Artie, I could hear his mouth waterin' alla way over the phone.

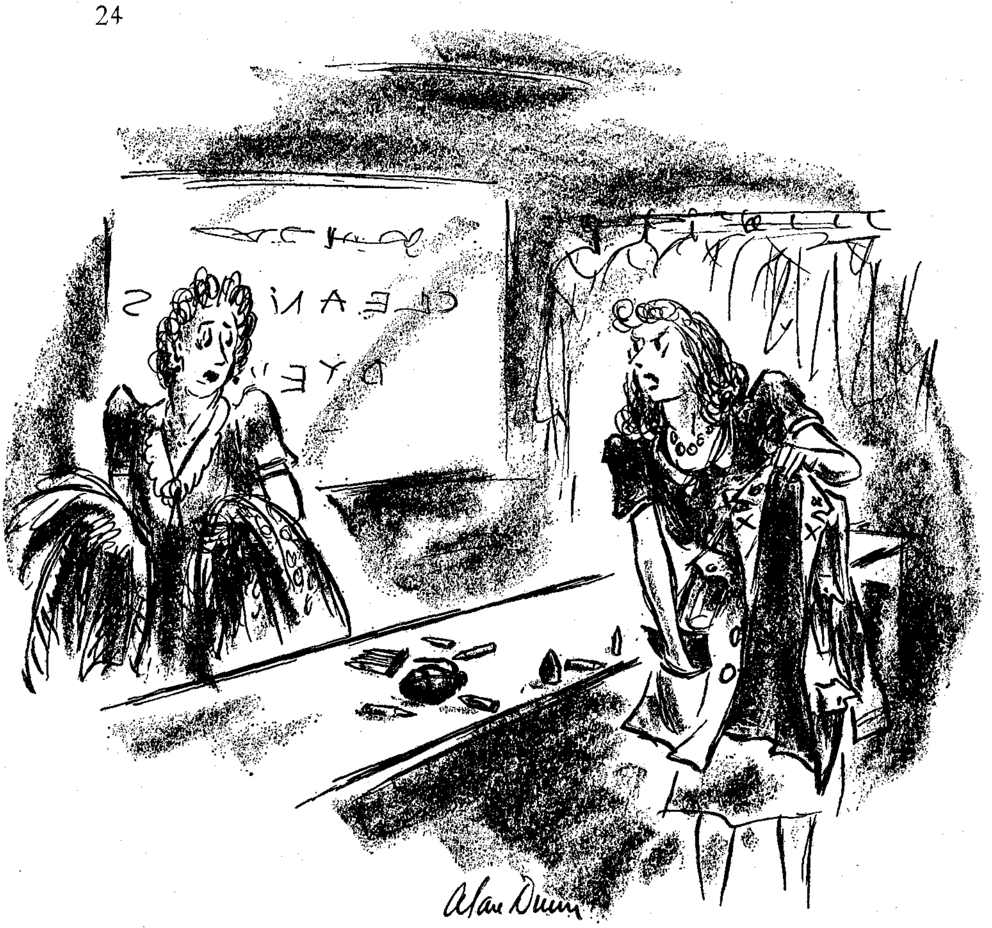
"Well, sir, Sonny comes to the house and I innaduce him to Jay, who gives out with the charm and the refinement. Then we sit down to dinner and it's so delicious, the food, I swear I never tasted a better meal in my whole mouth! So later on, when Jay brings in the dessert, some ice cream that looks like it just got a hot-foot on account it's burnin' up in flames, Sonny takes me to one side and he says, 'Benny, this guy is terrific. Who is he, fa heaven's sakes?' So I explain him he's Jay Parker, the big Broadway producer who was livin' in Paris, a retired man, till the war come along and he hadda take a run-out powder, but quick!

"While we're havin' a small cuppa demitasse in the livin' room my phone rings and I figger it's the call I cooked up with Gussie, my seckatary, who I informed should call me up. So I answer the phone and sure enough, it is Gussie. So I goes to Jay and I says, 'Jay, long distance is on the wire, they wanna talk to you,' and I gives him the eye. So Jay gets on the wire and he says 'Hello, Harvey, how's the bankin' game?' and he lets go with a blue stream about how he's got three big musicals lined up and hommuch they're gonna cost, and he gives out with such facks and figgers—honestly, Artie, if I din know it wasn't on the level, I could swear it was on the level. Right away I see that Sonny is very inarrested on account he's got a funny gleam in back of his eyes. So Jay hangs up and he's about to press the matter further when I give him the cue to lay off and drop it. So he lays off and drops it.

"Well, sir, twenny-four hours din lapse by when Sonny calls up Jay, he should come over and have lunch with him on the lot. And all afternoon I'm on tenderhooks worryin' what kinda deal they got hooverin', the two of them.

"When Jay finey gets home I ast him if he's got a commitment fomm Sonny and he informs me, 'No, but Sonny's got a commitment fomm me.' Hell, that sounded like plain triple talk to me, so I ast him to explain that remark.

" 'Benny,' he says, 'after we had lunch in Sonny's private dinin' room on the lot, he takes me aroun' and shows me his studio. And, boy, it's quite a hunk property, that studio! So I says to him how it must be fun knockin' out pickchas fa the masses and he tells me it's nothin' but one big headache.' 'When you produce a play fa the classes,' Sonny says to him, 'that's when it's fun on account if it's a hit, you go away, forget about it, and it runs on and on. But with pickchas, you gotta be in there fightin' alla time, if not with your stars, then it's your directors, or else it's your partner.' Then he tells Jay hommuch trouble he's havin' with his partner, Cy Kurnitz, and fa two pins he'd quit the industry once and fa all. So Jay says to him, 'Hommuch, specifically, is two pins?' So Sonny wantsta know what he means by that. Jay then tells him he got influential backers, big bankin' people, who are inarrested in buyin' some studio and breakin' into the film game providin' the price is right. Sonny musta thought he had some nut or other on his hands, but fa the hell of it, I guess,



"I do wish they'd go through their pockets."

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he quotes him a fantastical price, somethin' in the heavy millions. 'Supposin' you lemme discuss the matter over with my backers and I'll communicate with you further,' he says to Sonny.

"Well, Artie, when Jay tells me this I'm so mad I think I'm gonna split a gut. 'Fa cryin' out loud,' I yell, 'you just queered yesself a nice deal! Sonny was all set to offer you a job and now he figgers you're too big a shot to go to work fa him! What the hell made you say such a thing about buyin' his studio?' 'Benny,' he says to me, 'you told me to talk up big, din you?' 'Sure,' I says, 'but not that big! Now you're out in the cold again, and furthermore,' I says, 'I'm not shellin' out any more dough, ten bucks or otherwise.' 'Oh, that's all right,' he says, 'I got money. Look.' And with that, Artie, he flashes a check in my puss fa five thousand smackers!

"I look at him like he's starch mad. 'Jay,' I says, 'you gotta tell me where you got that dough.' So he tells me that just before he left Sonny he suddenly remembered the costumes in storage. 'Oh, by the way,' Jay says to him, 'I got some costumes left over fomm my last show. I wish you'd relieve them off my hands.' Sonny musta figgered what's a liddle matter fomm buyin' some broken-down costumes when millions are gonna be involved, so he slips him a check fa five G's. You hear, Artie? I tell you that Jay isn't nearly as dumb as people give him credit!

"WELL, sir, we sit down after dinner and we figger out the expenses he owes together with the money he borried, and he pays me off. The next day he blows town and since then, unfortunately, I seen neither head nor tail fomm Mr. Jay Parker."

"Why unfortunately?" I asked.

"Because early this week I'm at a big cocktail pardy and I hear a familiar voice, he's tellin' somebody what a tough time he's havin' diggin' up material fa his latest star, Dwight Farrel, in his opinion a second William Parll, oney younger. So I turn aroun' and, lo and behold, it's Sonny Grant. I wonder what he's doin' in New Yawk till I remember readin' somewheres he's here to attend the openin' fomm his latest pickcha.

"Alluva sudden, Artie, I get a crazy bean in my bonnet and I goes up to him. 'Hi ya, Sonny?' I says. 'Oh, it's you,' he says. 'I haven't seen you since you innaduced me to a certain pardy, namely Jay Parker.' 'That's exackly about who I wanna talk to you about, Sonny,' I says. And then I give him a fast sales talk how he got Dwight Farrel signed up and how I got the ideal vehicle fa Dwight. 'Yeah,' says Sonny, highly suspicious, 'what's that?' 'The life of Jay Parker,' I says. 'What!' he says, and he stares at me like I'm a fugitive fomm some patted cell or other. 'Why not?' I says. 'After all, Jay Parker produced musicals, the same like Florence Zigfield, and lookit what Metro cleaned up on Zigfield. He produced legit shows, the same like George Cohen, and lookit what Warners' made, a young fortune fomm George Cohen's life. Now they're doin' the same thing to George Gershwin, who was also a songwriter, the same like Jay Parker.' Well, sir, I get Sonny so hepped up, specially when I describe how Jay will be aroun' to knock off those delicious meals, that right away he wants to contack him. So I says I got Jay's life personally tied up but if he definitely wants a deal, he could snap up the rights fa fifdy grand. So he says he is leavin' fa the Coast on Friday—that's tomorra—but if I can definitize the matter before then, it's a deal.

"So here I am, Artie," said Benny wistfully, "with evveything pradcally set oney I can't contack the guy. I've searched evvey nook and granny high and I searched it low, and still the same result—no Jay Parker! If I could oney lay my hands on that character he and me could split fifdy-fifdy the dough on account his life is strickly my idear in the first place.

"Artie, you simply gotta help me out where I can locate this guy. I know definitely he's here in New Yawk, but where—ah, that's my problem in a whole nutshell. Artie, I—"

He suddenly stopped, aware of loud laughter in back of him. He looked around and slowly and deliberately surveyed the room. "A person could bust their perfeckly good eardrums, judgin' fomm the noise in this place. Boy, just lookit it how they're packin' away this expensive food, irregardless there's a war goin' on! If I had my way I'd line them up against the wall, this crowd, and mow them all down." He turned to me, smiled, and graciously added, "Present company excepted, of course."

—ARTHUR KOBER

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GENERALS (sleep out)—$20 weekly. SULLARD EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.—*Adv. in the Yonkers Herald Statesman.*

Not even a pup tent?

FIRST AND LAST

HARRY had looked forward for several weeks to seeing his mother. Their last meeting had been nearly a year ago, when, following the wedding, he had persuaded Ethel to undertake the tedious trip from New York to Canaan. "So that Mother can see how pretty you are," Harry had said, paying Ethel a compliment which had been meant to sound casual and affectionate but which had ended by seeming insincere. That weekend his mother had made one of her rare visits to the family place, an old farmhouse on the hill above town. Since then she had been staying, as usual, at the Lodge, a few miles away. Dr. Bowen, the resident psychiatrist, never permitted anyone to call it a hospital or sanitarium; it was simply and cheerfully "the Lodge." This deception was on a par with calling the patients guests, but Harry knew that his mother would hardly have consented to live there under any other title.

As Dr. Bowen, who believed in the therapeutic value of understatement, had explained to Harry, "Your mother is not well. We needn't waste our time juggling a lot of long medical names; it's an unwillingness, say, to make an effort to keep up her place in society." He had made a depreciatory gesture with his plump hand. "I mean society in the broad sense of the word. The condition goes back as far, perhaps, as your sister's death, but there's always the possibility of improvement." Dr. Bowen had smiled gently at the word "improvement" and his cheeks had looked rounder and pinker than ever.

That spring, Harry had hoped that Ethel would suggest spending the summer in Canaan, but she had preferred to remain near her family in New York. Trains made her head ache, she had said, and she slept badly in the country. He had been surprised when she agreed to join him on this trip, and now, because he had come to expect so much of the weekend, he felt confused by the plain fact that it was beginning badly. They had got up later than he generally planned to when catching the eight-fifteen, they had swallowed a single, scalding cup of coffee at a corner Liggett's by way of breakfast, and finally they had had to walk across town to Madison Avenue before finding a cab. They had caught the eight-fifteen with less than a minute to spare.

By the time the train reached Stamford, the sun had burned through the fog which, Harry remembered, on cold fall mornings frequently covered the Sound. Ethel said, "Pull down the shade. I'm going to sleep."

Lowering the stiff shade, Harry said, "I thought you couldn't sleep on trains."

"I didn't mean I was going to sleep, I meant I was going to try. I feel like I've been up all night."

Harry folded and unfolded the *Times*. He was always on the point of explaining to Ethel that "like" was not a conjunction, but he had never done so. He said, "We didn't leave your family's place till twelve."

"Don't blame me. You seemed to be having a good enough time."

"They always act so offended when we leave at a normal hour."

"We didn't have to stay. That last nightcap was your idea."

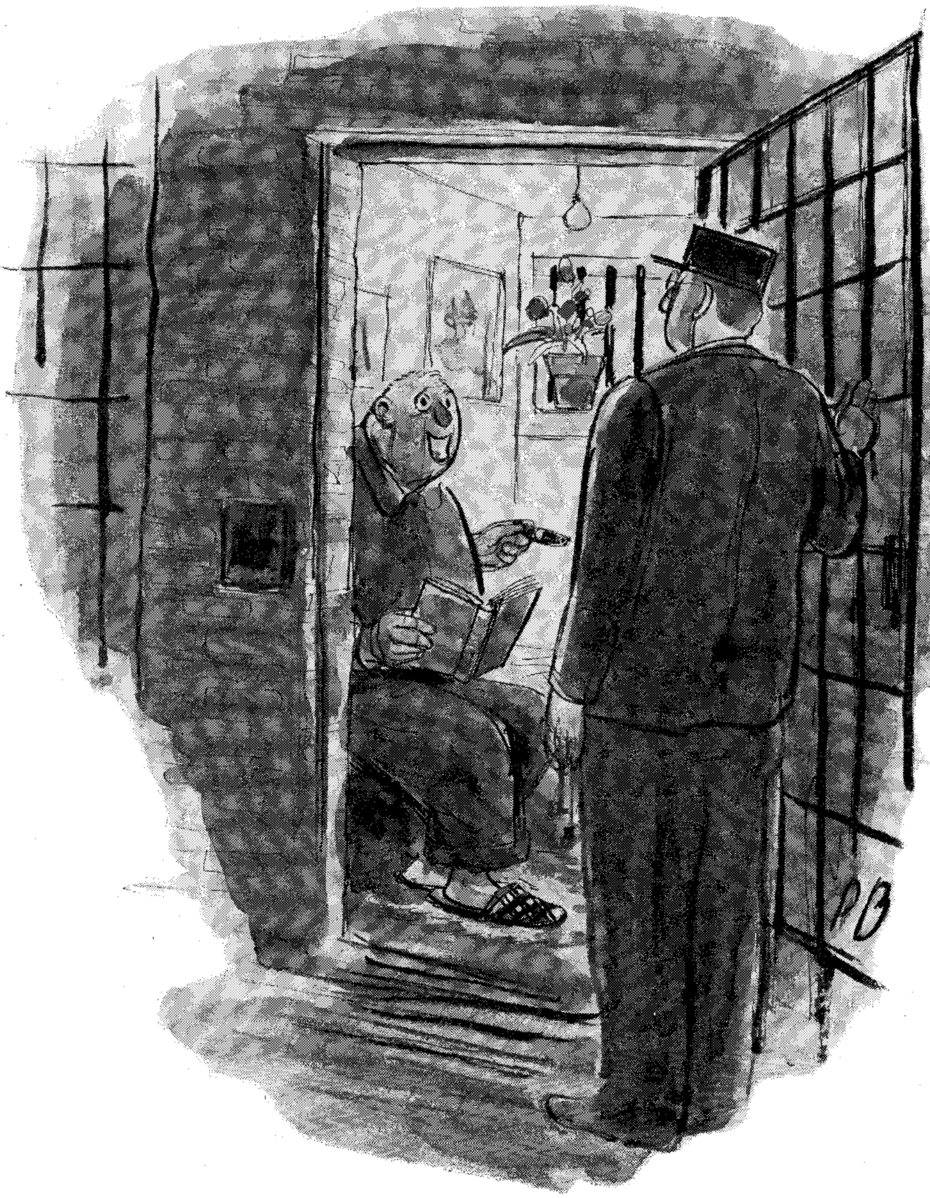
Turning to the financial section of the *Times*, Harry said, "Try to go to sleep, darling."

"Normal," Ethel said. "That's a funny word to use about *my* family."

Harry always felt, as painfully as if it were for the first time, the shock of Ethel's frankness. Since their marriage, she had never made any effort, so far as he knew, to mask what she was thinking. Her candor, Harry supposed, would be described by people who did not have to face it as "refreshing." Or maybe, this year, the word was "provocative."

"Now, darling," he said. "Now, darling."

BECAUSE by October most of the remodelled Colonial houses along the valley were closed, the train from New York to Pittsfield was only half



"What! You mean it's thirty years already?"

filled. The few passengers were plainly all-the-year-round residents of such places as Danbury and New Milford. When the conductor came by to punch their tickets, Harry saw that he was Mr. Neely, an old Canaan neighbor. For six months, at least, Mr. Neely, in his worn New York, New Haven & Hartford uniform, had been Harry's boyhood hero. Harry said, "Not like the good old summertime, is it, Mr. Neely?"

The conductor shook his head. "But it suits me," he said. He punched their tickets and fitted them under the chromium bar which capped the seat ahead. "Haven't seen much of you, lately. Must be I missed you in the rush."

"I haven't been up this year."

"Getting a pretty late start, aren't you?"

"First and last trip of the season," Harry said. Without warning, he heard himself adding, "You see, Mother's there."

The old man's face looked, for a moment, vacant with surprise. When Ethel, noting his silence, opened her eyes, he slapped Harry's shoulder, grinned at Ethel, and said, "Remember him as a kid." Mr. Neely's cheap, unnaturally white false teeth glittered in the sunlight. "Him and his sister. Babes in their mother's arms. Harry and— I've forgotten. Beginning to forget names. Never used to forget names."

"Anna," Harry said.

"Harry and Anna. Why, I remember the night I heard about the crash. 'Couldn't be Anna,' I said. 'She's not old enough to drive, not that kid.' But she was."

"He must have ruined the trip for you every time," Ethel said. "I'm sure he was a spoiled brat." She spoke without smiling, and it was obvious that the old man could think of nothing to say in reply. After a moment, he went rocking down the aisle, his harsh voice calling, "South Norwalk. South Norwalk is the next stop."

The train had swung north toward Wilton before Ethel spoke again. "Harry?"

Lately, Harry had made a game of guessing what Ethel would say next. The game had turned out to be dangerously easy, and Harry supposed that Ethel did, or could do, the same with him. He kept his eyes on the neat black print of the *Times* and said, "Yes?"

"You told him your mother was there."

Harry read for a second time the announcement, by a company in which he was interested, of its plan to issue a large stock dividend. If he should decide to sell his rights to the new shares, they would bring nearly a thousand dollars. Enough, he thought, to pay his mother's quarterly bill at the Lodge. "He's an old friend," Harry explained. "I just happened to say it."

"You didn't just happen to say it last night, when everyone was wondering why we had to break our necks to catch this train. Dad asked me what the big mystery was. I guess he thought you had a customer for the place, or something."

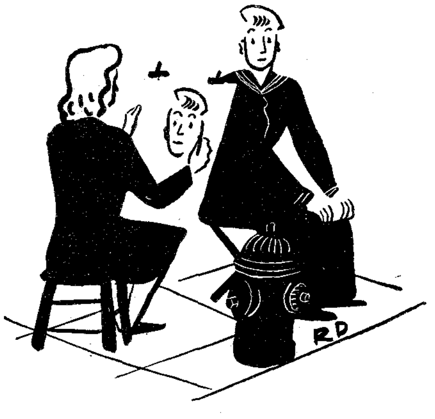
"Or something," Harry said. Ethel's father, having failed in business, maintained a more than fatherly interest in Harry's affairs.

"But of course you couldn't tell my family anything," Ethel went on. She locked her hands in her lap, her lacquered fingernails catching the light. "As a matter of fact, even if you found a customer for the place, you wouldn't sell it, would you?"

"Ethel, we've been over that."

"You'd rather lose your shirt on it, so she can go there once or twice a year. So she can see, for about ten hours, the pretty garden and the nice view."

Harry thought of the farmhouse with the clear October light shining on its white clapboards, its freshly washed windows returning the blue of the sky in neat squares. On the wide sweep of the lawn between the house and the pond a few chairs, a table, and a striped umbrella would have been set out. His mother would be sitting there smiling, her face lifted to the sun, while the attendant from the Lodge, dressed in a cheerful frock (they never wore uniforms), would be chatting to her about the late asters and chrysanthemums. On that last visit, nearly a year ago, Harry had thought that his mother seemed slightly improved. She had insisted on talking to Ethel alone. "Go away, little boy," she had said, in her familiar, teasing, mother's voice. "We want to gossip a little together, she and I." Dr. Bowen had written Harry afterward that any improvement which might take place would be due at least in part to such occasional visits home. She loved the house as Harry loved it; it was their anchor, their island, and the "interest" on which Dr. Bowen based his cure.



"Yes," Harry said, "I guess I would," and he repeated from memory the argument which Ethel was about to make. "If I sold the place, there'd be plenty of money to take care of Mother's expenses at the Lodge. Everything would cancel out beautifully. Only I'm not going to do it." He waited until Mr. Neely had called out, "Danbury. Danbury is the next stop," then tapped a row of print with his fingertip. "One share for five," he said. "It adds up."

Ethel had absorbed much of her father's interest in money. For one so young and pretty, she was unexpectedly shrewd in buying clothes or food, even in buying an occasional practical gift for Harry. Now, though he hoped to draw her into a discussion of the stock dividend, Ethel refused to be persuaded. "That conductor," she said. "The old man . . ."

Harry nodded. "He's been bossing this line since the Flood."

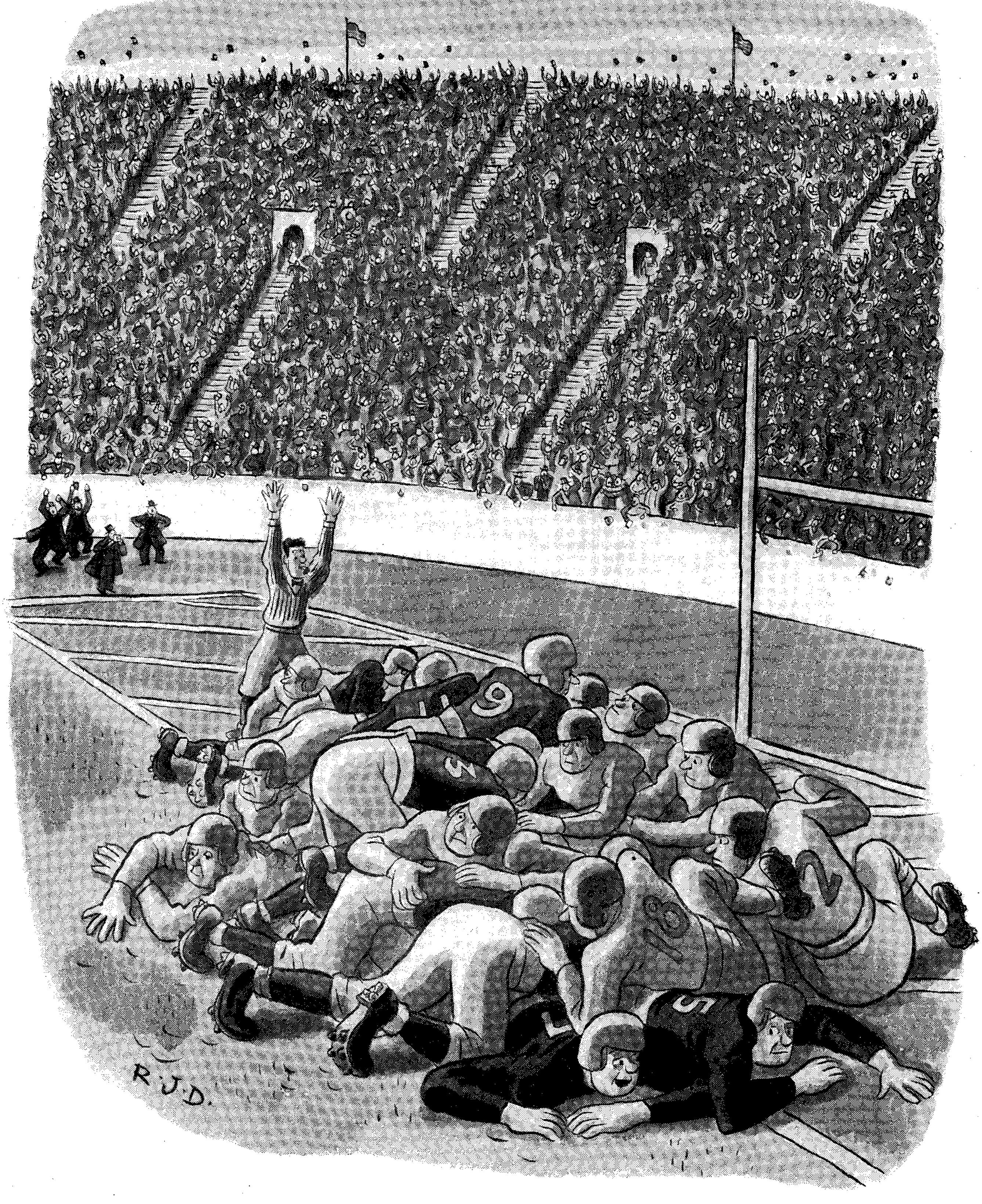
"He thought your mother was dead, didn't he?"

The word, Harry thought, feeling the first shock of surprise and injury, was "provocative." Or the word was "refreshing." He said, "Please, Ethel."

"Anyone could see it, anyone but you. He'd been thinking of her like he thought of Anna, and suddenly you said she was there, and it made him jump."

Harry turned to study Ethel's face. Her lips, as usual, were slightly parted, which, with the high arch of her brows, gave her the look of a gifted but bewildered child. Harry felt stiff and dry-mouthed, like a teacher who is supposed to ignore the cruelty of a child's candor, the little, continuous goads of a child's mockery. The trip up the valley had always been long and tiring, and today it seemed longer and more tiring than ever. " 'Like,' " Harry said, "is a preposition, darling, not a conjunction."

He saw that he had succeeded in angering Ethel. When she was angry, she spoke flatly and finished her sentences with a laugh, as if to show that, whatever anyone else might think, she felt confident of having gained her point. "Thank you," she said. "Thank you so much." She laughed. "I wonder what



"Fifty cents says we made it."

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your mother will call me today. You know what she called me last time, don't you?"

"No," Harry said. He hesitated. "Never mind. It doesn't matter."

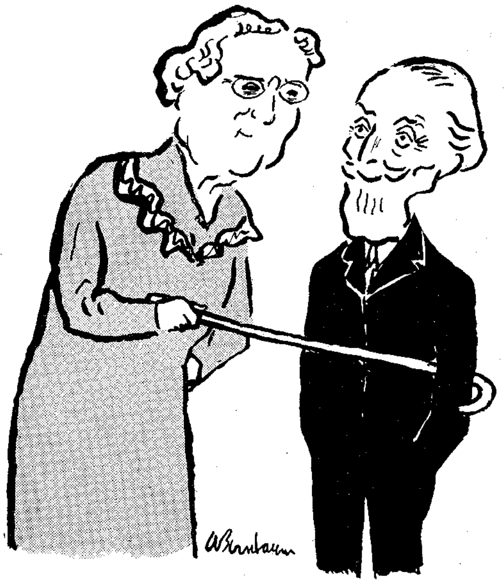
"She called me Anna."

Harry rested his head against the back of the seat. There was nothing left to feel that he had not already felt. He said softly, "You had to tell me that, didn't you? You've been waiting for months to tell me that." Then he stood up and pulled from the chromium rack over their heads their worn leather suitcase. "We're almost at Danbury," he said. "If we get off here, we can catch the next train back to New York. I'll call and tell the nurse we're not coming. You know it won't matter to Mother, don't you? You know it won't matter a bit." He sucked in his breath. Next time, he thought, whenever the next time might be, he would make the trip alone.

—BRENDAN GILL

PROFILES

THE DOCTOR, THE LADY, AND COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY—II



Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Meyer

DR. ALFRED MEYER and his wife, Annie Nathan Meyer, have made notable careers out of being, respectively, the second oldest graduate of Columbia University and one of the founders of Barnard College, but they are constantly trying to give their lives as many additional facets as possible. The results of this effort are visible in their apartment, at 1225 Park Avenue, which they look upon more as a headquarters for their endeavors than as just a home. It cannot in fairness be called untidy, since its stacks of miscellaneous papers are usually arranged in orderly fashion. Neither the Doctor, who is eighty-nine and has retired from practice, nor his wife, who is seventy-six, ever throws anything away, and they do not catalogue their accumulations. As a result, things sometimes get mislaid for a long time. "My dear," the Doctor may exclaim, emerging from his bedroom, "look what I've found! I haven't seen this book for—let me see—it will be seventy-three years this summer." Dr. Meyer's bedroom is cluttered with books, music, and medical journals, but superficially, at least, his wife's bedroom appears to be the more confused of the two. Mrs. Meyer has kept a diary since she was fifteen, or for the last sixty-one years. Naturally, the entries, which are detailed, fill up dozens of notebooks. These, together with a score of plays and a multitude of letters to the newspapers and speeches she has written, are arranged in twenty-odd piles along the walls. Practically anything Mrs. Meyer reads in a newspaper inspires her to write feverishly. The resulting literature most often takes the form of a letter to the editor, but sometimes it turns out to be a speech. Mrs. Meyer never knows just where or when she will deliver her speeches, but she likes to have them handy in case of an emergency. Reading her newspaper in the evening, she may suddenly throw it down, rip the cover off her typewriter, and bat out an address entitled something like "The Advisability of William K. Stevenson, Colored, Suing the Yellow Cab Company as a Result of His Accident of Oct. 8 near Fifty-seventh and Madison."

Placed neatly on a chair in the exact centre of Mrs. Meyer's bedroom are a blue satin house coat and an electric pad. She is convinced that a bomb is likely to drop on New York at any moment, probably on the building the Meyers live in, and she does not intend to be caught unprepared. Dr. Meyer worries about practically nothing except how to age as rapidly as possible. In any sort of gathering, he usually manages to introduce himself to everyone by saying, "I'm Dr. Meyer—eighty-nine years old, you know. Undoubtedly the oldest person here." He still reads his medical books faithfully and makes many spirited excursions into other branches of knowledge. When he gets started on a subject, he dislikes quitting until he has exhausted it. Currently he is at grips with art. He gets his information about it mainly from his wife, who admits to being expert. They visit the galleries almost every day and attract a lot of attention. Because Mrs. Meyer must shout to make herself understood by the Doctor, who is deaf and carries a hearing device, other visitors often get the notion that she is conducting a tour, and they trail along. "There's a nice one!" Mrs. Meyer may yell. "I say, the line there is very good, rather like Alexander James!" The Doctor, who critically views all painted figures with a physician's eye, will shout back, "I don't like it! The goddam pelvis is out of joint. Makes her look like a pregnant goat!" Once the Meyers start through a gallery, they seldom lose any of their following.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Dr. Meyer has lived uptown for the last eighty-four years, he refers to himself as a Villager. He reads the *Villager* every week and frequently comments on how the old place is changing. He was born on West Tenth Street and, although the family moved uptown when he was a small child, he claims to remember his stay there very clearly. His father, Isaac Meyer, was a well-to-do textile merchant who had a hand in organizing the Cotton Exchange. A good deal of the elder Meyer's life was spent in shuttling back and forth between New York and New Orleans, competing in business with the forebears of Governor Lehman. Alfred was five when the family moved to the rural neighborhood of Thirty-fourth Street, where they built a house. Many of their neighbors came to see them off and wish them well, as if they were leaving on an expedition to the Klondike. The general disapproval of their move, inside the family and out, did not disturb Mr. Meyer, who had an ardent pioneer spirit and believed that land in the metropolitan frontier area might prove to be a good investment. That his viewpoint was, in the main, correct is illustrated by the fact that the property, in which his son has an interest, is next door to where Macy's stands today.

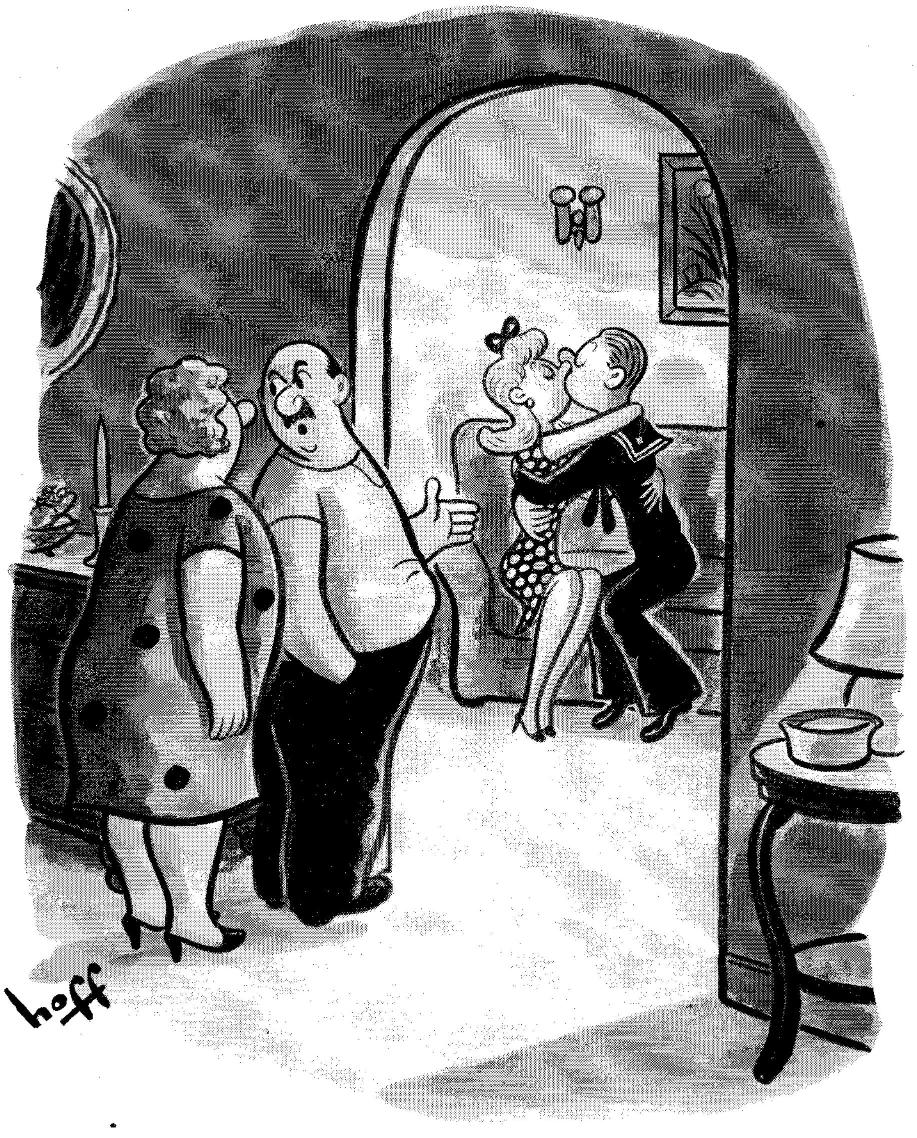
Young Alfred found his new home exciting. The site of the Empire State Building was then a field of wild tomatoes. He and other children of the neighborhood used to gather there for picnics. Among the few families which had migrated to this territory were the Morgenthaus, grandparents of Secretary Morgenthau, and the Peter B. Sweeneys, who were associated with Boss Tweed of Tammany. Alfred was particularly impressed by the Morgenthaus, whose family was so large that the servants bought half an ox every few days and, in winter, hung it on the front porch. "I wrote and told the Secretary about this a year or so ago," Dr. Meyer said recently, "and he wrote me back that he was glad to hear it." The Doctor enjoys thinking about his neighbors on Thirty-fourth Street, principally because they are now dead. "Dead and gone," he says, chuckling. "Some of them got to be as old as the hills, but I've outlived them all, every last one."

When Alfred was eight, he began to take piano lessons and go to school. It developed almost immediately that he was a prodigy. He became so proficient at the piano that his father bought him a Steinway, and he has owned a Steinway from that time on. Not long ago one of the keys on his piano stuck and he asked the company to send him a repairman. He made several attempts to get one, but nobody turned up. Finally he sat down and wrote the company a letter which began, "I've been using one of your pianos for the last eighty-one years and I would hate to change brands now." A repairman showed up the next day. The boy got his elementary education in small private schools in downtown New York. At the age of sixteen he was pronounced ready for Columbia, which was then at Madison Avenue and Forty-ninth Street. For young Meyer, Columbia opened up a breathtaking new life from which he has never really recovered. Ever since the morning he matriculated, he has been a Columbia man, and nothing else has ever taken on quite that same importance in his eyes. In his junior year, while attending a biology class, he decided that he had an aptitude for medicine. This, he admits, may have been due in part to his realization that medicine meant three more years at Columbia. In any case, after his graduation, he enrolled in the College of Physicians and Surgeons and began to prepare for his life work. He was one of the youngest students in his class. "Somehow, though, he always seemed like the oldest," a colleague once said.

It was perhaps because young Meyer was beardless that he was a rather sombre medical student. Many of the older men in his class had beards, but Meyer, concentrate as he would, was smooth-chinned, so he had to rely for dignity on his manner. Today he has a white beard half a foot long, about a tenth of his height. He was an excellent student and easily passed his internship examination, which consisted of two questions, one of them about how to treat a pistol wound and the other about the cure for typhoid. He took his internship at Mt. Sinai Hospital, then on Lexington Avenue between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh. In those days, the principal antiseptic was carbolic-acid vapor, which impregnated the clothes of the surgeons who used it. Many evenings, after leaving the hospital, Meyer would clear the sidewalk for fifty yards in either direction. Around the hospital he was regarded as an uncommonly hard worker. One evening he stayed so late on an interesting post-mortem that he lay down in a coffin for a nap and awoke just in time to stun several scrubwomen who had come in to tidy up.

IN 1878, Dr. Meyer went to Europe, where he studied for two years, one in Leipzig and one in Vienna. During his stay in Vienna, he was given a letter of introduction to Brahms, but he never used it because he became engrossed in an experiment having to do with high blood pressure in dogs. "People have often asked me whether I regret not meeting the great man because of a bunch of dogs," he says, "and to tell you the truth, I can't make up my mind." Dr. Meyer spent his two summers abroad travelling around with two of his classmates. He often tells people that he is an accomplished linguist and occasionally gives them concrete proof. "*Hoe laet es et*—Dutch," he will say. "*Uno basto*—Italian." In 1880 he returned to the United States and set up in practice, and two years later he became an attending physician at Mt. Sinai.

Dr. Meyer's medical career was distinguished. He became noted for his diagnoses, which he made by his own rather bizarre methods. For one thing, knowing that some diseases could be identified by smell, he carried sniffing to extremes. When he was called in on a baffling case, he was likely to confound the patient by darting into the room and sniffing the air before he'd taken off his hat. Then, too, he relied a good deal on hearing and touch, particularly in pulmonary cases. A gifted musician, he had absolute pitch and this naturally gave him the jump on doctors with run-of-the-mill hearing. Dr. Meyer's touch also was delicate, as the result of his musical accomplishments. The routine



"There must be some other kind of patriotic work she can do."

prodding and thumping of a first visit often provided him with an amazing insight into the trouble. “He treated every patient like a piece of land he was testing for oil,” a colleague recalled not long ago. Dr. Meyer did not carry the customary small black bag of the practicing physician; instead, he had a boxlike arrangement about two and a half feet square and weighing in the neighborhood of twenty-five pounds. In this, besides his pills, stethoscope, swabs, and so on, was a machine to supplement his natural endowments of hearing and touch. Another doctor once described Dr. Meyer’s system as “a kind of human piano-tuning operation.” The sight of the microscopic and bearded Meyer struggling along the sidewalk on his way to a sickbed with this physiological listening post is believed to be unique in medical history. Contemporary physicians have reported the look of growing horror on a patient’s face as Dr. Meyer stepped up briskly, unlocked the apparatus, and disappeared into a maze of tubes, coils, and wires. As the machine hummed into operation, he often began to sing to himself, unconsciously expressing his gratification with the way it was taking hold. “If a patient survived the diagnosis,” one of the Doctor’s friends once said, “his recovery was practically assured.” The fact is, however, that Dr. Meyer never lost a typhoid patient and rarely a pneumonia one.

In 1895 he brought off a diagnostic tour de force that won him widespread admiration. An epidemic of what was supposedly influenza broke out in the nurses’ school at Mt. Sinai and gained alarming headway. Asked to have a look at the situation, Dr. Meyer came in, sniffed about the place thoroughly, put his ear briefly to his machine, and reported that the nurses were suffering from typhoid. He took charge and in the next three months brought the epidemic under control almost single-handed. At its conclusion, he entered a sanitarium to rest up and announced that thenceforth he was going to specialize in lung ailments. Dr. Meyer was soon suggesting revolutionary therapeutic measures. For one thing, he advocated the breathing of fresh air, and told his patients in the tenement districts to spend as much time as possible sitting on their fire escapes. This annoyed the City Council, which held the somewhat narrow view that fire escapes should be used for escaping from fires. To counter this sort of organized opposition, Dr. Meyer got together with other physicians and founded the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association and stirred up a campaign for public sanitariums. He was active in establishing both the city institution at Otisville and the state one at Ray Brook. The Association presented him with an award last year for his work on tuberculosis.

Dr. Meyer also had a hand in organizing the Sixth International Congress on Tuberculosis, which was held in Washington in 1908. He went to Europe to drum up interest in the congress and to persuade other nations to send over exhibits. He also devised an exhibit to be sponsored by the Association itself. This was called The Healthy Cow and featured several tuberculin-free cows, together with suggestions on how to keep them that way. The exhibits were such a success in Washington that Dr. Meyer determined to bring them to New York, a project that would cost upward of thirty thousand dollars. When the Association balked at the expense, he raised about half of the sum from such rich New Yorkers as Jacob Schiff and George Blumenthal and got the rest of the money from the Russell Sage Foundation. The exhibits were set up at the Museum of Natural History, where, in the seven months they were on, they were viewed by seven hundred and fifty thousand people. This total did not include Dr. Meyer, who had entered a sanitarium for another rest. The Doctor had remarkable stamina for a man weighing only a hundred pounds, but he nevertheless managed to overextend himself every so often throughout his medical career. He retired in 1930, but he is still interested in medicine. He is a consulting physician at Mt. Sinai and Montefiore Hospitals, a fellow of the American College of Physicians, and an active member of the American Thorac Society, the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, the American Medical Association, the New York State Medical Society, the New York County Medical Society, the New York Academy of Medicine, and the Harvey Society. He is the oldest member of most of them and has every intention of making it unanimous. Right now, Mt. Sinai Hospital is getting out, in his honor, a book of tributes to his work. “Damned foolishness,” Dr. Meyer says. “Makes it look as if I were already dead. People reading it might get the idea I died young.”

He often goes to Mt. Sinai to sit in on

FIESTA IN THE REICH

The German Propaganda Ministry last week warned the people not to discuss military defeats and not to “look depressed.”—*The Times.*

Come, lift a blithesome roundelay
To wake the Seventh Sleeper.
The bomb is dropping from the bay,
The Russ has crossed the Dnieper.
The Anglo-Saxon threatens Rome
And perils every border.
But we’ll be merry here at home
By Goebbels’ special order.
(Tra-la, tra-lay,
We’re awfully gay,
By brisk, official order.)

Though Liberators tour these skies
So sacredly *der Führer’s*,
We’ll swear it’s all a pack of lies
Or maybe done with mührrors,
And dance and deck the streets with flowers
Until our brows are beaded,
When told some new retreat of ours
Has cleverly succeeded.
(We’ve made attack
By moving back,
And brilliantly succeeded.)

The casual tear, the downcast look
Are banned on edict simple.
We practice daily by the book
To wear an *ersatz* dimple.
And if some fellow lost to shame,
When friends break bread together,
Should call the future by its name,
We talk about the weather. . . .
(Report the dunce
Of course, at once,
And then discuss the weather.)

—Phyllis McGinley

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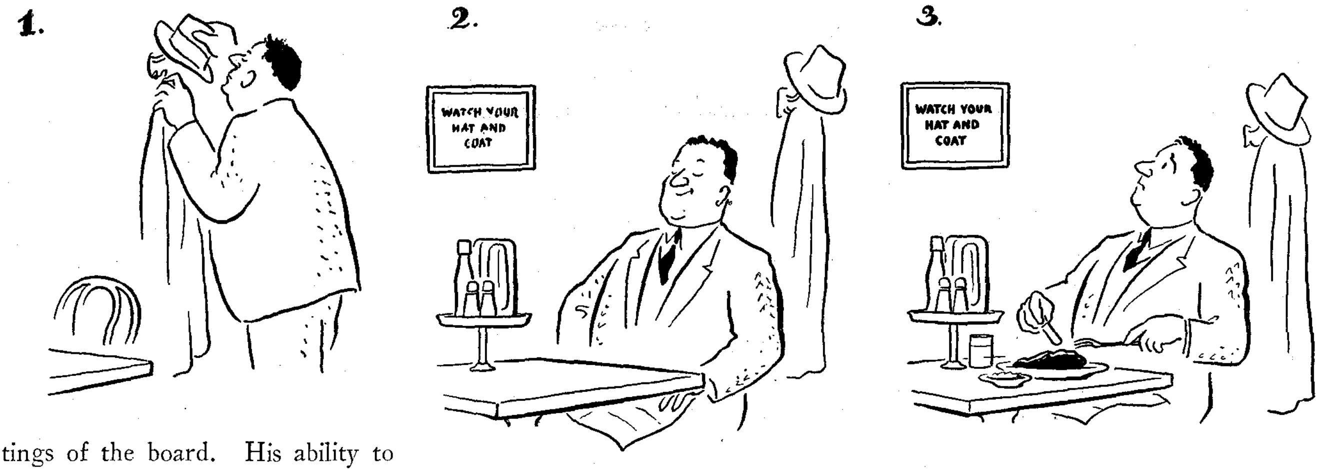
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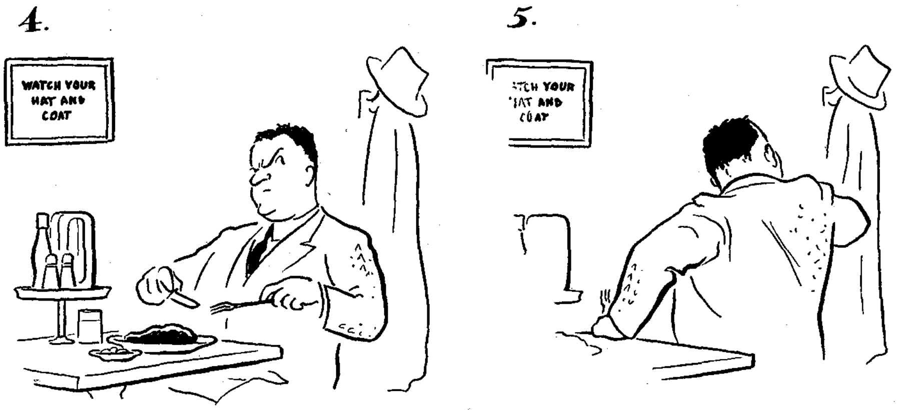
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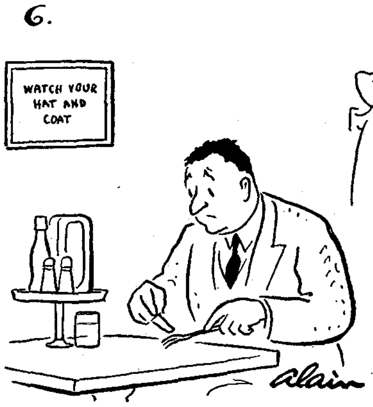
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meetings of the board. His ability to recall in vast detail parallels for practically any case astonishes the younger doctors. It is not uncommon for him to arise and say something like "Yes, I remember we had a case on that order in Ward Two back in 1893—a man about thirty-three years old with leukemia. He had been treated with intrasplenic injections of Fowler's solution and subsequently with a transfusion of defibrinated blood. The temperature was a hundred and one, blood pressure a hundred and fifty. The patient promptly responded with a chill and a temperature of a hundred and six degrees. The post-mortem revealed the spleen riddled with small, abscessed perforations."

Dr. Meyer has always disliked writing papers and making speeches, the two methods most favored by physicians for taking credit for their professional achievements. Although Mrs. Meyer would not advocate downright immodesty, she finds this attitude of her husband's mystifying and irritating.

THE Meyers met in October of 1886 and were married shortly afterward. They were brought together by music. Dr. Meyer was invited to play at a piano club she had organized and had hardly got through eight bars of Chopin's Etude in C-sharp minor before she exclaimed to two of her girl friends, "Dear me, I wish I could marry a man who played like that!" In the next two weeks they met four times, strictly in the interest of music. At the fifth meeting the Doctor branched out and proposed marriage. They were married four months later in the old Portuguese synagogue at 5 West Nineteenth Street, and four days after that Mrs. Meyer was twenty.

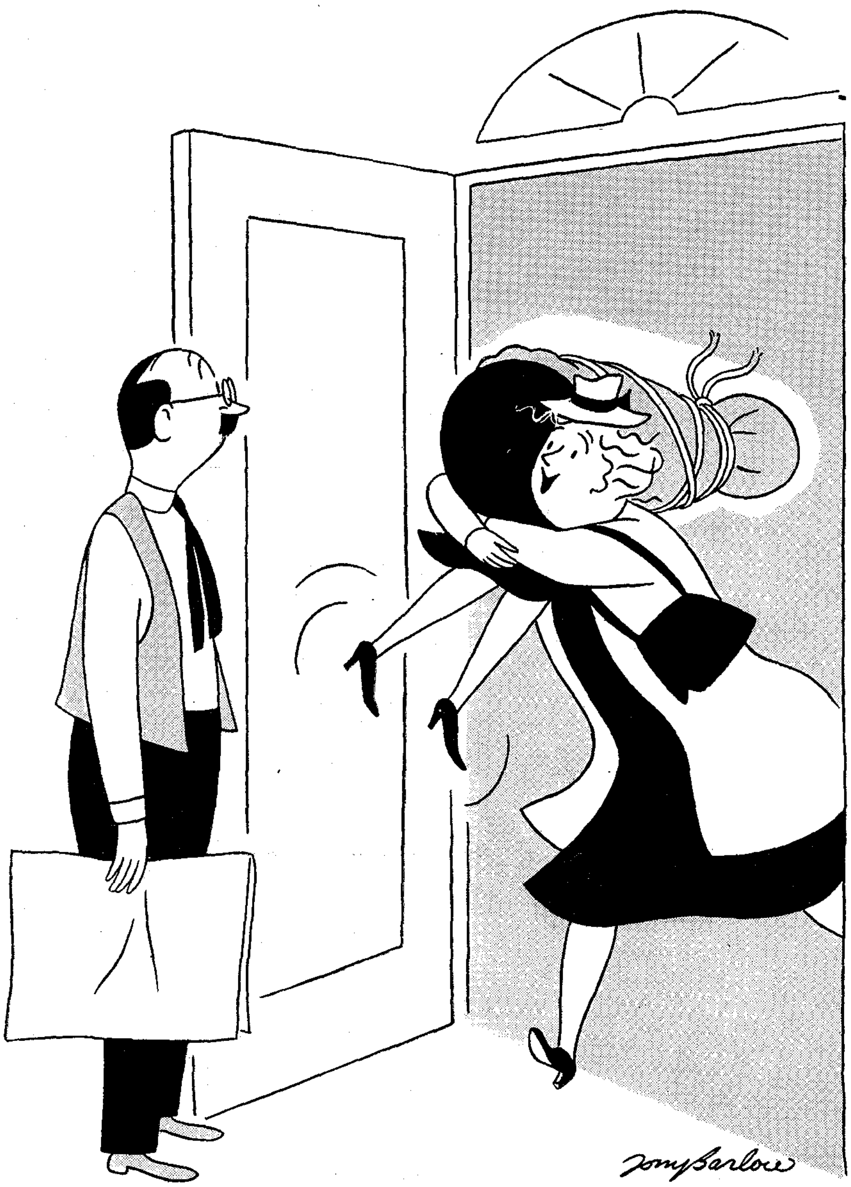
The marriage, Mrs. Meyer believes, was an enormous relief to her father, a widower, who had been convinced for some time that his daughter was headed for spinsterhood. She had been, in her way, as precocious as Dr. Meyer. Almost at birth she exhibited a nervous, crusading dissatisfaction with the status quo. What she saw that needed correcting she attempted to correct, even in the cradle. It was, perhaps, this family trait that was responsible for the fact that several of her relatives had become or were to become distinguished in one field or another. The family migrated to this country in 1654, in a group of twenty-three Spanish Jews, on a ship named the St. Charles, which has since come to be known as the Jewish Mayflower. One of Mrs. Meyer's ancestors was a rabbi, Gershom Seixas, who said a prayer at the inauguration of George Washington. Her father, Robert Weeks Nathan, was a wealthy member of the Stock Exchange and the best whist player in the Union Club, which he represented in tournaments everywhere. One of her first cousins was Emma Lazarus, the poetess; one of her nephews is Robert Nathan, the writer; her father's sister married a Cardozo; her uncle, Benjamin Nathan, was the victim of one of New York's most famous early murders. This murder, which was never solved, took place in a house across the street from the old Fifth Avenue Hotel. It became the "Twenty-third Street Murder" in Edmund Pearson's "Studies in Murder." Mrs. Meyer's mother had literary talent, but she used it only in emergencies. Once, when Annie was quite small, her father was almost pauperized by a wrestle with the stock market, so her mother, to pull them out of the hole, tried writing a play, which ran for one night at the Terrace Garden Theatre.

When Annie was twelve, her mother died. Mrs. Nathan had educated her four children herself. Afterward Annie was instructed by a succession of tutors. She gave them a fairly rough time. It was soon apparent to most of them that she knew more than they did and they were quick to throw in the towel. When she was eighteen, she enrolled in a kind of correspondence course at Columbia which was open to women. Students were permitted two interviews and two examinations in the year, but it was made clear to them that they were not to clutter up the campus in between times. Although this treatment was accepted meekly by many New York girls, it infuriated Annie and led, at least indirectly, to the establishment of Barnard College. She resented being pushed around and made up her mind that she would put an end to Columbia's unisexual state at the earliest opportunity.

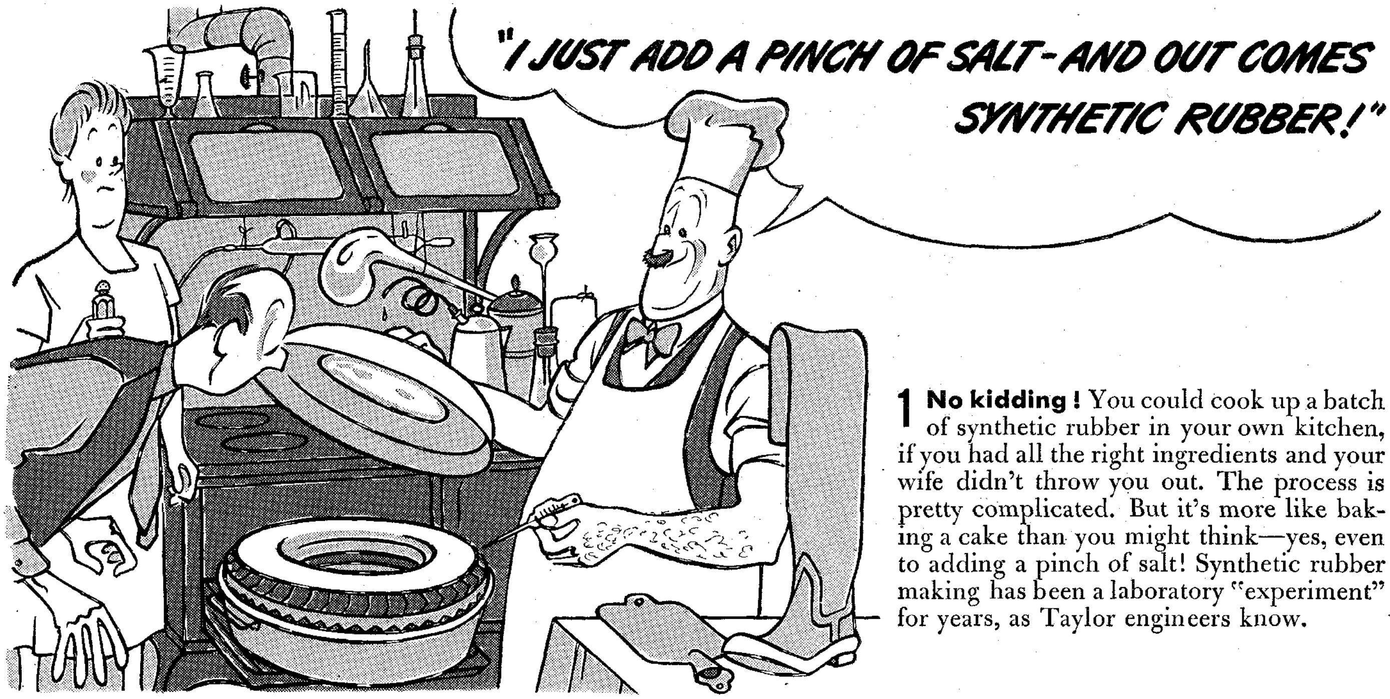
Annie's marriage to Dr. Meyer the following year ended her formal education but started her on a career of free-lance crusading that is still booming. First of all she lit into Columbia and emerged, after a certain amount of assistance from other people, with Barnard. She was convinced then, as she is today, that she alone founded Barnard. Flushed with this success, she went on a lecture tour. At a convention in Denver for the advancement of women, she spoke so vigorously, according to the Denver *Post*, "as to hold the audience in almost rapt attention." Before the Emmanuel Society in New York, she spoke on "The Moral Responsibility of the Novelist" with "great vivacity and presence," and she gave the fiction writers remarkably short shrift. One reporter wrote that "she was very severe on some of the leading American novelists." She made such a hit with the Woman's Club of Boston that her address was repeated, by request, the next day before the Harvard Annex students. It drew warm praise from the president of the club, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. In Washington, where elocution is a fairly inexpensive commodity, the papers dwelled mainly on her looks. The Washington *Post* reported, "One of the prettiest of the prominent women on the stage was Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, whose really beautiful face is surrounded by dark brown hair rolled from her brow in real literary style."

Learning that she looked like a literary person, Mrs. Meyer began to behave like one. She dashed off an obituary of Bronson Alcott for a magazine called *Critic* and got three dollars for it. Then, feeling that she had arrived, she edited a book written by various prominent and celebrated women. Clara Barton wrote a chapter on the Red Cross and Frances Willard wrote one on the W.C.T.U. *Harper's Weekly* was so enraptured by the volume that it wrote of Mrs. Meyer, "Barely out of girlhood and yet so brilliantly equipped for the race, her career promises to be a phenomenally noble one, which mankind will follow with interest and pride." Such a rhapsody would impress almost any woman, and it impressed Mrs. Meyer. She began to write magazine articles, reviews, plays, letters to editors, essays, monographs, poems, and books, on practically any subject. Her first two books, "Helen Brent, M.D." (a novel) and "My Park Book" (a tribute to Central Park), were rather slight, inconsequential affairs, but toward the end of the century she felt an impulse to do something really important and settled down in the Public Library for a long stretch. She came out of it in 1901 with the completed manuscript for a book called "Robert Annys: Poor Priest," which was all about the peasant uprising in England. It was well received in England, but on the whole it met with apathy in this country. There was a conflict of opinion here, however. The Columbia medievalist, James Harvey Robinson, said that it was "the last word on medieval asceticism. Nothing more need be written." One American publication, *Church Progress*, called the book a work of "brilliant ignorance." Possibly influenced by this opinion, Mrs. Meyer stopped writing books and quickly turned out eight plays.

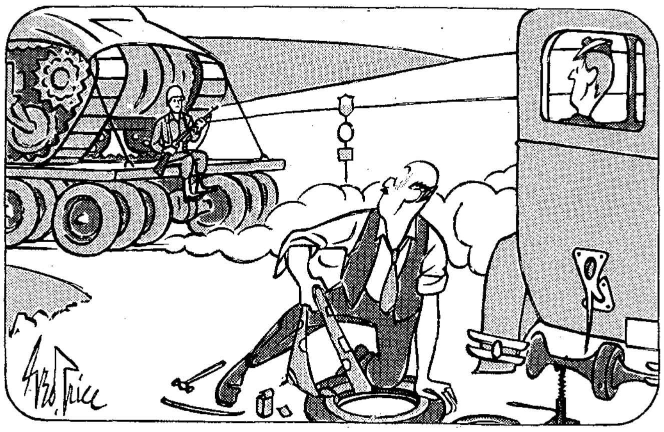
In 1918 she became associate editor of *Broadway Magazine*, the managing editor of which was Theodore Dreiser. The two editors spent a lot of their time wrangling. Several years after they had left the magazine, Mrs. Meyer wrote to the *Saturday Review of Literature* denouncing Dreiser in these incisive words: "If during that period he held any strong conviction for which he was willing to suffer, or possessed any moral stamina that would cause him to stand by his guns for anything save self-interest, then he very successfully kept it from me." She added that "he had not the most elementary notions concerning the integrity and sanctity of an author's own language." This last line apparently revealed the major issue between the two editors. At any rate,



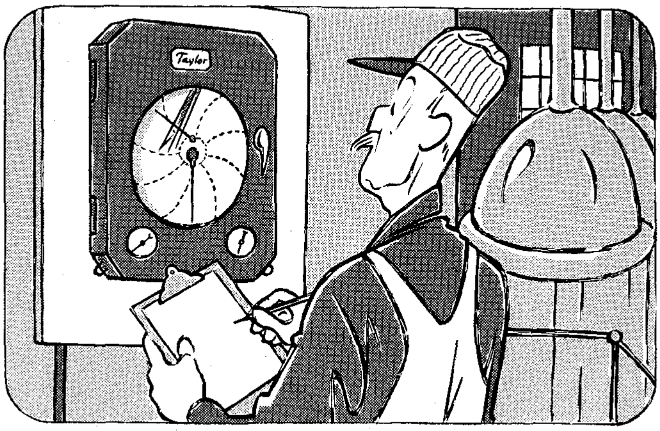
"Quick! Close the door! I've got a maid!"


"I JUST ADD A PINCH OF SALT-AND OUT COMES SYNTHETIC RUBBER!"

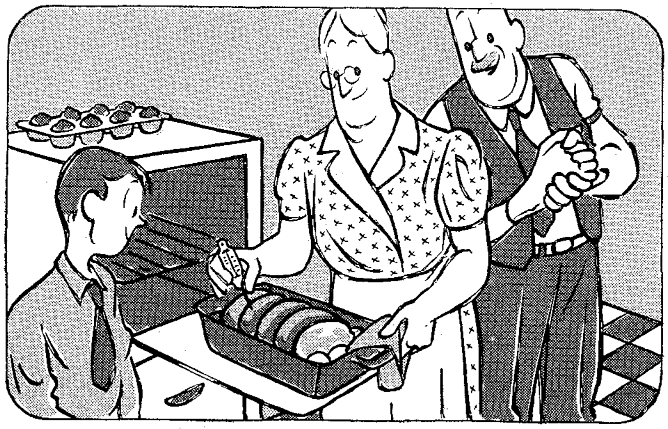
1 **No kidding!** You could cook up a batch of synthetic rubber in your own kitchen, if you had all the right ingredients and your wife didn't throw you out. The process is pretty complicated. But it's more like baking a cake than you might think—yes, even to adding a pinch of salt! Synthetic rubber making has been a laboratory "experiment" for years, as Taylor engineers know.



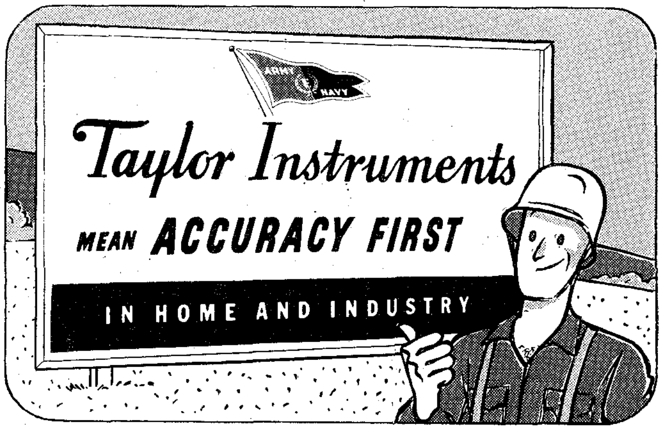
2 **But to take** synthetic rubber *out* of the laboratory into big production — to supply the armed forces with all they needed almost overnight — wow! That was one of America's biggest headaches the day after Pearl Harbor. To make *enough* rubber—and to make it *right*—the process would have to be entirely automatic!



3 **That meant instruments**—some of them so complicated as to seem more than human. Fortunately the instruments didn't have to be invented! For instance, the most critical control problem—where basic ingredients are literally transformed into liquid latex—was solved by using standard Taylor Recorders and Controllers.



4 **Back in your kitchen,** a Taylor Roast Meat Thermometer enables you to cook roast beef as accurately as Taylor Instruments make synthetic rubber. Tastes better, too! You can have one almost as soon as you can get roast beef without points. But no Taylor instrument is as big a bargain as that extra War Bond you can buy *now!*



5 **If you're in a war industry** other than synthetic rubber or high octane gasoline, you can take comfort from the fact that these programs are now nearly complete. So you may get *your* Taylor instruments sooner than you expected. We hope so anyway! Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Canada.

"A Near Approach to Heaven."
—Nichols, Times

"MARY MARTIN is one of the brightest stars to descend on the musical comedy stage in many a long year." —Wenning, Newsweek

"Her warbling of 'That's Him' is one of the all-time musical high-lights of the stem."
—Sullivan, News

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
KENNY BAKER
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
with PAULA LAURENCE & TEDDY HART
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH
Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Settings by HOWARD BAY
Costumes by PAUL DUPONT & KERMIT LOVE
Miss Martin's gowns from MAINBOCHER
Conducted by MAURICE ABRAVANEL
Associate Producer
JOHN WILDBERG

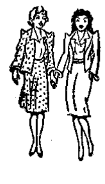
"KENNY BAKER's performance is attractive and amusing." —Waldorf, Post
"—has charm and a way with a song." —Coleman, Mirror

"JOHN BOLES plays and sings delightfully." —Garland, Jr. Amer.
"—is excellent." —Nichols, Times

"An occasion for rejoicing . . . the musical show we have all been waiting for. It is gay and beautiful to look at; witty and melodious. There is style in the S. J. Perelman-Ogden Nash libretto, humor in the Nash lyrics, felicity in Kurt Weill's score and brilliant satire in the Agnes de Mille dances. The Weill music is a source of continual delight. The collaborators have worked ably and imaginatively to give the season its first resounding hit." —Barnes, Herald Tribune

"Nectar for the gods, a thing of wit and wisdom, talent, taste and beauty."
—Walker, News

IMPERIAL THEATRE W. 45th • Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat.



"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

Dreiser countered with a letter to the *Review* declaring that as a fellow-worker Mrs. Meyer "had the profound conviction that every word and comma of her text was not only essential but sacred."

Although the majority of Mrs. Meyer's literary compositions, no matter what, have dealt with women, it is difficult to say just which kind of woman she approves of. She once created a national uproar by describing the attitude of most women as "spreadhenism, that clucking content where content is perfectly unjustifiable." She also came out against the working girl on the ground that this type of young lady was just working so that she could have more pretty clothes. The *Times* answered her with an editorial entitled "Why Not?" Mrs. Meyer was violently anti-women's suffrage, despite the fact that she had claimed, as she still does, the distinction of being New York's first really progressive woman. She believed that any reasonably intelligent woman could easily control her husband and therefore her husband's ballot. Mrs. Meyer, in her many campaigns, was occasionally so bitingly aggressive that she won a great deal of support for the other side. Once, after hearing Mrs. Meyer deliver a particularly sulphurous tirade against women's suffrage, Alice Duer Miller remarked to a friend, "I hadn't made up my mind before I heard Annie. But after that speech I know that women's suffrage can't be wrong." Mrs. Meyer's progressivism took other forms. She can offer almost indisputable proof that she was the second lady to ride a bicycle in New York, and she once struck a powerful blow against trains on women's dresses. She used to go around stepping on trains at social functions. "I stepped on the trains of some of the best-known women in New York," she says. All along, Mrs. Meyer seems to have felt that women regarded themselves as superior to men without any particular justification.

IN the last few years Mrs. Meyer has become more and more preoccupied with establishing herself as the undisputed mother of Barnard. She is coming to believe that this alone is a full-time job. Barnard, she has discovered, is a college that is not easily founded. Also, once founded, it tends to become unfounded. After each of her public declarations on the matter, the college heads patiently explain to the curious that Mrs. Meyer was *one* of a group that raised money to get the college started. This annoys Mrs. Meyer and

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KISS and TELL
NEW YORK with Jessie ROYCE LANDIS · Robert KEITH · Joan CAULFIELD
BOSTON with Violet HEMING · Walter GILBERT · Betty Anne NYMAN
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"A Triumph" —BARNES, Herald Trib.
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DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
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ANOTHER LOVE STORY
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HENRY ADRIAN presents
VICTORY BELLES
A Farce Comedy on Husband Shortage
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merely intensifies her proprietary attitude toward Barnard. Like her husband, she feels that the acclaim due her may not arrive for several years, and she is not slackening her efforts in the meantime. Dr. Meyer is looking forward to a long, fruitful period of demonstrating his antiquity. His supreme ambition is to be the oldest living graduate of Columbia. Because he has not yet attained this honor, he considers himself a victim of injustice. In almost any other organization with which he is identified, he can throw his age around without fear of challenge. As an aged graduate of Columbia, however, he is in an inferior position, and he often feels it keenly. Dr. Meyer would like to give the title the distinction and attention it deserves, whereas the actual title-holder, the Reverend Dr. Pascal Harrower of Staten Island, who is ninety-three, takes no pride whatever in the honor. "I guess I'm the oldest graduate, all right," he said a couple of years ago, "but I probably wouldn't have known it if Alfred Meyer hadn't told me." This attitude puzzles and dismays Dr. Meyer, who believes that the Reverend Dr. Harrower should be disqualified on the ground of dangerous nonchalance. Occasionally, in conversation, the Doctor does disqualify him by refusing to acknowledge his existence. At other times he refers to him tenderly, almost sadly. "A perfectly fine, a perfectly delightful old fellow," the Doctor will say. "Not feeling so well the last time I saw him, though."

The Meyers celebrated their golden wedding in 1937 with a reception at the Women's Faculty Club of Columbia. It was attended by three hundred and fifty people. Dr. Meyer played the same Chopin étude he had played when he and Annie Nathan first met at the piano club half a century before, and the couple played a Haydn duet. The afternoon sunlight, slanting through the windows, lit up their faces with a celestial glow. Several of the guests, much moved, commented on this afterward. "Pure accident," the Doctor said. "The air was probably full of dust."

The Meyers had one child, a daughter, who died years ago. They have established a scholarship at Barnard in her honor. They entertain a good deal, and Mrs. Meyer usually gets into a spirited argument with one or two of the guests, at which point the Doctor goes over to the piano and plays vigorously until the conversation has quieted down. The routine of the Meyers' lives is capably looked after by Clement, their West Indian servant, who always speaks

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of them as The Doctor and The Lady. It is he who makes such decisions as to eliminate shredded wheat from the breakfast menu, because of its tendency to get in the Doctor's beard. The Meyers attribute the success of their marriage chiefly to the fact that they have both been too busy to quarrel. A factor perhaps more important, however, is the support each has always given to the other's ambitions. For example, at a recent dinner the Meyers attended, Mrs. Meyer brought up the subject of the Doctor's age in a conversation with some of the other guests. "Poor little old man, he certainly is getting old," she observed. "Ninety years old his next birthday, you know."

"What did you tell them?" the Doctor shouted, swinging his hearing device in her direction.

"I said you were the oldest living graduate of Columbia," Mrs. Meyer replied.

"Well," said the Doctor, looking a little chastened, "there's that Harrower."

"But he hasn't been heard from in *months*," said Mrs. Meyer.

The Doctor brightened up and said, "I guess you're right. I say, she's probably right. She usually is. You know, she founded Barnard College at the age of twenty-two and she's written some fine plays, too. Never properly appreciated, though. I guess if the founder of Barnard thinks I'm the oldest living graduate of Columbia, I undoubtedly am. That Harrower was looking mighty peaked the last time I saw him."

"Indeed he was," said Mrs. Meyer. "Mighty peaked."

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the second of two articles on Dr. and Mrs. Meyer.*)

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From a letter a Time subscriber received from Time*]

Dear Mr. L——:

It is fine to hear that *Time* means so much to you. Many thanks for telling us.

We are very glad to straighten you out on *Time's* dating system. To start with, you have probably noticed that *Time* bears a Monday date. Its editorial deadline is the preceding Monday. "Next week" begins the Sunday after going to press (that is, the day before the date on the cover). "This week" (the week in which most people receive and read their copies) begins Sunday, the day before going to press. "Last week" is, of course, the week before that—or, to fix it, the week preceding the Monday *Time* is going to press. So you see you can always figure back by the date on the cover.

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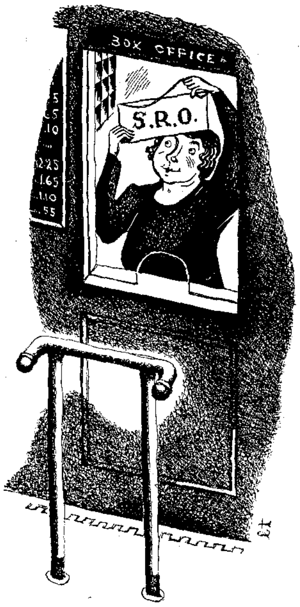
THE THEATRE

BLACK MAJESTY

IN producing "Othello" with Paul Robeson in the title rôle, Margaret Webster has done a good deal to clarify a play that has been agitating the commentators since the days of Dr. Johnson. Always undertaken in the past with fetching golden-brown and café-au-lait versions of the Moor, it appears now with a man unequivocally black, and the pieces of the puzzle, or most of them, fall into place. The great trouble with the previous renderings has been that Othello never seemed particularly alien to the culture in which he found himself; there were, of course, such lines as those about the sooty bosom and the old black ram, but the man himself was an annoying contradiction—a dark but prepossessing warrior, in no way really strange or deeply antipathetic to the Venetians. The play, executed in these diluted shades, wasn't much more than a cloudily motivated tragedy, in which a jealous hero was destroyed by an obvious and preposterous plot. Miss Webster herself once wrote that Iago was a flawless conspirator, and at the time I thought this a rather excitable way to describe a man who seemed to me nearly as incompetent in his villainy as Desperate Desmond.

In the light of the present performance, however, I have to admit that she may easily be right, though "flawless" is rather too strong a word. Iago is still remarkably casual when it comes to the mechanics of intrigue—to the involved nonsense about the handkerchief, the flimsy stratagem with Cassio and Bianca, and the reckless confidences to Roderigo and Emilia—but as a psychologist he is superb. The scene in which suspicion is first implanted in Othello's mind—almost completely implausible when the Moor is portrayed as a man proudly sure of himself and the devotion of his wife in a society of equals—is murderously convincing when he is shown as a Negro mercenary, aware of the scorn and hatred that surround him, already suspecting that the morals of Venice are not his morals, and seeming almost to welcome the proof of what he dreads. Working on such a mind, Iago is subtle, sure, and deadly. The accusation against Desdemona, which was absurdly transparent when addressed to a man of something approaching European sophistication, is a masterpiece of evil suggestion when Othello becomes a pure African, transplanted to a world whose values to him are both mysterious and corrupt. It is the mark of Iago's genius that he says nothing that Othello has not already said to himself, that he selects and utilizes only the horrors that are already in his victim's mind. Whatever else Miss Webster may have accomplished, it seems very unlikely that we shall ever see Othello played again by anyone but a Negro.



At the risk of exciting a great many high-minded people, I am obliged to say now that I found Mr. Robeson's performance rather unsatisfactory, considered sheerly as a piece of acting. His voice, like his physique, is majestic, but sometimes it seems to me to be employed for meaningless organ effects, and there is a tendency to give more than full value to celebrated lines. When Mr. Robeson says, "Put out the light—and then put out the light," each word is a separate tombstone and unfortunately the effect, on me at least, verges on humor. His range of facial expression is limited—a fixed glare and a tortured smile—and his gestures often don't really convey anything in particular. I doubt, however, if all this matters very much. His reading is admirably clear (as are those of all the cast) and he is ideal pictorially—a perfect mixture of the noble, the primitive, and the obscurely terrifying that explains the behavior of the other characters as it has never been satisfactorily explained before.

The riddle of Iago is the hardest, and perhaps it is still not quite cleared up. He has many motives, but none that seems sufficient in itself: he may suspect that Othello has seduced Emilia, but his references to it are vague and sardonic; he resents the preferment of Cassio but not, apparently, to any murderous pitch; he hates Othello, for his race as well as for his moral and physical superiority, but it is hard to see what he expects to gain by his destruction. All these are contributory factors, of course, but it is most probable that Shakespeare intended him as a representation of pure and fundamentally purposeless malignance, and that is the way the part is played by José Ferrer. It is for me an intensely interesting performance. Mr. Ferrer's Iago is many different men: a shrewd co-plotter with Roderigo, his contempt always genially masked; a hearty man of the world with Cassio; an obsequious courtier to Desdemona; a rough, dominating husband to Emilia; an honest friend to Othello. It takes intelligence and a very flexible acting style to fuse all these elements into a unified portrayal, and Mr. Ferrer, having both to a high degree, does it beautifully, and even, surprisingly, has the necessary authority to match Mr. Robeson's Othello. I'm not sure I understand how Iago came to be obsessed with the idea of Othello's ruin, but, granted the compulsion, his conduct is always logical and its course inevitable from beginning to end.

Uta Hagen's Desdemona didn't make much impression on me one way or the other, which is probably not Miss Hagen's fault, since Desdemona is about the dimmest of all Shakespeare's heroines, an intense, credulous girl who seems almost bound to come to some bad end. If I didn't know Miss Webster as an extremely conscientious woman, I might suspect her of some fairly routine casting in the other rôles. Cassio (James Monks) is a Yale man, presumably in the advertising business, and Bianca (Edith King) is a Bridgeport trollop, much too florid and blowzy for his educated, suburban tastes. Roderigo (Jack Manning) is typical of all the thwarted, comic lovers in Shakespeare, a tubercular, effeminate specimen, rather like the conventional rendering of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Brabantio (Averell Harris) is pretty much the standard model of a distressed Shakespearean parent, too. However, I liked Miss Webster's own Emilia very much. Her conflicting loyalty, to her husband and to Desdemona, is another hard problem presented by the play, but I think Miss

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Webster solves it with brisk intelligence. Her direction and editing (for almost the first time in my memory one of Shakespeare's gruesome clowns has been amputated, and I am still numb with surprise and gratitude) are as perceptive as they can be. Altogether, if you can get into the Shubert Theatre, you'd better see "Othello." It's a good play, and I doubt if you'll ever see it done any better.

"THE NAKED GENIUS," by Gypsy Rose Lee, finally arrived at the Plymouth, after what seem to have been moderately trying experiences out of town. It is here, apparently, at the insistence of its producer, Michael Todd, who is of the cynical opinion that New York at the moment is full of dumb money, and over the possibly disingenuous protests of its author and her accomplice, George S. Kaufman, who say they think it is a terrible play. As far as I can tell, they are *all* right. In its final form, "The Naked Genius" is the result of mating Miss Lee's autobiography with Mr. Kaufman's "You Can't Take It With You," and it is, I think, a formidable argument against such shotgun weddings. There is some humor in the details of the strip-tease business as provided by Miss Lee and a certain desperate ingenuity in some of Mr. Kaufman's incidental comedy, but on the whole it is a mess, and you are hereby warned against it. Joan Blondell, Millard Mitchell, Rex O'Malley, Doro Merande, a rooster, a monkey, and a dozen performing dogs are in the cast. Only the monkey seemed to have much confidence in the script. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Boston Globe*]

FOR MARY ELIZABETH

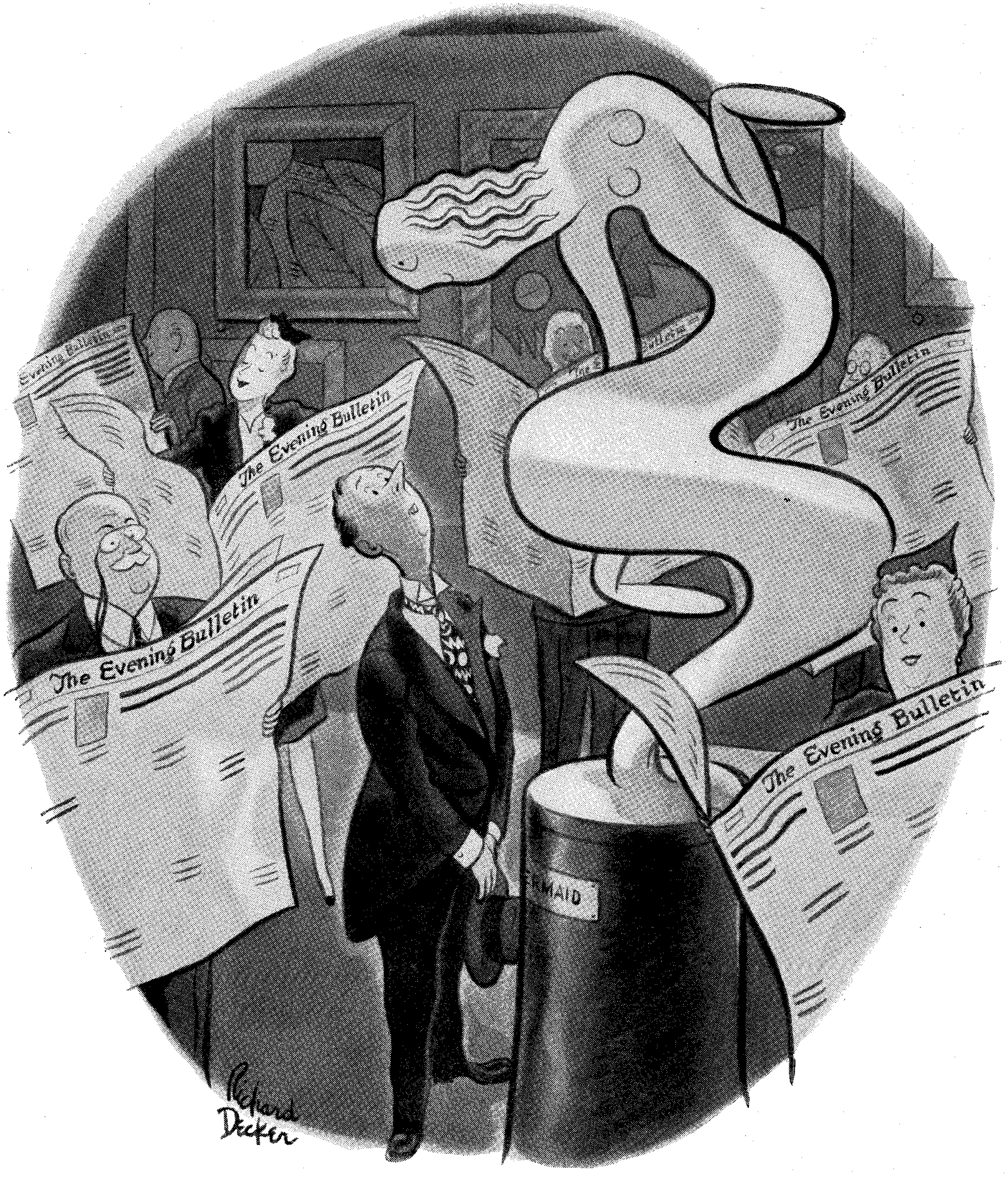
BY ANNE CAMPBELL

Grandfather is romantic,
You'd never think that he
Would moon about a person
So sentimentally.

But when a certain brownette
Will catch his roving eye,
"She simply fascinates me,"
We've heard Grandfather cry.

Grandmother is not jealous,
His children do not care;
Nobody criticizes
His burning love affair.

Perhaps because grandfather
Is just as good as gold,
And his inamorata
The Congo eel has the largest red-blood corpuscles of any animal.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German Army authorities have distributed a booklet urging the soldiers to write only cheerful letters home. The boys might, for instance, tell the folks how lovely it is along the Dnieper bend these crisp autumn days.

•

While Mr. Morgenthau is off visiting the war, the Ways and Means Committee is sniping away busily at his tax program. There's a chance that when he gets back he may find precious little Treasury to be Secretary of.

•

An analysis shows that our five global senators are rapidly losing their popularity with the newspapers. Everybody soon gets sick of hearing about other people's trips.

•

Citizens of Chicago are at last riding in their shiny new subway. In time, their tube will take on that rich, satisfying aroma which New Yorkers know and love so well.

•

Science is moving forward with incredible speed these days. The government is already finding it necessary to look into the sins of the alleged Vitamin D trust.

•

A gentleman in Dorchester, Massachusetts, has taken up the task of improving the speech and mannerisms of sports broadcasters. There is one man who has a niche all cut out for himself in the postwar world.

•

Tom Dewey still stoutly maintains that he is not a candidate for the G.O.P. Presidential nomination. His supporters claim, though, that he may be subject to the draft, even though he is a father.

•

Meanwhile, at the opposite end of the country, Eric Johnston of Spokane, head of the United States Chamber of Commerce, has been mentioned for the same nomination. The quadrennial mentioning season may now be considered well under way.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

JOURNEY FROM MONCTON

UP in Moncton, New Brunswick, the Royal Air Force operates what is called Number 31 Personnel Depot, a camp which serves as a clearing house for the thousands of British young men who learn to become fliers at widely scattered fields in the United States and Canada. An hour or so after a group of them arrive in Canada, they are sent to Moncton. They wait there until there is room for them at a flying or gunnery school, a period which lasts anywhere from three days to six weeks. Months later, after they have completed their training courses, they return to Moncton, where they stay until they can be shipped back to England. On any given day there are likely to be thousands of boys in the camp, all waiting to go somewhere, a situation which creates numerous problems of bookkeeping and discipline.

A short time ago, I went to Moncton to look around the camp and then accompany a group of boys on a two-thousand-mile trip to a flying school in the South. I met the commanding officer of the station in his office in headquarters, a big, wooden building filled with men working at desks. The C.O. greeted me pleasantly, sat me in a chair near his desk, offered me a cigarette from a silver case, turned his chair toward me, and said, "We have a fine show here, a damn fine show." With that, he leaped up and pointed to a blueprint on the wall which showed the locations of the twenty buildings in the camp. "This *is* a damn fine show," he said. "When we started we had only three buildings, no heat, no system for handling the men. We had a hell of a time getting it all together. But these Canadian contractor blokes are amazing. They put up all these buildings, built the roads, installed the heating and plumbing, most of it in the dead of winter, and winter up here is an awful thing, a fearful mess."

He went on to explain the workings of Number 31. "We meet the boys at the ships when they arrive," he said. "We inspect the lads, change what English money they have to Canadian, load them on a train, and bring them here. They are usually scruffy and tired from their trip across and the time on the train. They all have to be documented—who they are, names of relatives, and so on. We do this immediately. We can document two hundred boys in eleven minutes—a fine show. A lad who has just been fourteen or fifteen days on a troop ship and is tired, dirty, and hungry is in no mood to fill out a group of complicated forms, so we have boys who have completed their training sit at tables and ask the new boys questions and fill out the papers for them. It's quicker and it saves mistakes.

"When the documenting is finished, I usually ask them if they would like a little meal, something to stay their hunger until the next regular meal is served. Often, you know, the boys get here about two in the morning. We take them to a mess hall, and you should see their faces when they see the spread we have for them! All the food they haven't been able to get enough of at home. Bacon. Tomatoes. Oranges. Bananas. Butter. And eggs! Plates and plates of eggs. The first time in years, I suppose, they have seen more than one egg at a time."

THE C.O. and I went outside to wait for his driver to take us to the officers' mess for tea. As we stood there, the C.O. pointed to some boys who were shovelling around a building across the road. "An Englishman is accustomed to his garden," he said. "This ground here, all rocks and bumps, offends an Englishman's soul, so the boys try to tidy things up a bit."

When we got to the dining room of the officers' mess, we had tea, biscuits, toast, marmalade, and butter. The food was served by men wearing white jackets, baggy trousers, and, for the most part, tennis shoes. The C.O. said that the waiters were G.D.'s, or General Duties men. "They enlist as G.D.'s," he explained. "A man comes before an enlistment officer, and says, perhaps, that he has had little education, can read and write, and that's about all. The enlistment officer tells him there are some openings for him as a G.D. He can rise as high as a flight sergeant, but his duties will usually be those of a messman, cook, handyman, or batman. Sometimes a G.D. even becomes an air gunner." The G.D.'s, the C.O. said, were a sentimental lot, like to pretty things up about the place, and thought it fine when their officers gave parties, although it caused them extra work. After tea, we went into my host's apartment next door, washed, and then drank sherry while he played Tchaikovsky's first piano concerto on a portable gramophone. We sat around and talked about sherry and about Tchaikovsky and

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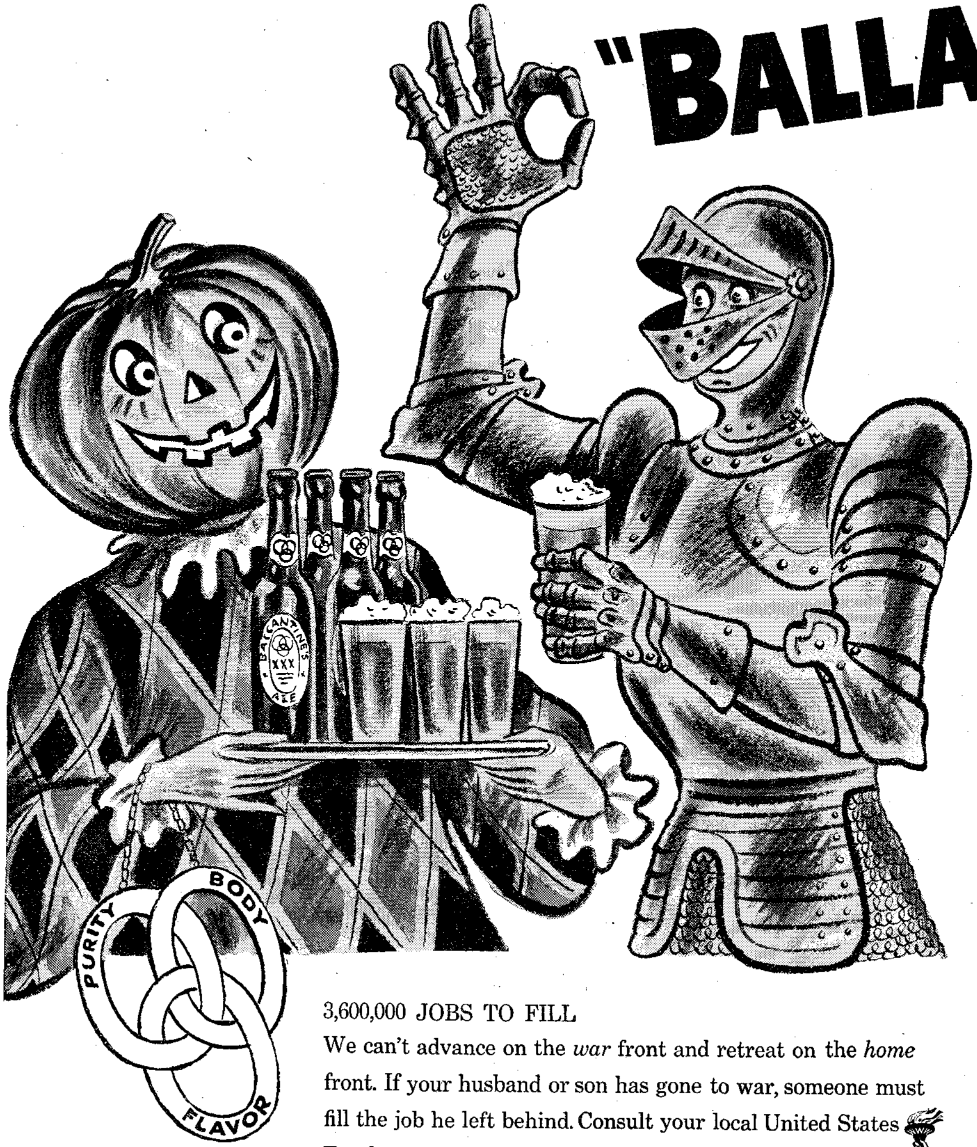
3-Ring "handy" means... "BALLANTINE!"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PURITY
BODY
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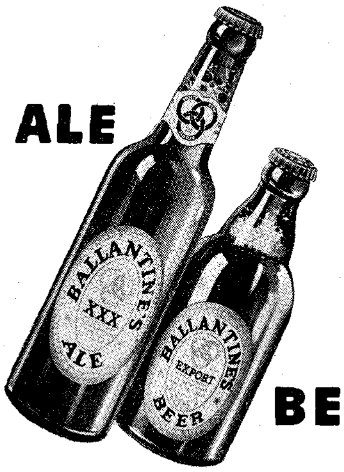
Ancient man was a man of action. He even *talked* with his hands. And to this very day, our hands speak for us. Hopeful "handy" says "Let's make a wish." Tough Guy's "handy" says "Nothing doing." 3-Ring "handy" says "Ballantine for me"... *America's finest since 1840.* That's when Peter Ballantine, testing for PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR found his famous trade mark in the three moisture rings left by his glass on the table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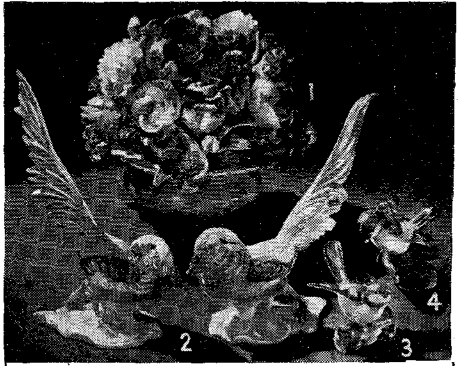

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Gounod, who, he said, "had sixteen good tunes in one act, damn me."

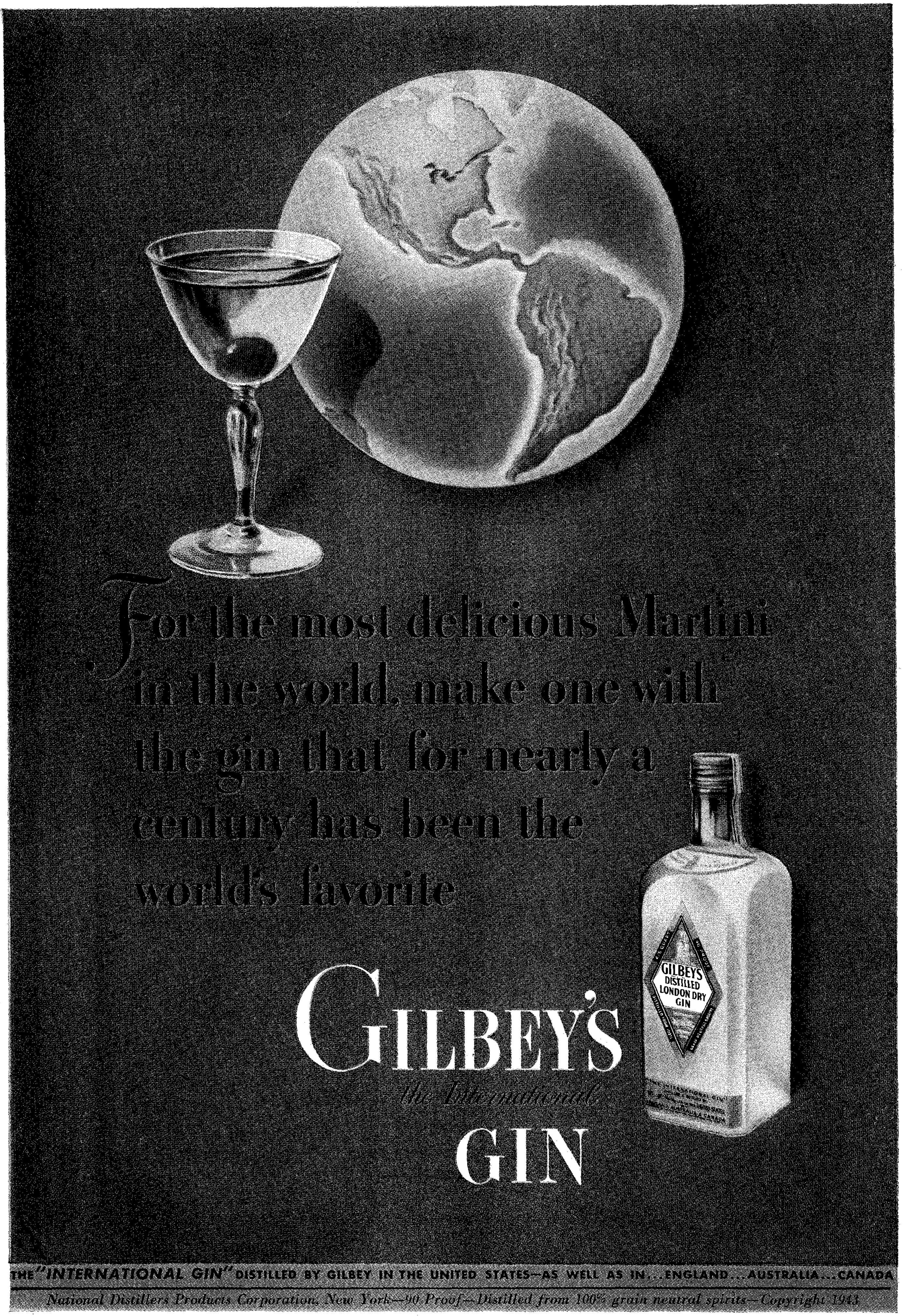
Shortly after seven, we went back to the dining room, and the C.O. asked if I would eat "hot" or "cold." Cold, it developed, was a dinner I would select from a table near the door, loaded with joints of cold roast beef and pork, salads, devilled eggs, and radishes. Hot, if I preferred it, would be served me. The C.O. and I both chose hot, and had a meal of soup, steak, potatoes, peas, pie, and cheese. Afterward we went for a walk about the camp. As we strolled along the main street, the C.O. pointed out a large building at the end of the road. "Our hospital," he said. "A damn fine place. I have three doctors now and three nursing sisters, and I hope to get six or seven nurses before long. The head nurse has better quarters than I have—the C.O. She has a bathtub. You know, I take a poor view of your American showers. An Englishman likes his tub." Just then a black cat ran across our path. "Ah, soldiers love pets—cats and dogs," he said. "We have one dog here, a fierce-looking, shaggy creature, with a mammoth head like some great, heraldic beast. He knows the camp as well as I. He trots behind the food trucks, but when he sees a refuse truck, he gets up and *rides*. When the boys line up for a hike, he's nowhere around, but if it's a pay parade he's there."

We returned to the officers' quarters. The C.O. opened a bottle of Scotch and we had a couple of drinks with plain water. He talked about the disciplinary problems of the camp. "You get an occasional tough," he said, "and you will find he always has some oaf-faced boy to do his dirty work. Had a case like that some time ago. Two boys get drunk, try to drive away in some poor Moncton man's car. Wreck the car. The tough runs, and of course the oaf-faced boy was at the wheel. The Moncton people were awfully decent about it. The oaf-faced boy was punished by the civil authorities and I really gave it to the tough."

WE turned in about midnight. "My batman, Brown, will call you in the morning," the C.O. said. Brown woke me about eight. "Cup of tea, sir?" he asked, and put one down on the table next to my bed. After breakfast, I killed the morning walking about the camp and at lunchtime I joined the C.O. at his office. He introduced me to the commanding officer of one of the four squadrons to which the field's permanent enlisted population was assigned. The three of us went out together. The C.O., who had recently bought a bicycle, pedalled off in the direction of the officers' mess, lean and stooped over the handlebars, often steering with one hand as he waved limply to boys who gave him the wide, swinging salute of the R.A.F.

We caught up with the C.O. in the hall of the mess and walked with him into the lounge. The fifty officers in the room all stood and said, "Good day, sir," to the C.O. as he entered. He gave them a friendly salute and they sat down. The three of us ordered beer. It was served in bright-colored porcelain mugs. After the beer, we went in to lunch. The squadron leader got to talking of the efforts his boys were making to improve the camp and said he had ordered some geranium plants from a local florist. This put the C.O. in mind of the daffodils he used to grow in his garden in England. "I had one giant with a long golden pistil and a great, red-gold corona—a beautiful fringe," he said. "A damn fine show, that daffodil."

WHEN a group of boys is shipped from Moncton to a training school in the United States or Canada, two officers are usually sent along as shepherds. One is a conducting officer, whose job is to arrange and pay for their transportation and meals and to see that the boys stay with their train. The other is a medical officer, whose duties are usually to treat blisters caused by new shoes and to warn the lads against eating too much candy and drinking too much soda water, whether with whiskey or ice cream. After lunch I was introduced to the two officers who were to watch over the party of a hundred and fifty boys with whom I was making the trip south. The conducting official was a flying officer, who before the war had been in the conducted-tour business, and the medical officer was a squadron leader of the Royal Canadian Air Force,



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National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

who had wangled the trip as a sort of vacation.

The three officers talked over some of the details of getting the lads to the training camp. Afterward the conducting officer, the M.O., and I got our things together and piled into a truck, which took us to the railroad station. The boys had marched to the station, a mile and a half from the camp, ahead of us and were already in their three cars by the time we got there. An officer who had hiked with the boys assured the conducting officer that all the men were accounted for and on the train. The train pulled out of Moncton at 2:40 P.M.

The three cars the boys occupied were old tourist sleepers of the Canadian National Railways. The seats seemed to be made of leather-covered boards. The conducting officer, the medical officer, and I had berths in a Pullman. Within an hour or two the boys had settled down, some of them talking in low tones, some reading, some playing bridge on variously improvised tables, some eating chocolate, others looking out the windows at the water, trees, hills, and unpainted shacks which make up the scenery in that part of the world. I joined four boys with whom, it turned out, I was to spend much of the time on the trip. They were Jack, nineteen, of Warwick, outside Coventry; Tom, twenty, of Birmingham; Jimmy, twenty-six, of Edinburgh; and Bob, nineteen, of Fifeshire, near the Firth of Forth.

Tom was an especially articulate young man, and at first the other boys let him do much of the talking. He said he hoped someday to write a book about the war. "It will be a sort of schoolboys' history," he said. He explained that he was putting most of his material in ten-page letters he wrote each day to either his parents or his girl. Letters that long are something of a chore, and I remarked on the fact to Tom. "Oh," Jack said, "Tom studies half the night and then spends the rest of it scratching away with his pen."

That evening, during an hour's stop in St. John, New Brunswick, the boys ate dinner in the station restaurant, in three shifts. When the train pulled out, I rejoined the boys. Each had a small knapsack and a blanket and was supposed to make himself comfortable with them. There were no mattresses, pillows, or sheets for the berths. Here and there in the cars, some of the boys had made up their berths and were trying to sleep, using their folded jackets or knapsacks as pillows. Others were playing bridge or were singing "Old Black Joe" and "Swanee River" and similar American songs. Tom, Jack, Jimmy, and Bob made room for me on their lower berth, and we sat and talked.

"You know," said Tom, "it's really funny the things we did when we first got to America. We got to Moncton on a Sunday, and the fruit vendor's was closed, but we stood outside for at least an hour and looked through the window at all the bananas. Some of the fellows went in the next day and had their pictures taken standing by bunches of bananas and then sent the pictures home. Rather gloating, don't you think?"

"Don't forget the R.A.F. sundaes," Jack interrupted.

"Oh," Jimmy said, "they're smashing! All kinds of ice cream, three kinds of syrup, and then some fruit on top. Smashing!"

When the train made another stop, the five of us went out and bought some apples in the station. As we began to talk again, we munched the apples. Jimmy asked me about New York—we were going through it the next day—and if I knew how long we would stay. I knew that our schedule called for an eight-hour layover, and I told them so. Several lads who had overheard me crowded around. They all wanted to know what I thought they should do in the city. They wanted to see the Empire State Building and Radio City and Times Square and to see a fire truck and ride in a taxicab. "Do the cabs go fearfully fast?" Jimmy asked. I said that they probably went no faster than cabs in London. "Oh, they must go *much* faster," said Jimmy. Bob, the Scot, who had nothing to say most of the time, asked me to tell him who were the leading American golfers these days. He had caddied at St. Andrews. We talked about golf a few minutes, and then he said, "When I get to New York, I am going to have 'one with.' "

"Hamburger?" I asked.

"I suppose that is what you would call it," he said. "Except I am merely going to say 'one with' and see what happens."

NEXT morning, as we were coming into Boston, I joined the four boys again. "The country around here looks like Warwickshire," Tom said. Our train was late and we missed our train for New York. The boys marched from the North to the South Station, were fed there, and then turned loose for a couple of hours. The conducting officer handled them more as if they were a tourist party than a military unit.

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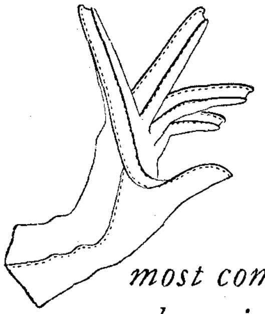

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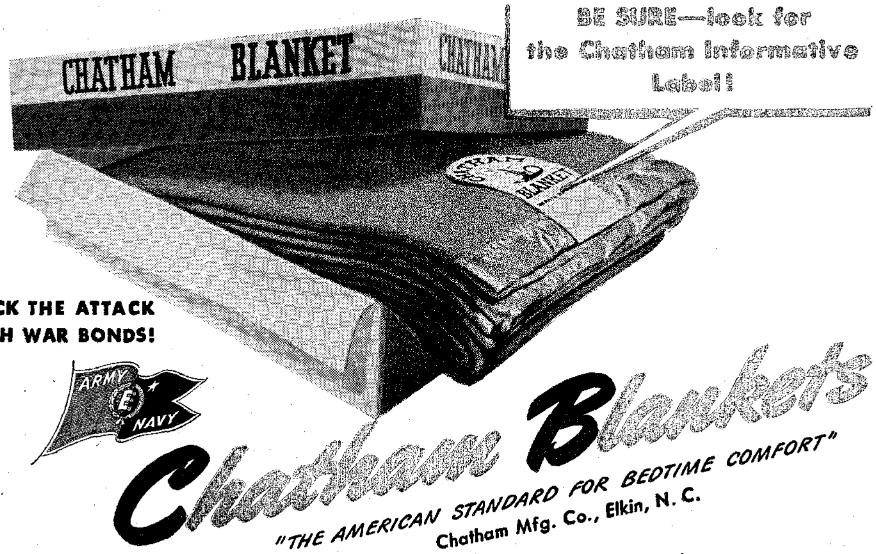

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS!

ARMY E NAVY

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"Boys," he said as he gave them their free time in Boston, "may I have your attention for a moment? You may go now, but I want you all back in the station by twenty minutes to twelve." A sergeant lined the lads up, counted them, and said, "All right, boys, be back here."

The boys reassembled just before noon and got on an all-coach train for New York. On the next track was a streamlined train, and Jack pointed at it, saying, "There's *one*, a real Pullman like in the cinema." "Isn't that smashing!" said Jimmy. The boys seemed not to have been much impressed by Boston. They were obviously saving their eagerness for New York. "I saw one street," Tom said, "a street of shops, and then a tall building at the end, which looked very much like New Street in Birmingham." Jack, the only one of the four who smoked, had bought a pack of cigarettes. "My first American cigarettes," he said. "Twenty of them, a package of matches free, and only fourteen cents, which was all I could afford at the moment, you know." The cigarettes were called Tipt and were done up in a modernistic package. Jack said he liked them, but Bob said they looked gaudy. The boys had explored a large part of downtown Boston, including the Common, and had been stopped by several persons who wanted to know who they were. "They were damn friendly," said Jack, "but it was startling at first when a man stopped us and asked us where we were from. At home, we would be curious, of course, but we would never go right up and *ask* a man who he was."

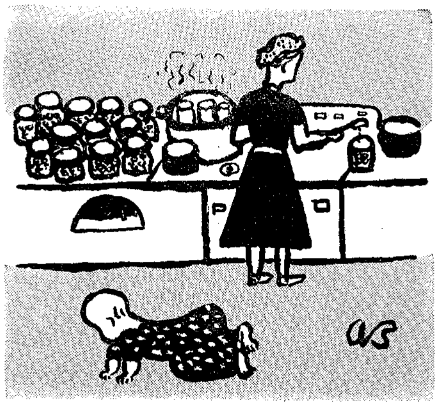
As we neared New York, all the boys seemed to become keyed up. They had been, for soldiers, extremely quiet, but as we went through a station in Westchester they let out a long cheer for a girl in a sweater who was standing on the platform. We got into Pennsylvania station about five. The free time in New York had been cut by our missing the Boston connection. The boys lined up outside the train, were counted off, and told to be back by a quarter to ten. As the crowds in the station watched, they marched, arms swinging high, to the waiting room, where they were dismissed. Some had dinner in the station. Those who didn't want to waste time that way skipped their dinner and started immediately to do the town.

THE boys had all returned to the station by ten o'clock. The sergeant lined them up outside the southbound train, to which their belongings had been moved, and had them count off while the conducting officer watched. They marched into their cars whistling "Chattanooga Choo Choo." One of them was chanting the line about "Pennsylvania Station at a quarter to four."

"New York is smashing!" Jimmy said as soon as I met the four boys on the train.

Most of the boys were laughing and talking about the things they had seen and done. Several of them, who had saved their money in Canada, had bought secondhand cameras. One lad had gone into a secondhand magazine store and bought some 1934 *National Geographics* which contained articles about the South. Two of the older fellows, who planned to become London bobbies after the war, went from the station to the Empire State Building, visited the observation tower, and from there went down to Broome Street to see the police museum. Another boy, a boxing fan, had gone to Jack Dempsey's and had been disappointed to learn that Dempsey had gone into the Coast Guard and wasn't around to shake hands. One unhappy youth had spent two hours in a phone booth trying to locate relatives in Newark.

Jack, Tom, Bob, and Jimmy had, as I'd expected, done the town. They had first visited the observatory at the Empire State Building. Then they had taken a Fifth Avenue bus to Rockefeller Center. "What a wonderful time on that bus!" said Tom. "We got on and I stood next to a fellow who asked me if I knew anything about Harrow. I said I knew the town quite well. He said he had gone to school there. He told us where we should get off if we wanted to go to Radio City, and when we got to the stop he'd suggested we started to get off. Some people near the door said, 'No, you don't want to get off here. Stay on.' Then a man told us that if we wanted to see a radio show to go to the mezzanine in Radio City and ask for tickets. We started to get off again and the people near the door



LISTEN: OCTOBER 30, 1943

When seasoned, show-wise *Variety* goes all out in praise, a tough critic speaks. Of a new CBS program *Variety* said the other day: "Dinah Shore, an obscure sustaining vocalist of local New York stations only four years ago, emerges as a top name and personality as star of her own program for General Foods. Her rise, though rapid, has by no means been surprising; rather, it now appears to have been inevitable. For Miss Shore, already recognized as a torcher, proves she has become one of the top emotional ballad singers. Moreover, in this new series of her own, she is a suave, assured and warmly ingratiating m.c. She has, beyond a doubt, arrived."

The Dinah Shore Program, with Cornelia Otis Skinner, Roland Young, and the Joseph Lilley Singers, plays every Thursday, at 9:30 p.m. EWT (8:30 CWT, 7:30 MWT, 6:30 PWT) over 123 CBS stations.

★

Day after day in the newspapers and on the air you strike the words: "As heard by CBS" or "As heard by the CBS short wave listening station." Behind those words is an intricate 24-hour operation:

Round the clock each day at CBS in New York, 9 trained reporters who know 15 languages take turns crouching over typewriters, head-phones on their ears, listening to the outpouring of foreign stations. Listening to 200,000 words a day, or 2/5 of Gone With the Wind. As each listens, he (she) taps out a running typewritten English digest, while at the elbow of each is a recording-machine taking down the full original, for verification. Through these fast-briefs, swiftly verified from the wax-cylinder, the CBS news desk pounces on hot news at its source, detects enemy propaganda-slants, gleans items from areas where there are no Allied radio or press correspondents (Germany, Japan, Java, for instance).

When such a news-item flashes in, CBS broadcasts it as soon as possible, and simultaneously wires it to the newspapers, who are uniformly scrupulous in crediting the item to its listener-source as they rush it into print.

These nine listeners often pick up small but graphic details. A description of a commando raid on St. Nazaire included the following: "One commando took off his heavy shoes, put on carpet slippers and went over the side of the boat mumbling, 'I'm going to invade France in comfort, by God.'" An Australian short wave contributed the fact that the swamps on a bitterly-won South Pacific Island were so bad that Allied soldiers there went to sleep standing up.

CBS was the first in this country to realize the value of short wave listening, first to set up its own listening equipment. In August, 1939, Paul White, CBS director of news broadcasts, came back from a look at Europe impressed by the short wave listening posts there. White set up a system for CBS so workable it has been quoted ever since.

★

We will give a $100 War Bond to anyone not connected with CBS who suggests the best name for a species of gremlin who is peculiar to radio. You don't need to know the tricks this little twerp can play to prevent radio sounds from travelling cleanly to your eardrum. He is the equivalent of the type-louse in the print-shop, the termite in the wood, the book-worm in the library, the gremlin in flying. But radio science has not officially christened him, and our engineers want a generic epithet as terse, graphic and different as can be coined, and as abusive as can safely be printed. A committee of able and vengeful CBS radio engineers will choose the best name sent in, and the winner will get the $100 War Bond about December 1. Hurry up . . .

★

This is CBS
the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

stopped us again and so we rode on. In a short while, they said, 'Now get off here.' We did, and there we were, right at Radio City."

The boys got tickets for an N.B.C. radio program. While waiting for the show, which was to start two hours after they got the tickets, they wandered into the Times Square section and stopped in a Walgreen's and ordered sundaes. "They were marvellous," Jimmy said. "Two heaps of vanilla, one of strawberry, strawberry syrup, and all covered over with whipped cream, and a cherry on top. Smashing!"

"And Bob got his one with," Jack added.

"Ah, yes," said Bob, "we went by one of those stands, you know, and I walked right in and said to the counterman, 'One with.' 'Ah,' he said to us, 'you boys must have been here before.' We smiled. He didn't know we had read about it and had seen it in the cinema. I had mine, and then the other boys got one. It was rather like a mince patty, you know, with onions and a pickle relish—something like a rissole, I would say."

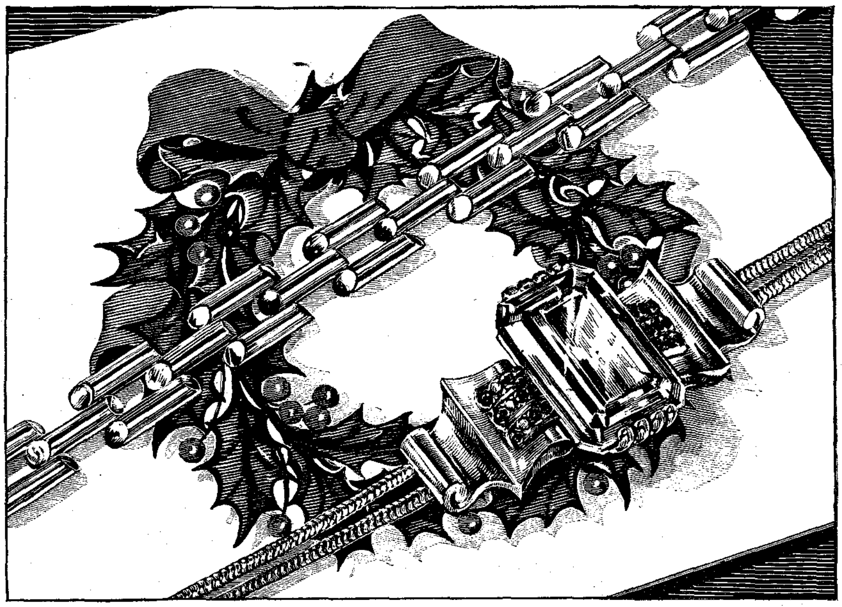
"Your policemen are amazing blokes," Tom said. "You ask them something and they answer you right away. No stopping to think. Amazing! And then they always say, 'That's all right, boys.' Very nice."

"And you thank them," said Bob, "and they always answer, 'You're welcome.' They couldn't be pleasanter."

"Once," said Tom, "near your Times Square, we had an excellent example of that double take you people talk about. We were walking along, and a couple of girls, very pretty, asked us, 'Are you Canadians?' Bob here, whose ears must still have been ringing from the elevator in your Empire Building, said, 'Yes.' Jack said 'No, British!' and the girls walked on a few steps, then turned and cried 'Oh, British!' and they came back and talked to us."

The boys took a cab back to the N.B.C. studios for the broadcast. "At a terrific speed," said Jack. After the radio show, the boys dropped in for a few minutes at the Stage Door Canteen and talked to several American soldiers and sailors. "A damn friendly lot of lads," said Jack. "Wished us luck and all that."

THE rest of our trip was extremely quiet. The next day, my four companions seemed particularly subdued, as if their stop in New York had left them pensive or just exhausted. They talked a little about what they had done in



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New York and how the town differed from London. Tom said, "If you gave a British engineer the Empire State Building to play with, he'd have escalators from top to bottom." The boys said that British escalators were far superior to the ones in the United States. "And the drafts from your undergrounds," Tom said. "It was so odd to walk along the street—not a breath of air—and see a piece of paper suddenly flutter up in front of you."

As we got further south, our cars grew hot, and the boys looked disinterestedly at the rather drab scenery of the Southern Atlantic states. They were surprised to find that the railroad ran right down the main street of many towns. That night the four boys and I talked about the Germans. Several other boys joined in. One of them suggested that the trouble with Germans is that they are a dull people, without imagination. Another chided us in a schoolmaster's voice for talking behind people's backs. "But I guess," he said, moving away, "that they *are* no friends of ours, are they?"

The next afternoon, we arrived at our destination. Just as we were pulling into the station, Bob pointed out of the window and said, "Look! Old Black Joe and the Swanee River!"

"Smashing!" Jimmy said. "It looks to me, chums, as if this place will be smashing."

I feel sure he wasn't disappointed.

—MARK MURPHY

•

At the finish of the address, a corps of girls passed through the audience to take a collection for the blood plasma bank.—*From the house organ of a Boston manufacturers' association.*

All right, girls, now take it easy!

•

The visitor who spends his vacation on the coasts pictures Florida as a flat country. This is incorrect. Central Florida contains many hilly sections—the highest point, Iron Mountain, near Lake Wales, (Bok Tower), is 25 feet above sea level. —*From a booklet about Florida.*

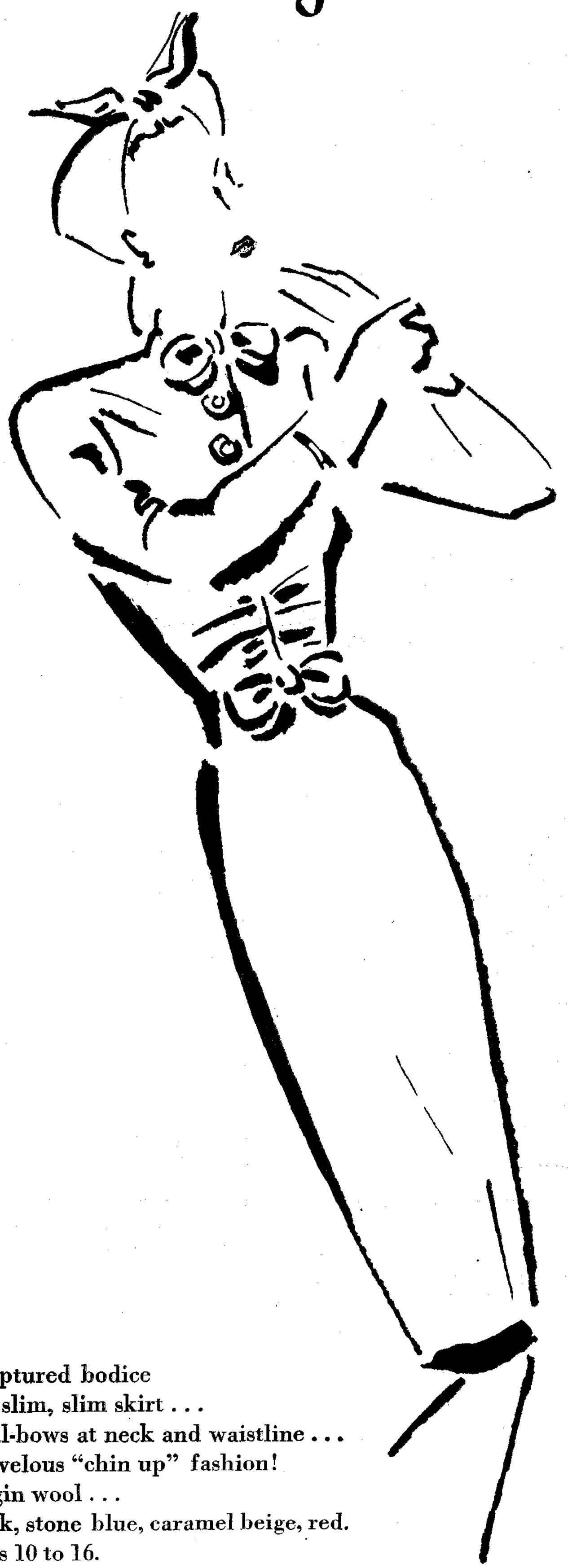
Makes you dizzy just to think of it.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Boulder (Colo.) Daily Camera*]

The bride was lovely in a white wedding gown made of lace and net with a full skirt. Her bridal bouquet was of red roses and blue forget-me-nots, tied with white ribbons. Coming down the steps with her uncle, Frank Cleaveland of Boulder, she stopped at the last turning and sang "This Is My Happy Day."



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ON THE HOUSE

Artie Watson sat on a folding chair behind the counter of the liquor store and read his paper. Business was slow these rainy nights, and Steve, his partner, had run down to the all-night delicatessen to get some sandwiches and see if he could pick up a quarter pound of butter for his wife. Artie sighed and reached under the counter for his pencil to do the crossword puzzle. Might as well close up, he thought. If no one comes in by the time Steve comes back I'll tell him we ought to close up early and go home.

A customer came in before Steve came back, a man who came slowly in through the door, not quickly from the rain, but slowly. It took Artie a minute to realize that he was blind and another minute to see the woman following him.

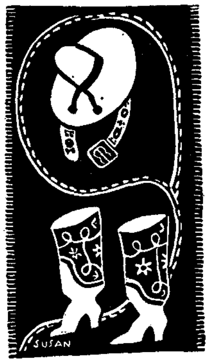
"Evening," Artie said.

"Good evening," the blind man said, and the woman echoed, "Good evening." She walked over to the rows of bottles against the wall and walked along, reading the labels. "How about brandy?" she asked. "That's supposed to be good, isn't it?"

"I want to get Scotch," the blind man said. He turned in Artie's direction. "Do you have any Scotch?" he asked.

Artie nodded, and then said, "Some. Not as much as we used to have, of course. Pretty hard to get good liquor these days."

"Really?" the blind man said. "Can you pick me out a nice kind of Scotch, not too expensive?"



The woman came over to the counter. "I think we ought to get brandy," she said, "but he says Scotch."

"If it's for a party or something," Artie said, "you'd do better with Scotch."

The woman giggled. "We just got married," she said. "That's what it's for."

"Congratulations," Artie said warmly. "Going to have a celebration, then?"

"Man doesn't get married every day," the blind man said. He laughed and reached out for the woman's hand, which she immediately put into his. "I guess I did pretty well, too," he said.

Artie looked at the woman. She was small and dark and wearing a corsage of gardenias. She looked about ten years older than the blind man. "You sure did all right," Artie said. "Looks like she's a good cook, too."

"She's a fine cook," the blind man said. "Aren't you, Rosalie?"

"I'm a pretty good cook," the woman said, "but what about this brandy?" When she spoke to the blind man, her voice was low and lovely, but Artie, looking at her again, figured that she could raise her voice if she wanted. And plenty high, too, he thought.

"You'd do better with the Scotch," Artie said again.

"How do they compare in price?" the blind man asked.

"The brandy's a little more," Artie said. "I can give you a pretty good Scotch for four sixty-two. And the brandy"—he squinted at the bottles across the store—"I guess the cheapest brandy I can give you is four ninety-seven."

"Four sixty-two?" the blind man said.

"Tell you folks," Artie said. "You're just married and all, I'll let you have either one for, say, four. Sort of a wedding present."

"That's very nice of you," the woman said.

"We may as well get the brandy, then," the blind man said. "Being as this gentleman is giving it to us for the same price."

"Sure," Artie said. He was sorry already that he had offered to lower the price, that he would have to tell Steve when Steve came back, that the blind man had taken the brandy because it was more of a bargain.

"Then we'll take the brandy," the blind man said, "and thanks."

"All right," Artie said. "Many happy returns."

He took the bottle of brandy the woman brought over to him and began to roll it in brown paper. "You'll like this brandy," he said.

"You said four dollars?" the blind man asked. He had taken his wallet out of his pocket and was thumbing over his money. "Four dollars," he said, and held out four bills.

Artie looked down at the bills, and then at the woman, who had gone back across the store and was looking at the bottles on the shelf. "Missus," Artie said.

"What's the matter?" the blind man said. "Here's the money."

The woman came back over and stood next to the blind man and looked at Artie, shaking her head no. Artie looked down at the five-dollar bill and the three one-dollar bills the man was holding out and said, "But Mister, look, you've—"

"What's the matter?" the woman said. "You think he can't tell a one-dollar bill? He knows one bill from another." She shook her head again at Artie.

The blind man laughed. "Don't try any jokes with me," he said. "It doesn't work any more. I know what money I've got here."

"Right," Artie said. He took the five and the three ones and went to the cash register and rang up four dollars. He put in the five and took out one dollar and brought it back with the three ones. Before he could say anything, the woman held out her hand insistently. The blind man had found the wrapped bottle on the counter and was turning toward the door. Artie put the money in the woman's hand, nodded reassuringly, and said, "Well, folks, hope you'll be very happy. And have a nice celebration."

"Thanks," the blind man said as the woman took his arm and led him to the door. "Good night."

"Good night," Artie said. He was still sore about giving them the brandy at that price.

"BLIND man like that has no business drinking liquor," Steve said when Artie told him. "First thing you know he has one too many and loses control of himself and gets in real trouble."

"He probably had to work a long time for that money he tried to give me," Artie said. "A guy like that couldn't earn much, could he?"

"Hard to tell," Steve said. "Might be one of these precision workers who doesn't need to see what he's doing."

"Wonder how come a woman would marry a blind man? I'd hate to be . . ." Artie's voice trailed off as he saw the door open and the blind man come slowly in, followed, after a minute, by the woman.

"Hello again," Artie said. "You back for more brandy?"

The blind man walked up to the counter without assistance, felt for the surface with his free hand, and then put the bottle of brandy, still wrapped, down in front of Artie. "I came for my money," he said.

Artie stared. "Something wrong?" he asked finally. Steve came over and stood next to him.

"Yeah," Steve said, "something wrong?"

"There's plenty wrong," the blind man said. "When people steal from a guy that doesn't know what's going on, there's plenty wrong."

Artie looked at the woman, who was

standing in the doorway. "What's the matter with him?"

"Look," the blind man said, "you took plenty advantage because I didn't know, that's all. I thought I was giving you four ones, and you wouldn't say a word, just stood there and took advantage."

"You think you're so smart," the woman said. "A blind man."

"I can get along without your help," the blind man said, turning in the woman's direction. "This guy steals my money, I can take care of him." He turned back to Artie. "You better give me back that money," he said, "or I'll really make you some trouble."

"I gave it to your wife," Artie said, knowing already it was no use.

The woman laughed. "Now he's taking advantage of me," she said.

Artie looked at Steve. He knew Steve was thinking the same thing: a blind man telling the cops he had been robbed. Steve shrugged.

Artie went to the cash register and opened it. "O.K.," he said, "so I robbed you. You gave me three ones and a five and I thought it was four ones."

"That's a little better," the woman said.

Artie took four one-dollar bills out of the cash register and walked over and put them in the blind man's hand. "These four ones?" the blind man asked.

"Four ones," Artie said.

"These four ones?" the blind man asked, turning to the woman. She came forward, peering.

"Yes, they are," she said.

"See," the blind man said, "I got down to the corner and I remembered I had a five and three ones instead of four ones. I guess next time you won't try anything with a guy like me."

"That's right," Artie said, watching the woman come forward and take the blind man's arm. The blind man felt around on the counter for the bottle of brandy and put it under his other arm.

Artie and Steve stood watching them go out, and when the door had closed behind them Artie went over and closed the drawer of the cash register.

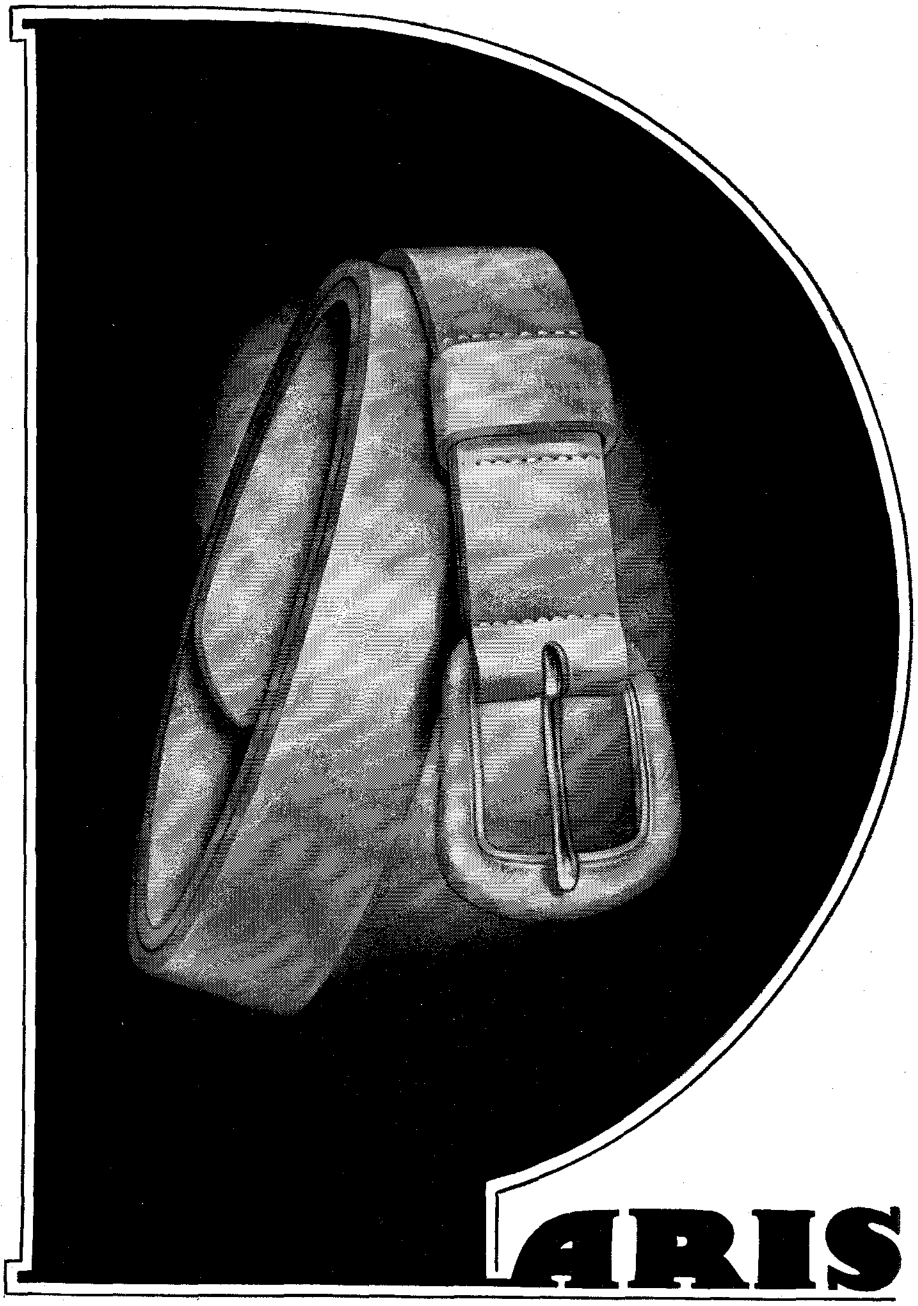
—SHIRLEY JACKSON

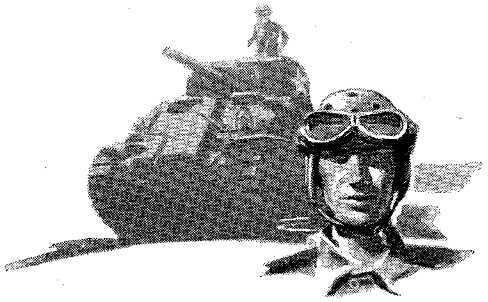
•

DID YOU KNOW—

That Joan Blondell has never been in Hollywood on her birthday, August 30th?—*From a column in the Los Angeles Examiner.*

Of course we did. What kind of a dope do you think we are?





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PARIS BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

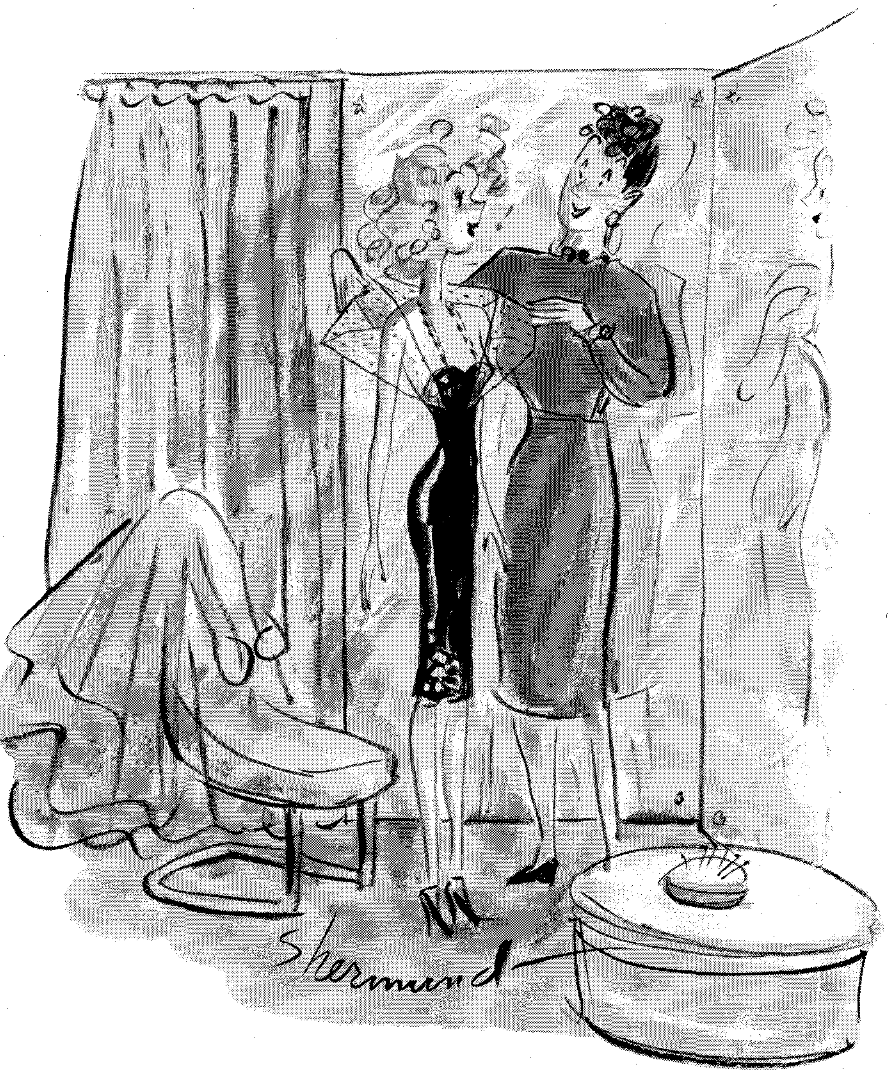
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IF you have the funds, there are no lovelier or more timeless clothes than the ones that Mainbocher has created this year. They are exciting as well as wearable and they belong in that most de-luxe category, the one we love to label "basic." They are black, most of them, with necklines high across the throat, calling for the inevitable pearls, and they are slim but not confining. You've heard, I imagine, about Mainbocher's little twin cashmere sweaters, which have nothing to do with college-shop styles but are meant, on the contrary, to be worn only by what I sometimes call the completely sophisticated, well-groomed woman. Well, some of them are dolled up with clusters of fur tails, some have feather decorations, some have delicate gold and silver embroidery, some have black blobs of passementerie in the hollows of the shoulders, and some (heaven help us) go so far as to have silver fox wound around the elbows. You can see that they're something more than just sweaters; they're High Style and they look right anywhere. I have been impressed all over again, too, with Mainbocher's famous slim black dinner dresses, which have belts and bib arrangements that can make the same dress look and feel new with every wearing.

IF you are in the small money but nevertheless want variety, you can't do better, as I seem to remember having pointed out once or twice in the past, than shop around for one plain black dress or suit and vary it with diverting accessories. Right now, Macy's Little Shop has some of the gayest possible costume splashes to make you and your friends forget that you are wearing That Dress again. There is nonsense for lapels—fleurs de lis a good three inches tall in goldleafed plastic, some of them with pearl-studded detail on a blue or black ground; goldleaf and red plastic crowns or shells; fat felt hearts in violent colors, with multicolored sequins spattered over them. There are hunky earrings to match most of these gimmicks. Prices run from around four to six dollars. For cocktails or evening, there are wide, black paillette bands for smooth-on-top coiffures, paillette caps with twists of velvet cord as edging, and (this should be no surprise) pailletted flowers attached to combs, to be placed where you will. Not everything is as fancy as this. Witness a large assortment of bags that have reinforced round bottoms and are pulled in at the top with a drawstring. These come in every size, from small black satin or velvet ones (at $4.64) to huge felt affairs, in lots of colors, that will serve as either shopping or overnight bags (at $5.59). In the medium-sized assortment, you will find bags in many fabrics—black or brown paillettes, plain suèdes, bright crocheted wools with giddy paillettes at the base, and furs. Among the furs are things such as lapin, with a printed zebra pattern, and the real McCoy, such as leopard, mink, beaver, and Persian. They are all, I promise you, wonderful.

Naturally, the accessory (if you can call it that) that really takes the eye away from a stark dress is a hat or else bows in the hair. You might think that there couldn't any longer be anything either new or different about bows after what has gone on these past few seasons, but you would be wrong. One of the town's bow experts, in the $7.50 to $15 field, is Lura de Gez, the hairdresser, who was among the first to popularize clusters of bows on combs worn in the coiffure. She has now gone so far as to nudge into the millinery business—custom, but she can do things up in a hurry. What she turns out is usually a flat ribbon plaque fastened to your hair in front with a comb and in the back with a pin; this has clusters of bows toward the front or may take the form of a single, vast affair like a Normandy peasant's headdress. Altogether, there are dozens of varieties. She still has bolts and bolts of imported ribbon—ciré satins and grosgrains and others in the subtlest possible colors and color com-



"Now this little scarf is just to give you that completely dressed feeling."

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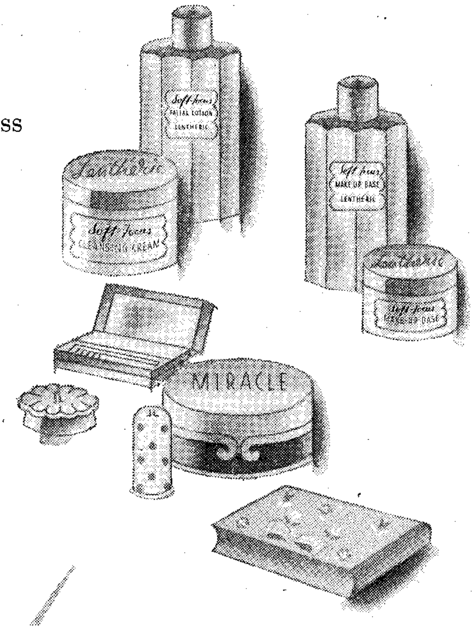
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Lenthéric perfumes

Give your good looks a chance

PAULETTE GODDARD reveals beauty secret between scenes in Paramount's *"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"*

SCRIPT GIRL: (to cameraman) Gee, how does she do it? Always looks like a million!
GODDARD: (overhears) Sleep nights, honey—eight hours. . . every night.
DIRECTOR: Aha! How to be young and beautiful—the secret's out! . . .

Good News!
North Star Blankets are again on sale at your favorite store. (Navy needs are being fully met, too)

GODDARD: Secret indeed! Anybody knows you can't look your best without rest. Or act either. And by the way, *you* don't look so lively this morning.

DIRECTOR: Had a bad night. Dreamt I was buried under a collapsed tent.

GODDARD: Maybe your blankets are too heavy! You need fine, *all wool* blankets if you want to stay warm and comfortable yet avoid that smothered feeling. Now *my* blankets are really light and downy and soft . . .

DIRECTOR: North Stars, I'll bet. But you can't buy *those* blankets today.

SCRIPT GIRL: Yes you can. North Stars are back again—I saw 'em advertised.

DIRECTOR: Recess, everybody! Call my car!

SLEEP IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY TREATMENT

North Star Blankets

ALL WOOL BEAUTYNAP

...WILL PUT YOU TO SLEEP

FREE BOOKLET ON SLEEP! Discusses the whole subject from every angle . . . 48 pages of breezily written good sense to help you get your basic beauty treatment. Write North Star Woolen Mill Co., 217 South 2nd St., Minneapolis 1, Minnesota.

binations. Watch her, though. She'll get you for a new hairdo ef you don't . . . watch . . . out. Her shop is at 714 Fifth Avenue (55th).

WHEN you begin to ponder about inexpensive topcoats, it is possible that the last name that comes into your mind is Hattie Carnegie. Wrong again, for she is showing some of the nicest ones in town in her Jeunes Filles department, which houses sizes ten to eighteen. The title is strictly a phoney, since the department has styles suitable for any age. There are "fur"-lined things at $40—box jackets of black wool with turnover collars and three buttons, lined with white Teddy-bear cloth. (The shop has rhinestone buttons to replace the big bone ones whenever you want to make a coat double for evening wear.) For any occasion, Carnegie's officer-type coat is something—double-breasted, with four huge buttons, wide lapels, a belt in the back, and two heavy box pleats below. It's particularly knockout in red wool. This is $70, as is a whole group of tweed coats that can stay up here or go South—1946?—with equal aplomb. There are all kinds of checks, including the traditional hound's-tooth, bold plaids, and the like. The hound's-tooth one, by the way, has a bunny lining. At $35, there is a group of coats in wide-wale corduroy with raglan sleeves. Handy.

Raincoats that you'd gladly sport in the sunshine, too, are rife around the place. One of the smartest is made of black Para-Troop twill, straight-hanging and lined with white Teddy-bear cloth. Another is of the trench-coat type, made of cravenetted poplin with big lapels—also with Teddy-bear lining; $45. You'll notice, too, some that may be either fitted or loose, made of a satiny-finish waterproof cloth. These are $18.75. There are also schoolgirl reversible raincoats—brown Teddy-bear cloth on one side, tan waterproof gabardine on the other.

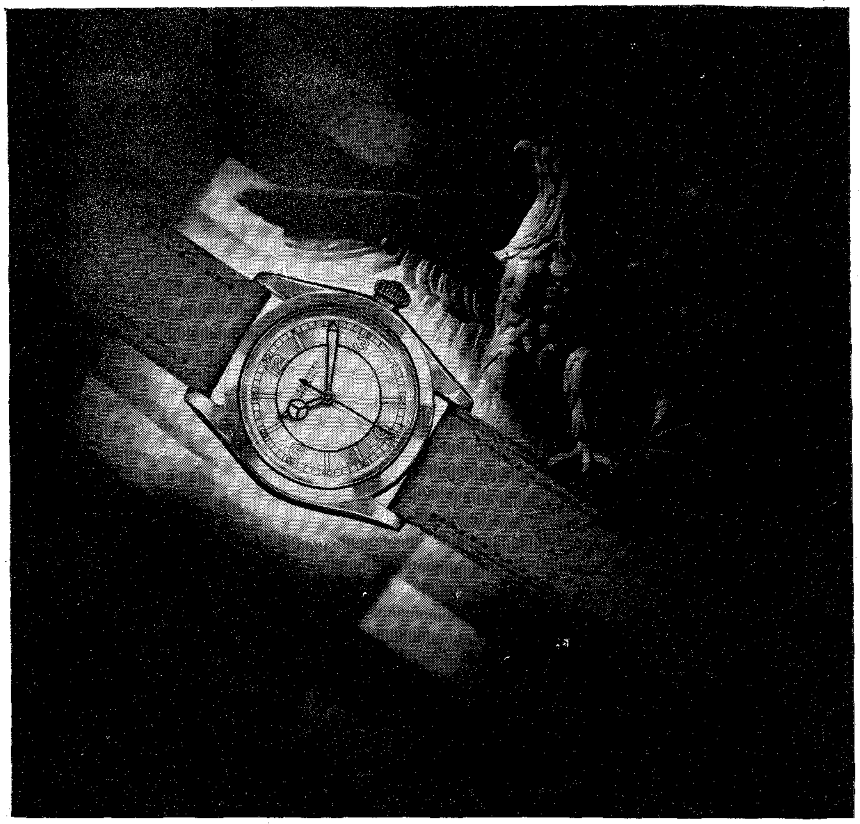
THERE are many people who are happier, wherever they are, in a simple dress of the shirtwaist or buttoned-down-the-front type than in anything else, but it wasn't until the las couple of years that you could find anything but a Southern-resort version o this tailored but casual kind of dres at this time of year. Bonwit Teller' Town & Country department has quantities of the dress now, tha would look perfectly at home under fu coats. There are all-wool gabardines a prices from $25 to $45, some with th buttons concealed under a fly front fron the convertible neck to the hem, some with buttons frankly out in the open. Several have detail on the bodices only. Others demonstrate how varied and decorative pockets can be. Most of them have leather belts. If your heart isn't set on gabardine, you might have a look at the dresses made of Aralac fabric, which resembles gabardine but is made mostly of milk, and which comes in beautiful clear colors, like turquoise and various greens. There's also one model of flannel at $29.95 that considerately goes as high as size forty-two. And there are vivid plaid wools, notably a bright one-piece affair with a pleated ruffle on the convertible neck and on the cuffs. This is also presented in a two-piece version, with a fitted jumper, a bow neck, and a skirt plain in back and pleated in front. The Versatile dress, introduced last summer in a sports fabric, now reappears in rayon twill. It fastens down the left set of the ribs with big buttons, has short sleeves and a leather belt, and comes in bright or conservative colors; $10.95.

Bonwit's Clarepotter, too, has given thought to bringing the sports type of dress to town and, as might be expected, puts her own imaginative stamp upon her version. Her small but distinguished contributions are a band collar split in front instead of the convertible neck you expected, a leather belt with leather loops as well, and an arrangement of pockets that no one had ever thought of before. Her models run from $39.95 to $59.95. These are in the Town & Country department. In the Sun Shop you'll find her tailored, dinner-at-home stuff—her tapered black cotton velveteen slacks ($18.95) and her bright rayon blouses, her velvet skirts with full blouses that have only a bit of grosgrain detail at the bottom of the V neck in a bow design, all done in colors like black with pink, beetle green with peony red, and brown with chartreuse. She also sponsors long wool or wool-and-rayon tunics, almost dress length and with contrasting bindings, to be worn over slacks. Make your own decision about these; I have a flat pair of hips myself. —L. L.

•

He viewed China's relationships with the U.S., Britain and Russia "with satisfaction," he said, although he indicated regret that nothing had come of his suggestion last year that the United Nations form an executive council to deal with war and post-war must also get rid of the women.' —*The Post.*

One thing at a time, pal.



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"Natoma," blue tulips on ivory china. $51.60

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"Virginia Gardens," handpainted floral pattern on creamy china $112

"English Fern," green and rust leaf motif on ivory faïence $20

"Gardendale Green," delicate green spray tied with a yellow bow on white china with deep ivory border $35.20

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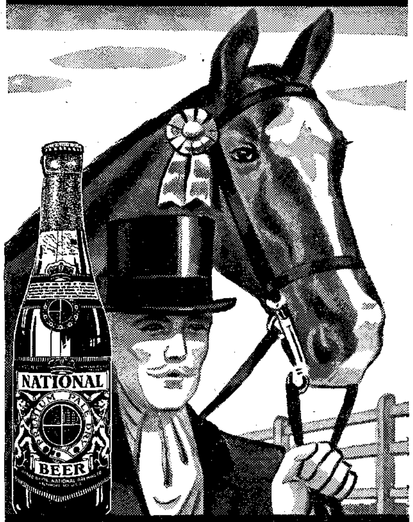
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Between 50th & 58th Streets
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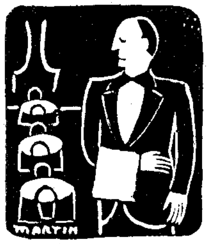
TABLES FOR TWO

There Is a Tavern



THE Department of Parks has reopened the Tavern-on-the-Green and, since it already has its hands full with the Central Park Zoo, has turned the management of the Tavern over to Arnold Schleifer, of the Claremont Inn. Mr. Schleifer has closed the Inn for the winter and gone to Central Park, hoping that enough people will be jostled out of the midtown joy spots and up to Sixty-seventh Street and Central Park West during the coming months to give him some company in the evenings. He has taken along a staff of waiters and an orchestra under the direction of Joe Ricardel, who does what he can to lure guests onto the dance floor, handicapped though he is by a vicious accordion that has crept in among his instruments.

In addition to the dance floor, which is bigger than the one the Tavern used to have, there are enough tables for a smallish army and mirrored walls that make them seem like even more. The bar has been moved from one place to another, presumably with good reason. The food, judged by early samples tasted last week, is what is known as good, abundant fare without frills. The feature of the place, of course, is its location. The Parks Department still figures that the summer will be the most attractive season there and hopes that outdoor dancing on the terrace will be at least a mild rage. However, until then, the Tavern will take its chances as a winter resort. They won't put you up for the night there, as they will at the Chateau Frontenac or the Roney Plaza, but it's a lot closer.

FRANK SINATRA is in full cry at the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, where the clientele is generally older and more staid than at the Paramount Theatre but apparently just as willing to be shoehorned into a minimum of cubic feet per person to hear him. The squeals that go up at his more pearly moments are nearly as extravagant, too, although there tends to be a note of self-consciousness about them, and you feel that their authors will probably deny the whole thing the next morning. Definitive estimate of Sinatra:

He can be unabashedly flatter than anybody else in his line and he doesn't do a single number that couldn't be improved by a little more speed. Furthermore, he has a rather hazy sense of phrasing, as is particularly evident in his limping version of "People Will Say We're in Love." Of the vocal tricks which are his chief swoon-producers, his best one is a hearty crescendo which he occasionally lets go with in the upper register. In fact, he is always at his best when he rears back and sings, since his voice, unadorned, is not so bad. In summation, the Sinatra will never replace the Crosby.

Also at the Wedgwood Room are Volkoff and Milada, a dancing team from the cast of "The Merry Widow." They do a couple of waltzes, probably from a sense of obligation, but gypsy stuff is really their meat, and they are undeniably wizards at it.

CARL BRISSON, commonly known as the international star of stage and screen, has just finished a long engagement at the Versailles, but since he will probably turn up again, he might just as well be briefly described. Somehow, he looks younger than he did on the international stage and screen a few years back. Also, he has throttled himself down to suit his more intimate surroundings, and the result is a staggering amount of quiet charm. He doesn't sing as lustily as he did, but he sings to you and you and even you, and you may be captivated if you don't keep your guard up. He is a constant smiler, and his eyes, possibly through the agency of a small battery attachment, have an unfailing, sixty-watt twinkle. For some of his numbers he sits perched on the back of a chair and for "Cocktails for Two" he is likely to retire to an elevated nook in a corner of the room, whereupon a couple of violinists go over and play at his knee.

Dwight Fiske is replacing Mr. Brisson at the Versailles, but the rest of the show will go on as is. The cast includes Irene Hawthorne, who does a very nice Portuguese folk dance, Arline Thompson, a singer from the recent production of "The Vagabond King," a ventriloquist, some more dancers, a baritone who m.c.'s, and six really beautiful dolls.

THE main event over at the Folies Bergère is a dance by Sally Rand, executed, as it should be, with fans. Whether or not Miss Rand's work with fans is a high form of art, as some of her rooters maintain, it is certainly about as

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

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1st Cowboy: When you call me that, Smile!

2nd Cowboy: Kain't smile, pardner. My lips is too danged chapped.

1st Cowboy: Here's my pussonel tube of Roger & Gallet Original Lip Pomade. Now, damn ye, smile.

2nd Cowboy: Shore will, pardner. Plumb forgot to use Lip Pomade and sore lips makes me awful short-tempered.

Outdoor men swear by Roger & Gallet Original Lip Pomade. Its soothing film is invisible—healing and protecting sensitive lip membranes.

THE
WEDGWOOD
ROOM
DINNER AND SUPPER-DANCING
At Supper
FRANK SINATRA
LEO REISMAN *and his Orchestra*
Mischa Borr alternating
VOLKOFF & MILADA *of the Ballet Russe*
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SAK'S CHEESE HOUSE
MIDDLETON, WISCONSIN

good as anybody else's in that particular and rather special business. If you're looking for a fan dance, you can't go wrong with her. The other entertainers at the Folies are not up to her standard, though. The best of them is Wally Boag, who makes the same sort of animals out of balloons that he has at other stands. A comedy team called the Diamond Brothers run through a few routines that apparently didn't go out with burlesque but should have.

ANOTHER show of the rough-and-tumble variety is to be found at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, where being among the customers is a pretty rough-and-tumble matter too, since, in order to get to your table, you have to hack your way through a wall of human flesh, dragging your canoe behind you. The show includes contortionists, comics, dancers, singers, and anything else you can imagine, in addition to one act you probably can't. This is the finale and involves the portrayal, by four ordinary citizens, of Stalin, Churchill, Chiang Kai-shek, and Roosevelt. Billy Banks, a good colored tenor, sings a medley of Jerome Kern which perhaps doesn't show the best selectivity in the world, but it's hard not to come out all right if you concentrate on Kern. Incidentally, Mr. Rose, the art collector, has reproduced Renoir's "Small Girl with Long Blonde Curls" on his menu covers.

THE Ritz-Carlton has broken an eight-year-old tradition by permitting dancing in its Oval Room. The only trouble is that the patrons can't believe it yet and just sit listening to the music and eyeing the dance floor as though it were a trap. —D. E. L.

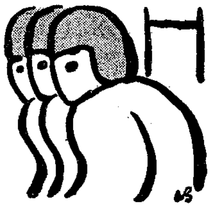
•

THE FAULT, DEAR BRUTUS

Be a bungler, be a bore,
Blandly blame it on the war.
Waiter, let your client thirst,
We must beat the Germans first.
Cook, cook all meats overdone,
There are battles to be won.
Landlords, tell complaining chaps
We have still to beat the Japs.
Typist who can't spell aright,
We are in a global fight.
Be a mucker, be a moron,
Blithely noting, "There's a war on."
This alibi will be in clover
At least until the war is over,
When we shall hear, once bombings cease,
"Excuse it please account of peace."
—IRWIN EDMAN

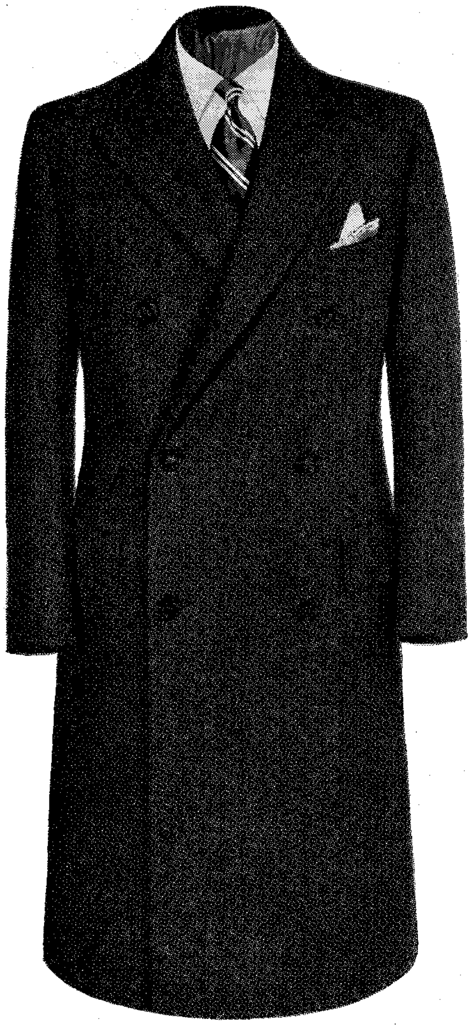
FOOTBALL

The Alger Boys at Yale



JUST when it was beginning to look as if no one at all was going to score on Army this year, Yale came up with the right play in the Bowl last Saturday, as thousands cheered, the thousands including, as it happened, a lot of buck privates who had spent the earlier part of the afternoon applauding what Army was doing to their alma mater. The privates were O.K. in applauding either team, of course, for although they were wearing Army uniforms, they were, by the fortunes of war, Yale undergraduates too. There are many unfamiliar faces on the Yale campus these days, and on the Yale team as well. In fact, the team doesn't even look like the one that started against Columbia a fortnight before, and, though it was soundly beaten by Army, it looked better Saturday than it had at any time before. The principal reason seemed to be a line that is practically brand-new, partly a result of the arrival of a couple of new Navy trainees on the squad and partly a result of the return to scholastic good standing of Strype. Strype was expected to be Yale's best tackle this fall, after he had been transferred from Columbia, where he began his career. Unhappily, he fell afoul of a Yale tradition which prescribes that at least one lineman must drop behind in his studies every year and become a mere benchwarmer. Up to last Saturday, Strype had been loyally carrying on this tradition. Constantin, who was expected to be Yale's second-best tackle, ran into scholastic difficulties the same day Strype did, and, for that matter, is still in them. It takes more than a war to upset some customs.

The hero of the afternoon, however, was Scussel, who was transferred to Yale a while ago from the University of Connecticut. His rustic background has given him certain advantages over most football players. At institutions like Connecticut, a good back, because of sheer lack of numbers, has to learn how to do everything well and also get himself into sturdy enough condition to play a full, or nearly a full, game every week. Against Army, Scussel gave a fine exhibition of the way a minor-league back operates, running, passing, punting, and backing up the line persistently and tirelessly. Well, almost tirelessly. Once,



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after he had run seventy-two yards through practically the entire Army first team, he was brought to earth with a tremendous tackle eight yards from Army's goal. Yale hastily took time out, and for two minutes Scussel lay face up on the ground, getting his wind back. Then he was on his feet again, and a moment later he whipped a pass between two Army defenders and over the goal line into the hands of Mahoney, a Yale man all his life. Strype, who had played a fine game at tackle, topped off his day by kicking the point after touchdown.

THERE is not much point in diagramming the way Army made its touchdowns. Army has several excellent formulas, all of which seem ridiculously easy when Army uses them. Yale uses one of them, too—the lateral pass developing out of the T formation. When Yale uses the play, however, the receiver of the pass is right out in the open, alone with his thoughts and without a friend to aid and comfort him. When Army uses the play, it is never especially clear who has the ball at any given moment. You can count on just one thing—that the ultimate recipient can be sure of having between him and the enemy several large, unpleasant-looking blockers. It will be interesting to see what Penn, which has seen the lateral play worked against it by both Yale and Dartmouth, will be able to do about the Army version of it this Saturday.

OH, yes, one more Yale tradition. Ever since the days of Albie Booth, it has been the custom to remove Yale corpses from the field on a stretcher, only to miraculously bring them back alive later on in the very same game. Last Saturday, Whiting, palpably already with the angels, was carried off feet first after a hard tackle had laid him low. Five minutes afterward, though, he was back at right guard, where he remained for most of the rest of the game. Maybe the ride does the boys good and enables them to last longer. Even Albie Booth himself is still around. A little stockier but as fleet as ever, he was field judge in the lively game in which Penn beat Columbia at Baker Field.

—J. W. L.

•

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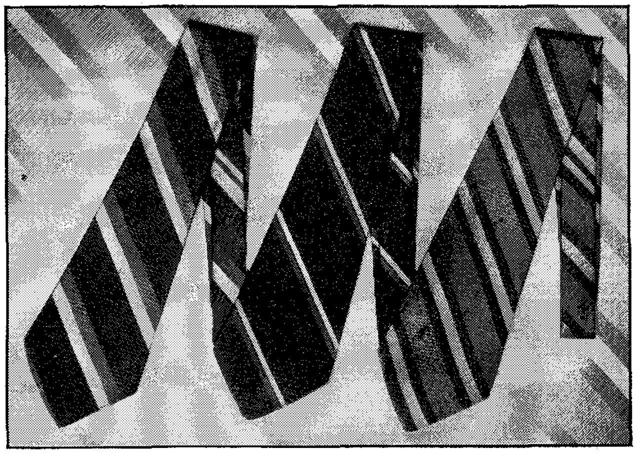

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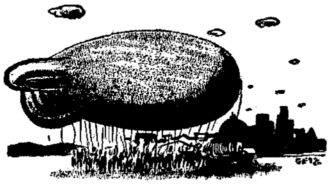
LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 24 (BY CABLE)

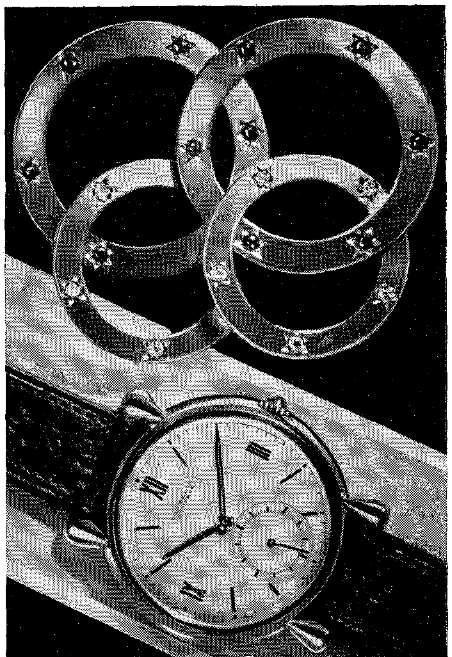
THIS week's sudden burst of air-raid sirens has been more of a nuisance than a menace, which may be just what the Nazis intended. Either the bothersome things start screeching early and keep you from getting to sleep, or they wake you out of a sound slumber in the small hours. Nobody seems to have been seriously upset by them, however, and there are even people who claim that the alarms give a certain fillip to the stale monotony of the civilian's daily lot. Mr. Churchill must have felt that way when he remarked, after visiting an ack-ack gun site Friday night, that he had "much enjoyed the shooting." The other evening, when the alert sounded as the streets were filling with crowds that had just come out of cinemas and eating places, people merely stood listening to the crackling guns, shouting excited instructions to the night fighters they fancied were somewhere around, and generally carrying on as though they were at a cup final. In what may be an officially inspired attempt to make the public take a less nonchalant view of whatever is brewing in the way of unpleasantness this winter, the press has been dropping dark hints lately about a new German secret weapon which the enemy may try out quite soon. Most Londoners probably believe that it's nothing more than a newspaper yarn, remembering that the gas scare didn't come to anything. At any rate, they seem unmoved by rumors of rocket shells about to be lobbed into their midst from the French coast, apparently on the theory that nothing could be much nastier than having bombs dropped from straight overhead.



FAR more concern was expressed by everyone over the heavy American losses of men and planes in the raid on Schweinfurt. At a time like this, the remarks of globetrotting senators brush off as harmlessly as though they were made by visiting Martians about a couple of other planets. Needless to say, the Five Senators have had a big and not particularly affectionate press here. The indignant shouting has mostly been confined to the newspapers, however, because the rest of us appear to feel that Mr. Churchill gave us our cue by refusing to comment on the senators' observations. What public reaction was evident looked to be more pained than angry. Maybe we are all slightly bewildered at hearing ourselves credited with evil plans for outsmarting our allies, especially since we have heard the Berlin radio spring time and again its favorite line of assuring simple-minded English listeners that they are now mere cogs in the Washington war machine and must go wherever it rolls them.

Just the same, intelligent men and women up and down the country are sitting up nights fervently discussing how, in the postwar future, the glorious Allies are going to settle down realistically to the more humdrum but equally difficult business of being good peacetime partners. Now that the talk in every sort of articulate circle is turning in this direction, Willkie's book—timed, neatly enough, to make its appearance over here shortly before the Moscow conference—has been as much of a best-seller as paper restrictions permit. Walter Lippmann's book has also done extremely well. Anyone who has succeeded in tracking down copies of both volumes feels a collector's glow of triumph, for titles in demand have a habit of disappearing off the book tables almost before they have been put on them. Booksellers say that the Lippmann and Willkie books are the sort of thoughtful, provocative stuff Londoners are going for now. On the whole, however, war books aren't popular unless they are really important. There is a steady escapist market for such works as the biography of Charlotte Yonge, the Victorian novelist, whose gentle doings make a nice foil to quiet evenings at home with the barrage shaking the plaster off the ceiling.

Nearly any book has a fairly tough struggle getting itself born nowadays, judging by the questions in the House last week about the paper allocations. Established publishers complain that certain upstart firms who are not, naturally, rationed on the basis of previous paper consumption come off entirely too well in the allotment of supplies, and the upstart firms retort that many a valuable book by a new author would still be a manuscript if it wasn't for them, because the older publishing houses are not betting any paper on unknown names. The really serious aspect of the situation is the shortage of technical and educational books, which is especially



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affecting the nursing and medical professions.

LAST week, Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, kept his promise to share the first fruits of the African victory with the public. Piles of oranges appeared in the shops, with orders that they were to be doled out only to children, at the rate of two pounds for those up to five years old and one pound for those between five and sixteen. Their elders shared vicariously in the bounty, for they received a boost to their own spirits from watching the kids blissfully getting sticky round the ears.

One of the definite improvements the war has made in low-income English lives is the intelligent attention which the government *now* gives to children's needs. This includes special priorities for babies and expectant mothers. It is not simply pretty paternalism but a desperately necessary program to notch up Britain's dwindling birthrate. The most recent figures show an encouraging jump, but the experts on such matters have gloomily pointed out that this may be due merely to such temporary causes as the big increase in war marriages and the popularity of "Bevin babies"—young Britons who make their appearance in order to keep their mammas from going into a factory. In spite of the government's benevolent encouragement of new citizens with free cod-liver oil, prenatal care, and the like, the Citizens Advice Bureaus and similar agencies report that a good proportion of the inquiries they receive come from worried young mothers, with husbands abroad, who find themselves trying to tackle singlehanded the more elemental job of getting little strangers started in a world where tiny garments cost tiny coupons, where prams are rare as nuggets, and where lots of landladies care less about the national birthrate than about keeping the "no children" cards in their parlor windows.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

September 10, 1943

TO: DON LEE STAFF MEMBERS
FROM: VAN NEWKIRK

Until further notice, pending a move of equipment, do not call Mr. Newkirk or Miss Stoddard on the Dictagraph; we may only be reached by phone. At the present time, you may reach Mr. Fuller on Miss Ryan's Dictagraph, Miss Ryan on Mr. Young's Dictagraph, Mr. Albright on Mr. Ramsey's, Miss Secrest on Mr. Young's Secretary's.—*Interoffice memo, somewhere in California.*

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"BRENTANO'S IN PETTICOATS,"

thumbnail sketch by HERMAN T. PIERIK, ad-man, of Elsie Lustig Clough, proprietress, and her Book Shop staff.

THE BOOK SHOP
5 Grosvenor Building, Providence, Rhode Island

THE RACE TRACK

New Talent

FROM a Kentucky horseplayer I know comes this week's advice to fellow-horseplayers: Never look the animals over too closely before a race, because you might spot something that would unsettle your judgment. There is soundness in the suggestion. Hardly anyone who watched Weyanoke walking in the paddock just before the Ardsley Handicap at Jamaica last weekend could have helped noticing that one of his knees was a lot bigger than it should have been and that he stepped more gingerly than I would like to see a favorite step if I were betting on him. Once on the track, however, Weyanoke was just as nimble as you could wish, and led almost all the way in the race, winning by lengths from Pukka Gin, who had much the worst of the racing luck, and from Platter, who I'm afraid is not as good a colt as I once thought him.

Weyanoke isn't the stuff of which great racers are made. As a matter of fact, he ran only in claiming races—and not particularly well, either—most of the summer, but his stable thinks very well of him now. After Weyanoke had won at Jamaica earlier last week, somebody offered Mrs. T. J. Carroll, his owner, $20,000 for him, and she turned down the offer. Her share of the Ardsley purse was more than $8,000, which goes to show you. One of Weyanoke's admirers did all right, too. The first time the animal won, this fellow had $300 on him, and the second time, he had $1,000. His profits totalled around $3,500.

THERE are so many young horses on Long Island these days that some of the $10,000 stakes races for two-year-olds have had to be run in two sections, like railway trains. After Weyanoke had won the first division of the Ardsley, Bel Reigh came along and won the second from Stymie and Rodney Stone. Incidentally, the winners of the two divisions of the Remsen the week before were almost nowhere to be found in the Ardsley. Bellwether finished eighth in one section and Black Badge ninth in the other. If I were the official handicapper and had to rate this season's

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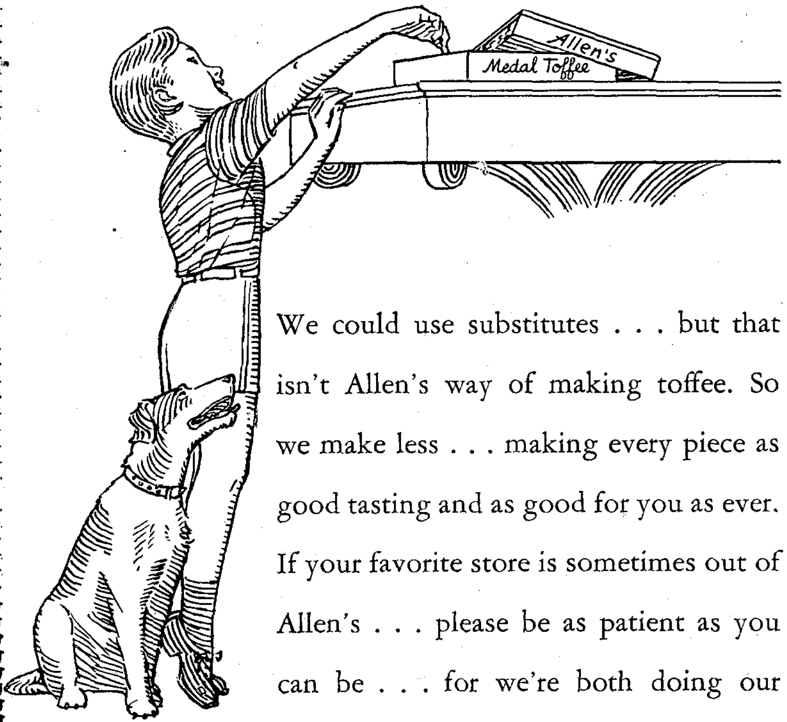
Too bad we can't all reach at will . . . and enjoy our fill. But war's restrictions cut down the supply of the pure, wholesome ingredients we use in making Allen's Toffee.



We could use substitutes . . . but that isn't Allen's way of making toffee. So we make less . . . making every piece as good tasting and as good for you as ever. If your favorite store is sometimes out of Allen's . . . please be as patient as you can be . . . for we're both doing our best to give you this treat . . . as often and as much of it . . . as we can.

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collection of two-year-olds, I think I would use the eeney-meeney-miney-mo system. Even Cocopet disappointed everybody in the Autumn Day Stakes, which was won by Whirlabout, the first day of the Empire City meeting. (It may be Empire City on the program, but it's still just the Jamaica track to me.) I thought that Cocopet was not quite wound up to concert pitch, but that didn't make the boys who bet on her to show feel any happier.

Ever since Eurasian won the Travers Stakes in August, I have been going against the grain and saying that he is no great shakes as a race horse. No one is likely to listen to me any more after he outfinished King's Abbey in the Gallant Fox Handicap the other afternoon. However, I'm going to bide my time, and I'm a good time-bider, if I may say so.

WHODUNIT DIVISION: Speaking of stoopers, as I was last week, an amateur I know recently found nine $10 place tickets in one of the air-raid sand buckets in the clubhouse betting ring. They were just lying together in a neat little deck, not even torn. They were on a horse that had finished second in the race just run. The lucky fellow cashed them immediately, collecting the very tidy sum of $387. Whoever had bought the tickets was very likely a last-minute bettor who had dashed up to the window where place tickets were sold instead of to the straight window, a mistake which horseplayers in a hurry frequently make. When the beast he bet on finished second, he apparently just tossed them away in careless chagrin, without even looking at them, but then horseplayers do the most extraordinary things. What baffles the man who made the find is that there were only nine tickets; he feels that there should have been ten. People are more likely to bet $100 on a horse than $90, unless they are making an elaborate sort of parlay. My guess, after long pondering, is that there were ten tickets and a ground squirrel got the other one.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

> I think the leaders of the youngest generation are getting rather sick of sloppiness. Young men are beginning to object to tousle-headed girls in ill-made, mannish clothes. Girls, it seems to me, are not especially pleased with unshaven, uncouth, ungalant boys. or varicose ulcer.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Getting a little choosy, aren't they?

1943, YEAR OF CRISIS

THE two girls got on the downtown Fifth Avenue bus at Seventy-second Street and found seats on the upper deck. The bus was not crowded—it was after ten in the morning—but none of the double seats was empty, so they decided on the long seat which runs the width of the bus at the rear. Both girls were conspicuously well dressed. Each carried a large, square calfskin bag. Neither was pretty but both had that freshness of complexion—heightened by the sharp, autumn air—which is the special mark of the late teens. One girl was tall and rangy, the other short and soft, but they were alike in their clear, bright eyes and in the lack of ease with which they wore their brand-new finery.

The occupants of the rear seat, an elderly Negro woman and a clerkish man with a copy of the *Daily Worker*, slid to the windows to make room for them. They settled themselves comfortably, stretching their nyloned legs. The short one got a compact from her bag and dabbed at her nose, while the tall one flipped open her coin purse and searched.

"Honestly," she said, but she pronounced it in the slurred accents of Farmington and Simsbury, something like "arnessy." Her voice was clear and loud; it carried above the rattle and roar of the bus. "Honestly! What a dope I am!"

"What's the matter?"

"I went and left all my money at home. Honestly, what a dope!"

"I'll lend you a dime."

"You're a pal."

The short girl gave her a dime and each inserted a coin in the conductor's receiver.

"Honestly," said the tall girl, giggling as he moved away, "there ought to be charge accounts on the buses for dopes like me. Can you take me to lunch? I only eat a sandwich and maybe salad and some French pastry or something."

"That's all right. I'll take you."

"I'll take you next time."

She found a crumpled pack of Luckies in her bag and offered it to her companion. The first match blew out in the draft from an open window ahead, but the second worked. Both girls smoked inexpertly, not inhaling, overly conscious of their cigarettes, tapping them every few seconds to shake off the almost indiscernible ash.

The tall girl reopened the conversation. "I've got a blank check at Saks today."

"Honestly?"

"Yeah. I kept after Mother. I told her if it's going to be such a deadly winter, at least I had to have a little money to spend. At least."

"What are you going to buy?"

"I dunno. Things. Bathing suits, I guess, in case we go to Florida after Christmas. *She* wouldn't look so good in a bathing suit."

"Your mother?"

"Honestly!" said the tall girl. "Don't be such a dope!"

"Oh—her!"

The tall girl nodded. "She gets away with murder in ordinary clothes, but a bathing suit would show her up, all right. Her age, I mean."

"How old is she, anyway?"

"She says she's only twenty-six but I'll bet she isn't a minute under thirty."

"I don't think she looks *that* old."

The tall girl snorted, choked on cigarette smoke, and tears came to her eyes. "Lemme a handkerchief." She wiped her eyes and stepped on her cigarette. "She's clever, that's why. She takes you in just like she takes in the men."

"I don't know where she finds any men these days."

"*She* finds 'em. Anything with pants on comes into town, she'll find it. At the Denisons' she turned up with an ensign. An ensign! I'll bet he was five years younger than her."

The short girl sighed. "I know a lot of ensigns, but they all got sent someplace."

The tall girl nodded. "Like Rick. He actually *asked* for sea duty. Honestly—when he could have stayed at 90 Church and all the swell parties. I told him if he didn't make *my* party, he needn't think *I'd* speak to him after the war."

"Will he make it?"

"No. He's out in the Pacific somewhere. I never get a break. It'll be a wonder if I don't get stuck at my own party. I don't see why I had to come out at a time like this."

"It's tough, all right," agreed the short girl.

The Negro woman rose to her feet as the bus passed Fifty-eighth. She clutched the signal cord and moved toward the aisle. She lurched as the bus slowed and stumbled across the tall girl's legs. Mumbling an apology, she groped her way down the aisle.

"Honestly!" said the tall girl. "The consideration of some people! These darkies think they own these buses. They ought to have special buses of their own, like in the South."

The little man with the *Daily Worker* looked up to give her a long, poisonous look.

She went on, unaware of his stare. "I don't mean we ought to discriminate or anything like that, but wouldn't they be *happier* if they had their own buses? Or maybe half the bus—they could have the upstairs and we'd take the down."

The short girl frowned. "But you can't smoke downstairs."

"That's right. It wouldn't work."

"Look," said the short girl. "Isn't he divine?"

A young Air Forces lieutenant was finding a seat a short way down the aisle.

"Simply heaven-sent," said the short girl, sighing.

Both girls stared for a moment. Then the tall girl spoke thoughtfully. "One reason is, she has hollow cheekbones. I wish I had hollow cheekbones. And maybe even just a touch of gray in my hair."

"You'd look silly with gray hair," giggled the short girl.

"No, I wouldn't. Even if I didn't dare wear a bathing suit." With a glance toward the lieutenant, she fished in her bag for her compact. "Anyway, you never can tell about pilots. I mean, they might be anybody. Mrs. Shepard says her gardener's son is actually a captain in Australia."

"Honestly?"

The tall girl nodded. "Not like the Navy. All the really nice boys go into the Navy." Suddenly she gasped and pointed out the window. "Look—that bathing suit in the window! Isn't it divine?"

The bathing suit adorned a gaunt, metallic model which was the centre of a beach display. The girl craned her head round to follow it as the bus rumbled on. She made a move to rise. "Let's get out here."

The short girl restrained her. "You haven't any money. You got to go to Saks."

"Oh, gosh, I forgot."

"Never mind. Maybe they'll have it at Saks."

"No, they won't have it at Saks." She let her mouth fall open and stared gloomily at her slender, nyloned legs. "Honestly, I never get a break."

—PHILIP DUNNE

•

RATIONING

Gout
Is out.

—J. McN.

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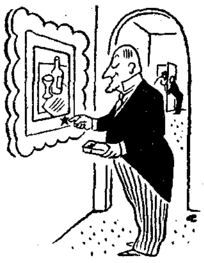
THE ART GALLERIES

It Just Won't Die



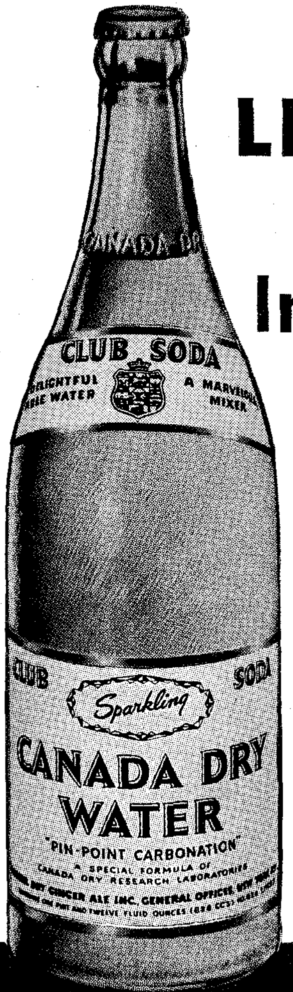
EXPRESSIONISM gets a big play this week in the galleries. I find myself being constantly amazed by the extraordinary vitality of this particular art form. Though it began as an offshoot of French Fauvism, its main development was in Germany, and since this occurred at about the time of the first World War, when Germany was completely cut off from most other nations, it might seem that its chances of ever becoming an important world influence were slight indeed. Expressionism was hampered, too, I think, by the stress it laid on individual statement. Every artist was on his own, as far as his work was concerned, and so no great, powerful coteries developed in the movement, as happened in the case of Impressionism, say, or Abstractionism. Yet here it is, a world influence in spite of everything, and the conclusions to be drawn, I guess, are (1) that if an art movement meets an intrinsic contemporary need it will succeed against all opposition, and (2) that national boundaries fortunately don't count for as much in art as they do in some other branches of human affairs.

Anyway, at least three shows this week—Josef Scharl at the Nierendorf, Tromka at the A.C.A., and Arbit Blatas at Associated American Artists—feature paintings that are more or less directly in the Expressionist tradition. Blatas has shown once or twice here before, but this is by far his largest exhibition since he came to this country from Europe, and it's big enough to reveal both the strengths and the weaknesses of his work. His principal weaknesses are his color, which tends too much to muddy greens and browns, and an inclination to enlarge his compositions to slightly overblown dimensions. Somewhat surprisingly, in view of this striving for large effects, his great strength is in a really winning tenderness and understanding which run through his painting. This appears best, I think, in his studies of children, such as "Dorothee in Blue Velvet Dress" and the small, unusually luminous "Breakfast," and in his portraits. There are several of the latter in the collection, chiefly of fellow-artists. I liked particularly "Kelekian Sitting" and the sympathetically executed "Portrait of Walkowitz."

IF a certain restraint appears in Blatas's work, especially in his handling of color, there is less in Tromka's. This is all to the good as far as I am concerned, since to my way of thinking the principal value of the Expressionist style is the sensuous freshness its free use of pigment engenders. Tromka's paintings are small, for the most part, and relatively unpretentious in design, but his color is always employed in the true Expressionist fashion, emotionally instead of logically, and his work, at its best, has considerable power in consequence. Note, for instance, the quite unreal reds in "Abandoned Colliery" and the stormy, dark blues in "New Hampshire Landscape," and how aptly these contribute to the mood of each picture. His best field, incidentally, is landscape. When he turns from the inanimate to the animate, as in "Matriarch" and "Farmer's Wife," he seems to lose his assurance; social criticism, which had been implicit before, becomes awkwardly explicit, and the work as a whole turns curiously flabby in structure.

THE last of the three men so far mentioned, Josef Scharl, is a far more complex figure, artistically, than either of the others. Expressionism certainly formed the basic mold of his style, but to this have been added a number of other quite diverse influences—van Gogh, the folk art of Scharl's native Bavaria, early Byzantine painting—with results that are frequently startling and sometimes strident but always interesting. Here, too, color is used emotionally (see the ominous clashing of greens and reds in "Apocalyptic Beast"), but however flamboyant his painting may occasionally be, there is always the sense of a formal and rigorously organized pattern behind it to give it dignity. Best of all in the show, which closes this Saturday, is "Swamp Landscape," a remarkable mingling of intense color and abstract suggestion. I also enjoyed the dark "Praying Negro," the boldly planned "Flowers in a Vase," and "Exotic Flowers."

AT the Knoedler Galleries they are showing the Erich Maria Remarque collection of paintings and water colors, mainly of the Impressionist and post-Impressionist schools. There are a fine Pissarro—"Jardin du Louvre, Effet de Brume"—and a small Renoir—"Portrait of a Girl"—that is incred-



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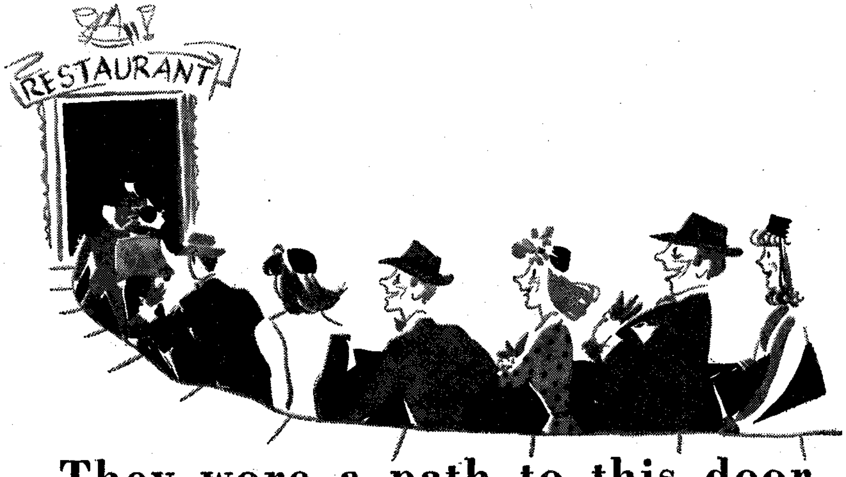

They wore a path to this door

Seems to us there's nothing spreads so rapidly as a reputation for fine food and drink. So here's a short but important tip on drinks. Properly made Manhattans and Old Fashioneds call for the generous use of Angostura. Because the Bitters provide a sharpening zest that stimulates the appetite and awakens the taste buds to a complete appreciation of fine food.

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ibly tender and appealing, but the cream of the collection is the group of Cézanne water colors. There are nineteen, almost all of them magnificent and all clearly chosen with a keen appreciation of that delicate economy of statement which was Cézanne's own. Look particularly for his "Arbre au Bord de l'Eau," which lays bare the anatomy of a tree with about as precise and unerring a touch as can be imagined. . . . Buchholz is showing bronzes by Degas, Renoir, and Matisse, three great painters whose ventures into sculpture were, I am sure, much more playful and inconsequential than their more unquestioning admirers will ever admit. Matisse played around most of all, and sometimes to the best effect. (Note his sharp-profiled, sensitively modelled "Portrait of a Woman.") Degas was the most daring. He attacked sculpture as if it were no more than painting gone three-dimensional, and he often failed, but in such pieces as his "Woman Looking Back" and "Dancer" he managed to bring plastic solidity to poses that a conventional sculptor would never have attempted. Renoir, I think, came closest to possessing a sense of the truly sculptural, and the distribution of the masses of his figures is done with a feeling for the essential rightness of weight and balance that the others frequently lack. He could go wrong too, occasionally, and he stayed fairly close to the conservative throughout, but his "Venus Victorieuse" and "Mother and Child" are both very fine achievements indeed.

—Robert M. Coates

•

Early in the growing season last year, we found Esther Houck in the back yard of her father's village home in Port Chester, New York, cultivating a Victory vegetable garden. She had no previous experience and no help except that her father broke up the hard soil with a spade and the garden catalogs and suggestion available to anyone.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Just so long as he broke it up, it doesn't matter.

•

THE MORNING BUS FROM PENNSGROVE

[*From the Camden* (*N.J.*) *Courier*]

Passengers on a morning bus from Pennsgrove are afraid they will get hurt before an unruly rider, apparently a bus company employe, is curbed . . . He annoys women passengers even to sitting on their laps and calling uncouth names at them . . . And when the driver has to leave his seat for a moment, the rider climbs into it and backs up the bus . . . But more dangerous is his antic of taking the ticket tape and winding it around the bus driver's head and face while the bus is in motion . . .

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Remembrance of Things Past

IT'S no more than fair that there should now be a picture about a corvette, since submarines and destroyers and many other naval objects have already had innings of their own. Nobody, I'm sure, will begrudge the little escort vessels the tribute they receive in "Corvette K-225," especially since the picture is not so powerful as to put the others of its kind to shame. It has a few good touches, but it also has its share of clichés. Its makers have fallen into many of the pitfalls that forever menace the artists who go down to the sea, or sometimes the studio tank, in ships.

The main trouble with the film is that it is absolutely indistinguishable from almost every one of its forerunners. Not only do the characters include the usual girl and her brother and the brother's shipmate who loves the girl and doesn't get along with the brother, but the battle scenes are practically identical, even to the order of their appearance, with all other naval battle scenes. The story has to do with the Canadian, instead of the American, Navy, but you won't find that this leads to any amount of variety. You won't even find that a corvette, which is a British type of ship, is vastly different from the good old destroyer that has been exploited to death in American Navy films. And what good a picture of this kind is if it doesn't give you either new information about the war or the old information better, I couldn't say. As for the characters' being Canadian instead of American, whatever subtle differences there may be have not been bothered with by Randolph Scott, James Brown, Ella Raines, Noah Beery, Jr., and the rest of the cast, who make them seem pretty similar to the folks at home. It's true that Miss Raines, who appears to be a new face, succeeds in putting some life and credibility into her part, and Mr. Scott isn't bad either, but even between them they can't put this carbon copy of a picture across.

PAT O'BRIEN, who was once Knute Rockne, is now Major Frank Cavanaugh, another late football coach. Cav-

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anaugh, as you may recall, coached at Holy Cross, Dartmouth, Boston College, and Fordham and also served in the last war, achieving the nickname of "The Iron Major," which is the title of the new O'Brien movie. The Major was noted for his locker-room pep talks, several of which are delivered by Mr. O'Brien, and for the size of his family, which is also brought into the scenario. Otherwise, he was apparently just an exemplary gent whose life was not particularly good material for pictures. . . . "Young and Willing," with William Holden, Eddie Bracken, Susan Hayward, and Robert Benchley, is a little like "My Sister Eileen," but not enough so that you have to see it. No, not that.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*From an adv. of the Skokie Valley Laundry and Dry Cleaners in the Chicago Tribune*]

Five thousand three hundred and eighty-nine babies were slapped into existence last month in Chicago. 5389 bits of star-dust, blown from the hand of God. The year is 1943. All in all, over 2,000,000 sweet, new blossoms of Humanity have fallen fresh from HIS own home to flower on these United States. Billions more of these God-given gifts have been born all over the world. Billions of babies—round, soft, smiling, living jewels dropped unstained from heaven to cast a new shadow in an old world—a war-torn world!

With men smashing this earth to bits. With the evil heads of falsehood, perjury, assassination, profanation, slavery and barbarism once more sucking the life blood of its civilization; with back-stabbing, earth-crawling, perfidious, venomous vipers practicing abominable atrocities—men of the Rising Sun; with the world a boiling caldron of inflamed emotions; with rich, red blood flowing in a gigantic torrent down the spillway of life—billions of smiles that flicker on billions of babies' lips while they sleep, light a path to a future, a future that holds hope and a new way of life. A smile on a baby's lips . . . does anybody know where it was born?

Yes, there was a rumor that a young, pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed morning. The same dew that clings to the rose just newly born; the tears which stars weep, sweet with joy; the same dew which acts as a varnish whereby the old, hard, peaked earth and its old self-same productions are made new every morning, and shining with the last touch of the artist's hand.

To you, small travelers from an unseen shore, to you we say, good-morrow. When, as days go by, we brood over the putrid eggs of hope, having drunk the golden wine, become weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune and move about in the shadow of a starless night—then little traveler, we'll wend our way to your cradle-roof that flies forward and backward through the air.

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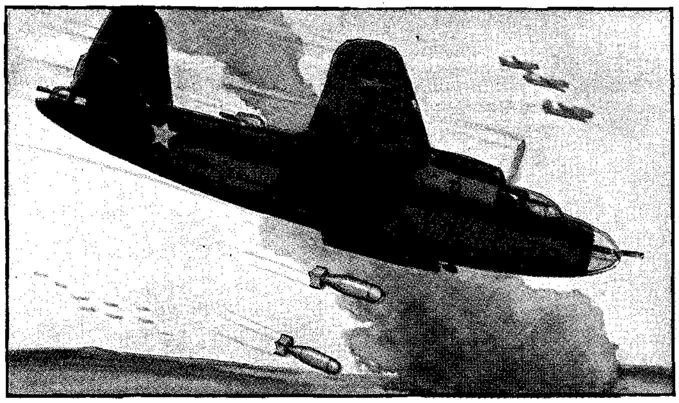
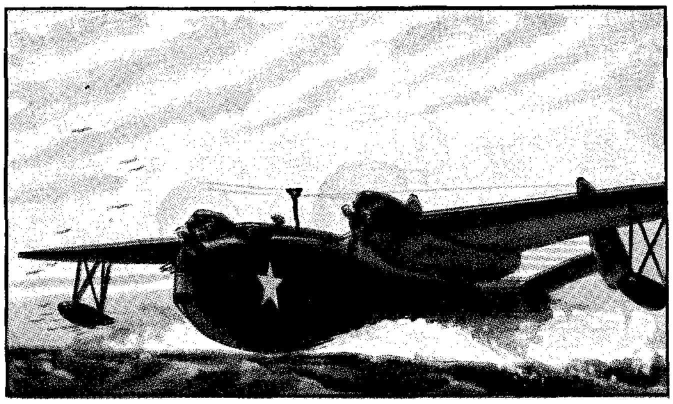
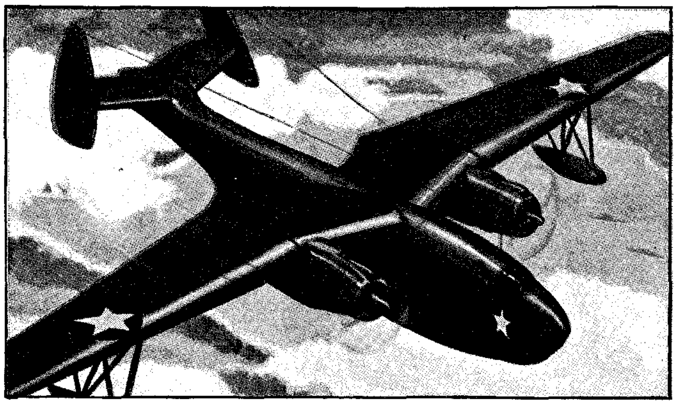


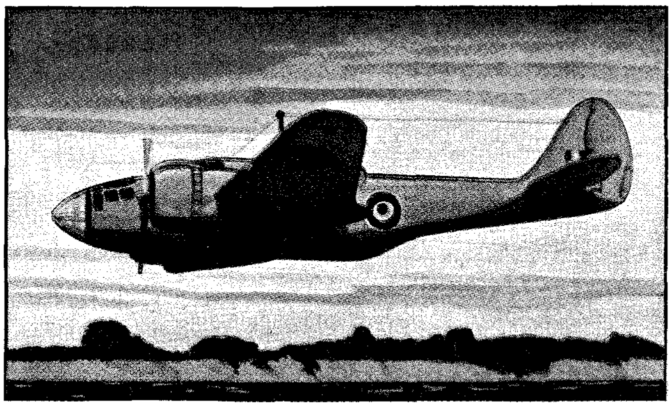
1 Mighty Middleweight, this lightning-fast, heavily-armed medium bomber is pounding the Japs from the Aleutians to the Solomons . . . blasting the Nazis in Europe. Recognize her stubby wings, torpedo-shaped fuselage, all-plastic nose? *See answer at lower left.*



2 Plenty of Punch is packed into this big 24-ton, twin-engined Navy flying boat. Easily recognized by its gull wings and up-tilted tail assembly, this patrol bomber has done excellent work in the Atlantic and elsewhere. Can you name her? *See answer at lower left.*



3 Fast Freight reaches fighting fronts quickly in this long-range, two-engine Navy transport. Big sister of plane No. 2 above, she has the same general silhouette but weighs four tons more and lacks gun-turrets. Could you spot this plane? *See answer at lower left.*



4 Built for Britain by a famous American company, this twin-engined, low-wing bomber won laurels in desert warfare over North Africa. Extremely fast, she carries a crew of 3, has sufficient firepower to serve as a long-range fighter. Know her? *See answer at lower left.*

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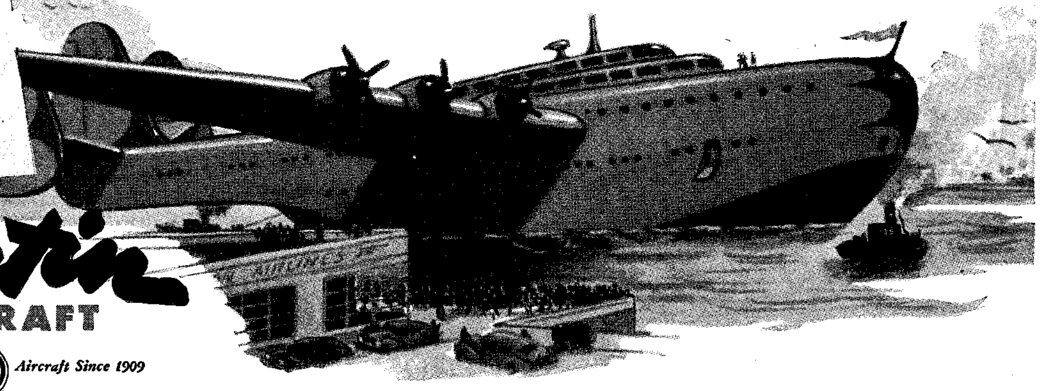
2 "MARINER" *Navy Patrol*
3 PBM-3 *Navy Transport*
4 "BALTIMORE" *British Bomber*



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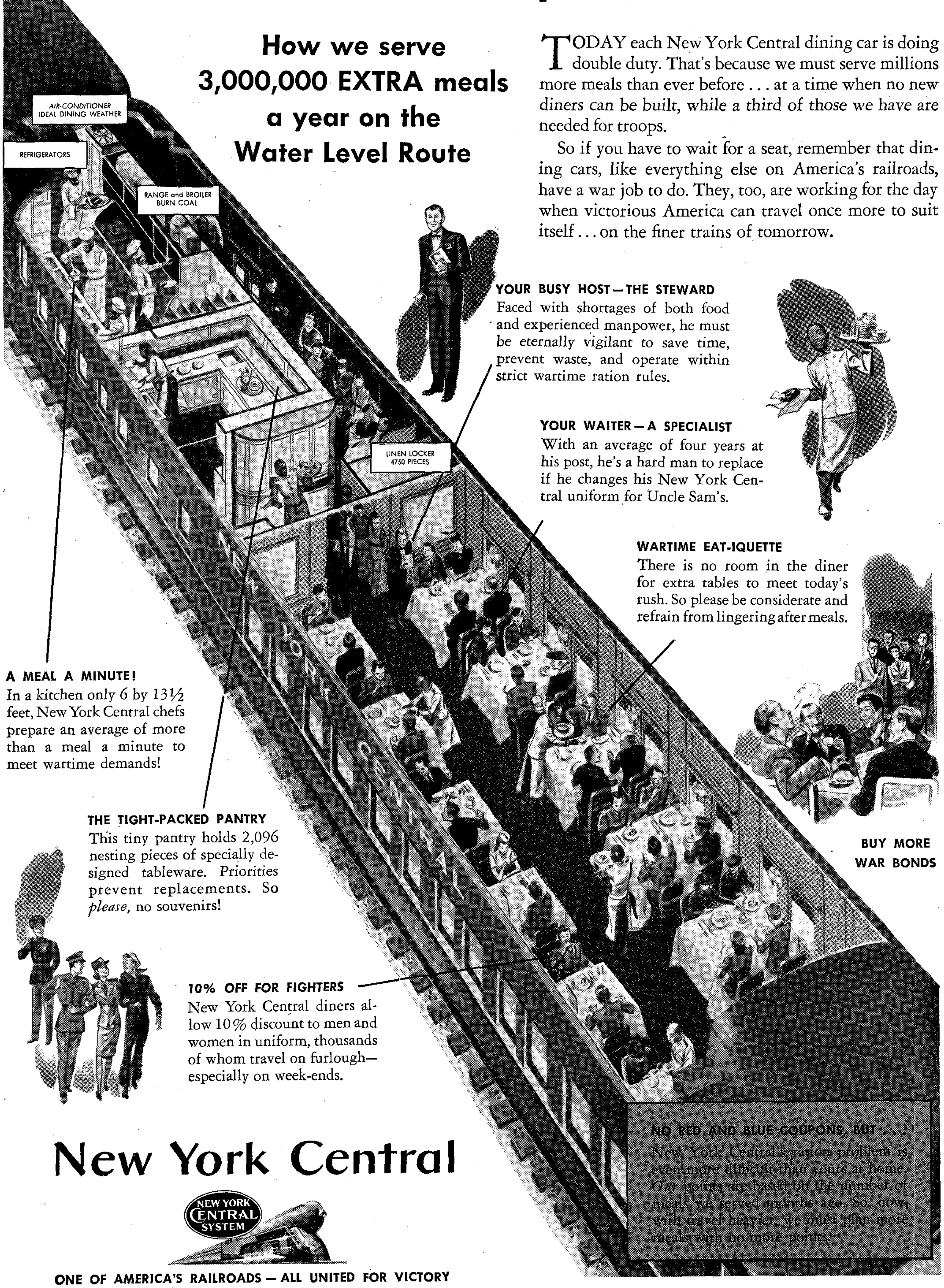
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BOOKS

Heroes and Heroines

WE tend to forget nowadays that there is more than one variety of hero (and heroine). Katharine Butler Hathaway, who died last Christmas Eve, was the kind of heroine whose deeds are rarely chronicled. They were not spectacular and no medal ever minted would have been appropriate for her. All she did was to take a life which fate had cast in the mold of a frightful tragedy and redesign it into a quiet, modest work of art. The life was her own.

When Katharine Butler was five, she fell victim to spinal tuberculosis. For ten years she was strapped to a board (that means one hundred and twenty months, an infinity of days and hours and minutes) and for the rest of her life, though she could move about, she was hopelessly deformed. Her body never grew any larger than that of a ten-year-old child. Her imagination, her understanding of herself, and her vision of the modes by which her life could be transformed—these, however, grew greater and greater, and had not stopped growing at her death.

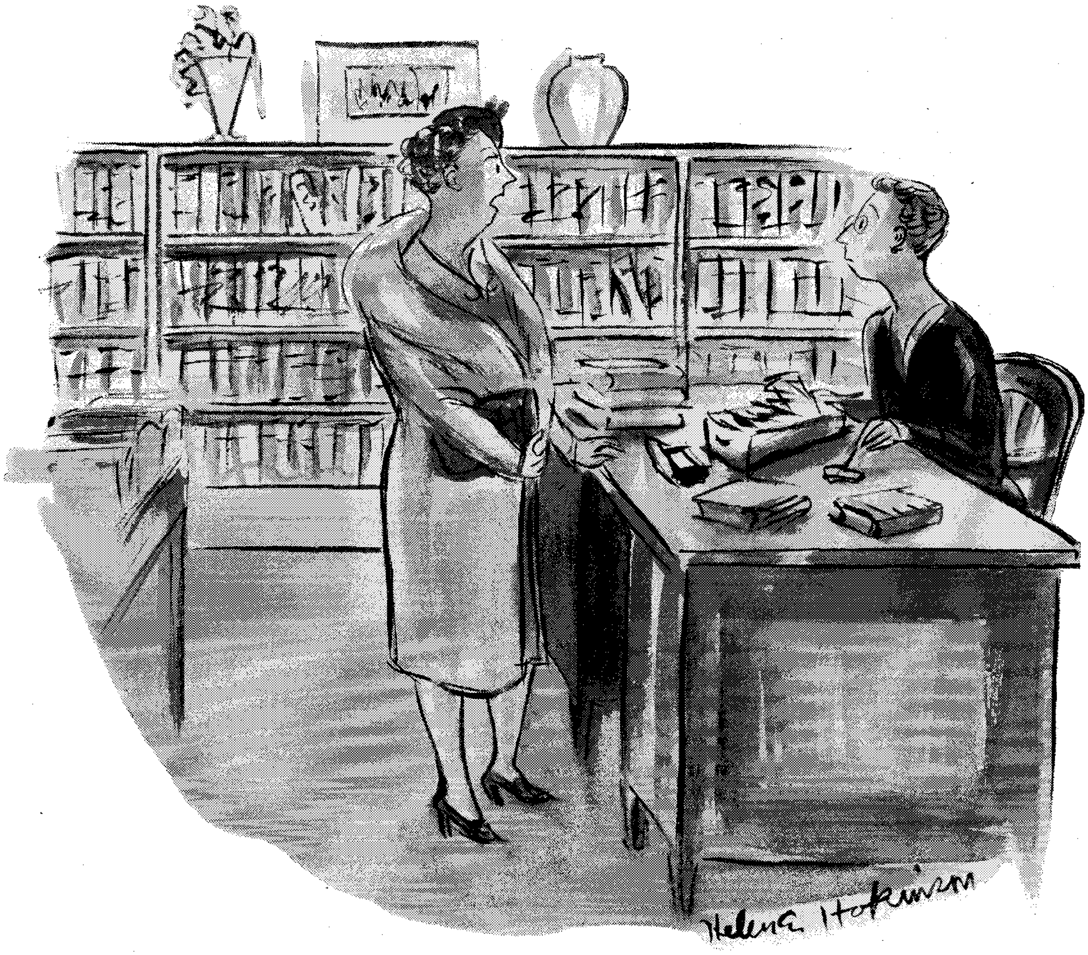
Into a strange, pitiful, and moving book, "The Little Locksmith," she has put most of her story—the games the bedridden child invented for herself, the remote worlds of fancy she fashioned, the subtle compensations she discovered, the house in the Maine village that became a symbol of her creative isolation, the friends she made, the moderate writing talent she so carefully nursed until it became capable of this book. She calls "The Little Locksmith" a "bread-and-butter letter to God," and somehow the far-fetched phrase strikes one as peculiarly apt.

In Germany, persons afflicted as was Mrs. Hathaway are legally murdered, frequently by quite ingenious methods, so that the German State and the German people may, through such murders, be further confirmed in power and wisdom. In the civilized world, of course, there can be no such arbitrary extinction of an imagination like the one whose persevering journey has been so absorbingly set down in "The Little Locksmith."

THE eminent astronomer, Harlow Shapley, assisted by Samuel Rapport and Helen Wright, has built up a grand, pleasantly obese volume, "A Treasury of Science," by levying toll on some seventy-odd scientists and popularizers, from Hippocrates to Oliver La Farge. Most of the essays are drawn from material published during the last few decades (Eddington, Pavlov, Jeans, Hogben, Eric T. Bell, C. C. Furnas, Eve Curie, Kaempffert, de Kruif, Haldane, Peattie, Ditmars, Eckstein, Julian Huxley, Hooton, Heiser, and Kirtley F. Mather), but fine selections from Copernicus, Galileo, Hugh Miller, Sir Archibald Geike, Newton, Franklin, T. H. Huxley, Darwin, and Jenner illuminate the vast, backward-reaching perspectives of scientific thought and correct what might otherwise have a tendency toward secondary or tertiary exposition.

The editors have made a brave attempt to construct their anthology organically—after a section on "Science and the Scientist" comes one on "The Physical World" (the heavens, the earth, matter, energy, and physical law), then one on "The World of Life," followed by a concluding section on "The World of Man." This makes for a neat table of contents but is otherwise rather meaningless. "A Treasury of Science" is a brilliant compilation of fascinating reading, but it is not a coherent or logically organized course in science and should not pretend to be. It is merely a first-rate collection of interesting and, in most cases, very competently written expository essays on half a hundred topics, including turtle eggs, the heliocentric theory, earthquakes, weather, radium, mathematicians, lobsters, vampire bats, the courtship of animals, the human embryo, leprosy in the Philippines, the creative imagination, and the probable final fate of the solar system. Great fun.

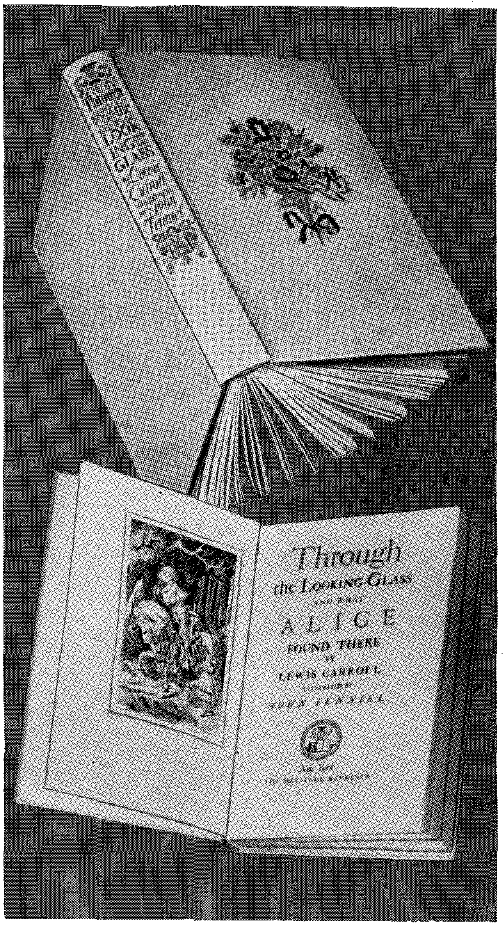
SURELY "The Promise" is the most disturbing, the gravest of all Pearl Buck's Chinese novels. It carries on the



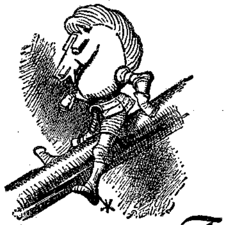
"What made everybody stop writing about rich people?"

"Alice in Wonderland" & "Through the Looking-Glass"

Two of the world's greatest books, by **Lewis Carroll** *illustrated with fine prints of the famous drawings by* **Sir John Tenniel**


Through the Looking-Glass Lewis Carroll John Tenniel
Through the Looking-Glass and what Alice found there by Lewis Carroll with John Tenniel

THESE TWO VOLUMES, WHICH RECENTLY SOLD FOR $5 IN THE RETAIL SHOPS, WILL RE-APPEAR THIS CHRISTMAS IN THE NEW SERIES OF "THE HERITAGE REPRINTS"



BUT *YOU* MAY NOW OBTAIN A SET OF BOTH VOLUMES, BOXED, ***Free*** WITH A ***Trial*** MEMBERSHIP!

YES, THESE ARE two of the world's best-known books. If you were to compile a list of the ten best-known books in the world's literatures, you would of course begin with The Holy Bible, you would then add Shakespeare's plays, you might give serious consideration to Fanny Farmer's Cook Book—but you would certainly include *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass.*

In writing these books, Lewis Carroll invented a new kind of fairy tale, several degrees more fantastic than those in The Arabian Nights or those composed by Andersen, in which he drew on modern science and all sorts of modern ideas for his materials—and thus created a droll distortion of familiar things.

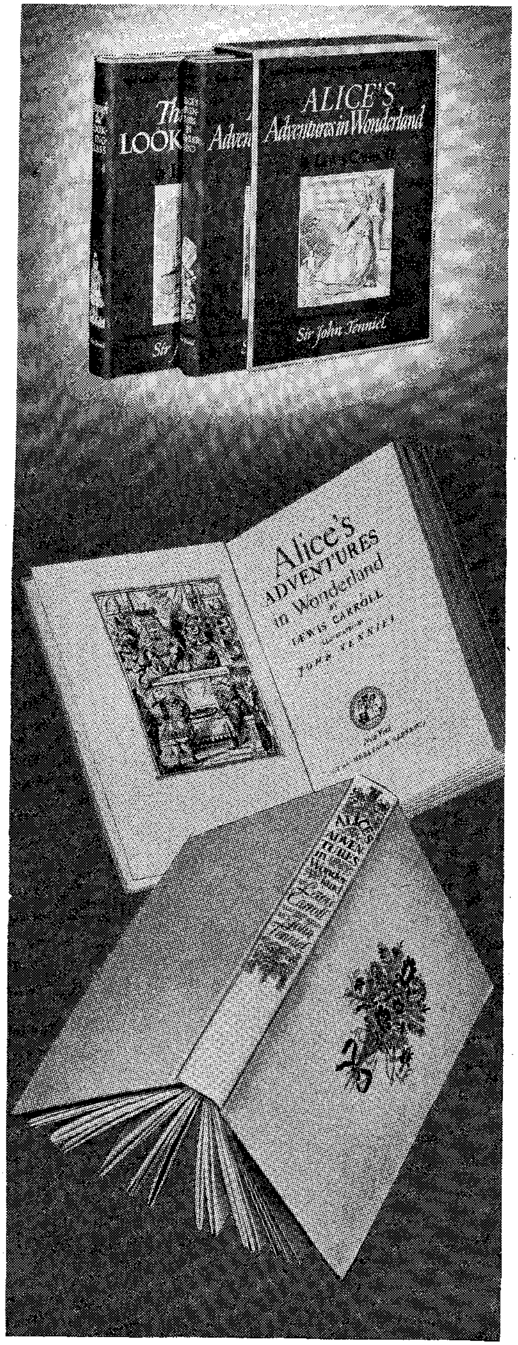
Although these books were intended for children, and were inspired by the prattle and the innocent charm of children, the wit and the fanciful humor and the subtlety of the under-meanings made them delightful for mature and educated people.

YOU MAY OBTAIN a set of both volumes FREE by accepting at this time a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club!

This Trial Membership will continue for eight months only. During each of these eight months you will be sent one of the books published by The Heritage Press. Each of these is a beautiful, *beautiful* book—delivered to you at the same price as an ordinary novel. At the conclusion of this eight-month period, you may then decide whether you want to continue as a Member of the Club.

At this time, we will take in *only one thousand* Trial Members: to get these fine books at a low price.

What you must do now is to send to us for a Prospectus which describes in detail the eight books you will receive. *War and Peace*, Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi, The Red Badge of Courage*, these are only three of the eight books which you will obtain during the eight months in which you will be a Trial Member. Thomas Hart Benton, John Steuart Curry, Hugo Steiner-Prag are only a few of the great artists whose



ist lay ahead, but already Tenniel was well known as humorist and illustrator.

The collaboration thus effected was one of the most significant and durable in literary history. Many hands have attempted to illustrate *Alice* since the 1860's and have produced in the main competent drawings—until their work has been placed alongside Tenniel's. Tenniel illustrated *Alice* once and forever, just as he did *Through the Looking-Glass* six years later.

Sir John made his drawings to be cut on wood, since none of our modern methods of reproduction was known at that time. They were never reproduced from the wood-engravings; the engravings were cast into moulds and the first edition was printed from electrotypes. That was why both Lewis Carroll and John Tenniel insisted upon the suppression of the first printing: the illustrations were so muddy looking.

How Heritage came into it!

THE HERITAGE PRESS has for years been engaged in publishing "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." Naturally, The Heritage Press created new editions of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass;* and these have been described repeatedly as "the gayest and best *Alice* in existence."

Both volumes were designed by W. A. Dwiggins.

In both volumes, the Tenniel illustrations were printed from plates carefully photographed from fine pulls of a set of wood-blocks which were especially engraved for The Limited Editions Club ten years ago. They are far superior to the comparatively indistinct prints of the illustrations which appear in other editions.

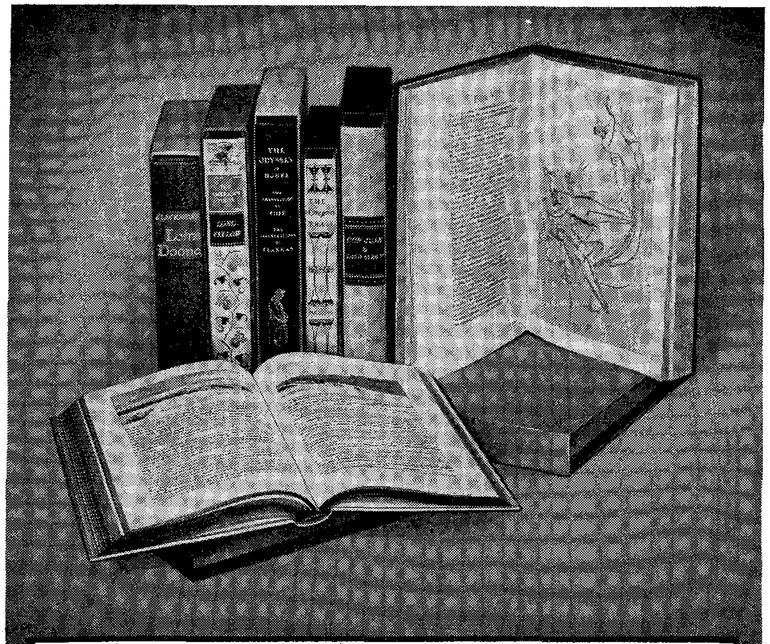
But they have been out-of-print!

NOW THESE EDITIONS have for some time been out of print. A real, growing, quite pleasing demand for a reprint has been sent to the Press by the booksellers. So the Press is now planning a reprint which will conform to the new governmental restrictions.

These books will be placed on sale for Christmas, and they will appear in a war-time series to be called "The Heritage Reprints." Both volumes will be somewhat thinner, printed on thinner paper. But in other respects the editions will be identical with the originals.

Now we will tell you how it is possible for you to obtain this handsome set FREE:

you, and at the same time reserve for you a set of these Carroll-Tenniel books and one of the Trial Memberships.



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AT ALL BOOKSTORES • CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

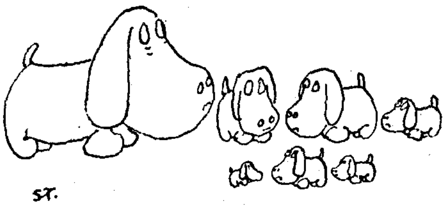
story of Sheng, the third son of Ling Tan (we have met Ling Tan before), and Mayli, the beautiful westernized girl whom he loves. Their romance, however, is sharply subordinated to the novel's basic theme—the attitudes white imperialism has evoked in the heart of the Asiatic.

The background is the disastrous Burma campaign. Mayli and Sheng are both attached to the Chinese forces. The British are heroic but stupidly opaque to any understanding of their Chinese allies. The Burmese—well, one Burmese says, "The truth is we hate you all," and he means British, Chinese, and Japanese, too, but mainly the British. "The Promise" makes clear the simple truth that imperialism, however benevolent, has been a dreary failure, that white supremacy is a myth, that unless the British and ourselves learn this, and learn it quickly, the whole Pacific war will have been fought in vain.

Mrs. Buck's toiling, sacrificing Chinese—the simple people who built and keep on repairing the Burma Road—are the best things in the book. There are also sharp portraits of Chiang Kai-shek and his wife, admiring but by no means sentimental. Mrs. Buck is not given to sentimentality.

"SIR," said Samuel Johnson, "a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." Otto Schrag's "The Locusts" is not done overly well, but you are surprised to find it done at all, for this 565-page novel of the American prairies, Mormons, Mennonites, mining towns, and locust plagues is the work of a German émigré who has spent but a few years in this country. Viewed as a tour de force of acclimatization, "The Locusts" is an extraordinary book.

Mr. Schrag's fanatical men of God, dour farmers, and frustrated virgins all have a doughy quality and an inflexible, humorless attitude toward existence that hark back to the author's Teutonic origins, but his locusts are simply wonderful. The description of their breeding habits, their life cycle, their technique of destruction, their flights, their death, and the methods used to combat the plague makes a fascinating story, on



which is superimposed a large number of much less fascinating human beings. By occasionally skipping and by concentrating on Mr. Schrag's insects, I managed to get considerable enjoyment out of this rather ponderous affair.

THERE is nothing of what Ernie Pyle calls the "big picture" in his "Here Is Your War." There is only some warm, human-interest reporting of the African campaign. Mr. Pyle has been called the Richard Harding Davis of this war. As a matter of fact, he has a better eye than Davis ever had and he writes without a touch of heroics. For what is termed "think stuff" turn elsewhere, but for the tiny detail, the "worm's-eye view," go to Ernie Pyle. The book consists of his newspaper columns in expanded form and is helped out by the authentic pen-and-ink drawings of Carol Johnson.

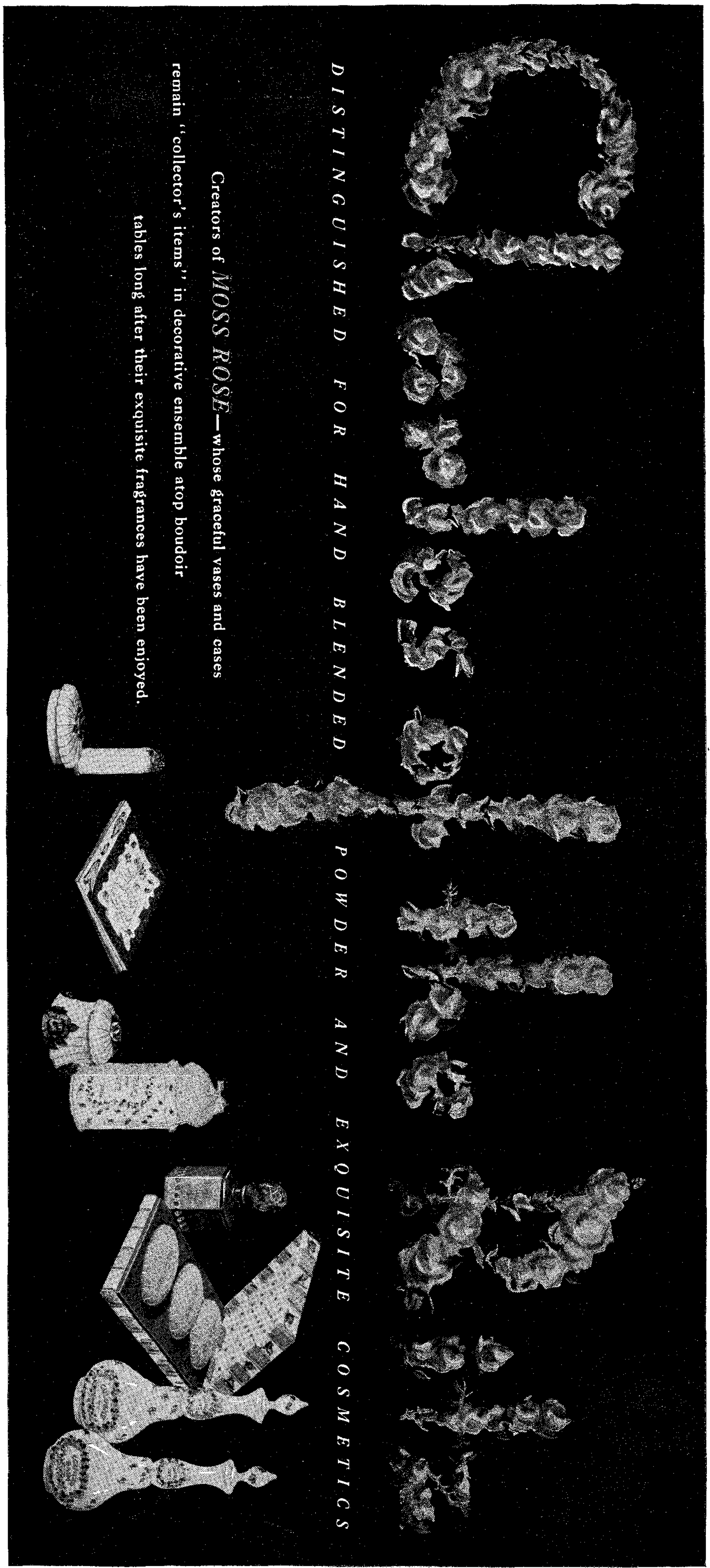
—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PEOPLE FROM HEAVEN, by John Sanford. A scornful indictment of the white race in America presented as an oddly patterned novel. Through the case histories of the local doctor (done rather in the "Spoon River" manner) you get to know a fine collection of perverts, lechers, sadists, and a few honest men who make up the citizenry of a small American town. Into this community comes a Negro woman who serves the author as a symbol on opposite sides of which are the contending forces of bigotry and tolerance. At intervals the narrative is interrupted by some remarkably witty free verse, which points up the townspeople's niggling cruelties in the light of our early history and presents our civilization as a Jim Crow affair since the days of Pocahontas. Mr. Sanford's challenging accusation would be more effective if his vehemence were a shade less self-conscious.

MY DAYS OF ANGER, by James T. Farrell. Another of Mr. Farrell's studies in the anatomy of frustration among the Irish-Americans of Chicago—a continuation of the life and hard times of Danny O'Neill and his numerous family of "A World I Never Made." In this book, Danny works his way through a couple of years at the University of Chicago. His progress in the higher learning, his unlovely and unsatisfactory sexual adventures, his life with his unlovely



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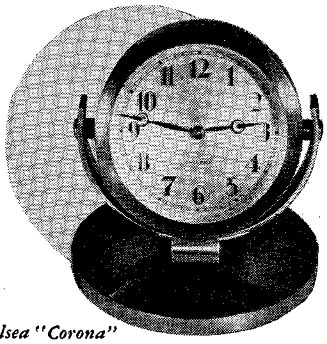

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In maintaining total production for war, Chelsea also maintains its high standard of accuracy, building for war the same clock-movements it builds for peace. In peace or war, no Chelsea Clock has ever worn out.

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and unsatisfactory family, are all recorded in the author's characteristic unlovely and unsatisfactory detail. Mr. Farrell appears to have retained all his early inclusiveness and to have added no depth of perception to his writing.

No News from Helen, by Louis Golding. An English engineer, living with his family on the Malayan peninsula at the time of the Japanese invasion, arrives in England after having been separated from his wife and child during the flight. The story concerns the conflict between the man, more than a little crazed by his sufferings and anxiety over the fate of his family, and his preoccupied mother and aunts, who are not at all concerned with his hellish odyssey. When Mr. Golding is picturing the passionate suspense of the neurotic husband, hoping against hope for word from his wife, he is first-rate; when the affairs of the ponderous relatives impinge on the story's real interest, the novel loses form and direction and even credibility.

Touched by the Thorn, by Maura Laverty. Life in an Irish village in the late twenties and during the present war. The heroine, who jilts her fine, upstanding sweetheart to go off with a no-account concert singer, forms only part of a story that is told with great delicacy and feeling. The loves, anxieties, and loyalties of the other villagers are equally believable and moving. You will have to be fairly grim not to take a gentle delight in the picture of a spinster aunt cooking something called a golden web for the pleasure of an unhappy child. Not an important book, but nevertheless a tender, human one with lovely Irish dialect singing through it.

This Festive Season, by Jeanne Singer. A single day in the lives of two American men and a young refugee girl, in which the separate problems of the three people become subtly related. Most of the action of the book takes place in the comfortable home of a likable, moderately wealthy Jewish family about whom the author writes shrewdly and divertingly. A first novel, which, while it doesn't go very deep, is developed with considerable charm, humor, and imagination.

Indigo, by Christine Weston. A serious, rather low-pressure novel, decidedly off the beaten track, about a Frenchman, a Hindu, and an Englishman who grow up together in a

Epicurean Gift!
AUNT MARTHA'S WHISKEY CAKE
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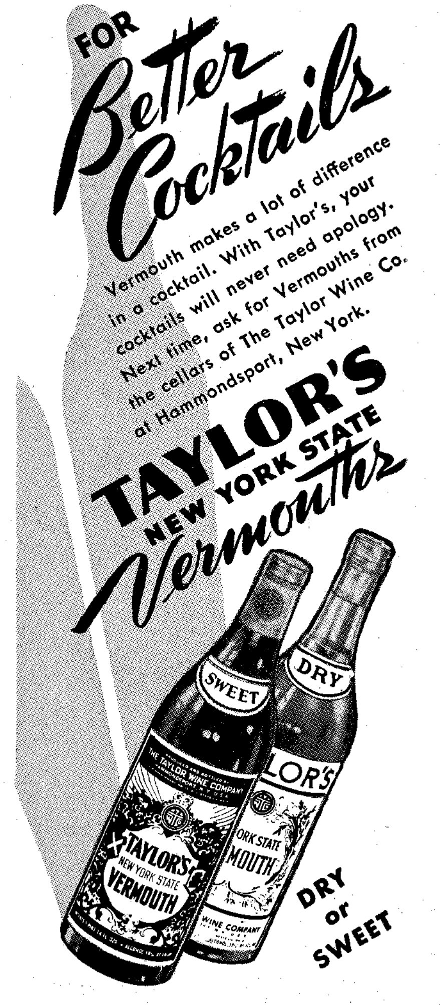
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small civil station in India. There is a girl in the story, too, but the real heroine is a remarkable woman of eighty to whom two of the men are bound by strong and complex emotional ties. It is hard, offhand, to think of any Indian novel, except perhaps "A Passage to India," that has so authentic a feeling for the country. This sense of veracity, added to a sound literary style, ought to have made the book more interesting than it is.

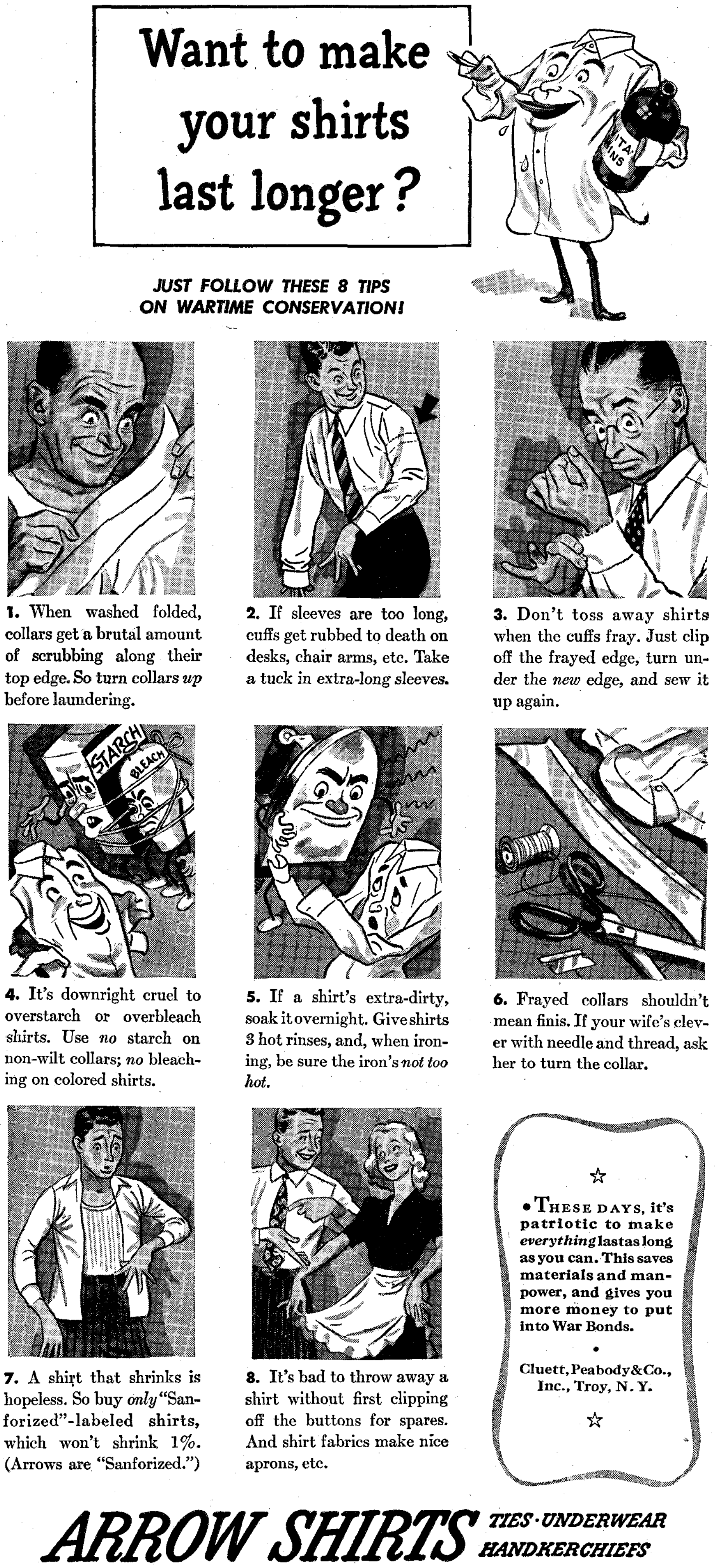
ALL THE YEAR ROUND, by Robert M. Coates. In these twenty-eight stories, Mr. Coates deals with all kinds of people, alike only in that most of them have been caught at some tragic climax in their lives. This magazine is fortunate enough to have printed all but six in the first place.

GENERAL

LONG WERE THE NIGHTS, by Hugh B. Cave, with the coöperation of Lieutenant Commander Alan R. Montgomery, U. S. N., Lieutenant Robert L. Searles, U. S. N. R., and Lieutenant (j.g.) Leonard A. Nikoloric, U. S. N. R. The nights were long indeed for the men of PT Squadron X, who carried the burden of the Bitch Patrol (the Cape Esperance assignment) for four months off Guadalcanal without losing a boat or a man. Mr. Cave's book is just straight, rapid-fire journalism, full of the expected clichés but somehow a better-than-average one of its kind. His account of how three PT boats set out to engage most of the Japanese South Pacific fleet will curl your hair with that old American vainglory. The map is rather amateurish.

THE RUSSIAN ENIGMA, by William Henry Chamberlin. An interpretation of the Russian revolution up to the present, in which the former Moscow correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* stresses the continuity of traditional Russian attitudes and values through successive changes in government and makes a few conservative predictions about the Soviet Union's postwar moves. Well written, informed, and temperate.

JAN SMUTS, by F. S. Crafford. Full-length, highly factual biography of the South African Prime Minister and Field Marshal, plus a good deal of the complicated political and social history of the country since the period before the Boer War. Smuts emerges as a ruthless and brilliant opportunist with an autocratic vein. A readable, carefully documented, and apparent-



Want to make your shirts last longer?

JUST FOLLOW THESE 8 TIPS ON WARTIME CONSERVATION!

1. When washed folded, collars get a brutal amount of scrubbing along their top edge. So turn collars *up* before laundering.

2. If sleeves are too long, cuffs get rubbed to death on desks, chair arms, etc. Take a tuck in extra-long sleeves.

3. Don't toss away shirts when the cuffs fray. Just clip off the frayed edge, turn under the *new* edge, and sew it up again.

4. It's downright cruel to overstarch or overbleach shirts. Use *no* starch on non-wilt collars; *no* bleaching on colored shirts.

5. If a shirt's extra-dirty, soak it overnight. Give shirts 3 hot rinses, and, when ironing, be sure the iron's *not too hot.*

6. Frayed collars shouldn't mean finis. If your wife's clever with needle and thread, ask her to turn the collar.

7. A shirt that shrinks is hopeless. So buy *only* "Sanforized"-labeled shirts, which won't shrink 1%. (Arrows are "Sanforized.")

8. It's bad to throw away a shirt without first clipping off the buttons for spares. And shirt fabrics make nice aprons, etc.

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ARMY E NAVY

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ly objective appraisal. Photographs and maps.

MAINSTREAM, by Hamilton Basso. An attempt to explain how the average American got that way. Mr. Basso retells the stories of a dozen typical figures, such as Cotton Mather, Jefferson, Calhoun, Carnegie, Bryan, Huey Long, and the two Roosevelts, on the theory that Joe Doakes is a composite of their lives and works. The theory is highly arguable, the demonstration of it fresh and lively.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MYSTERY OF SWORDFISH REEF, by Arthur W. Upfield. A new kind of job for Napoleon Bonaparte, the half-caste Australian detective who until now has specialized in tracking down murderers in the bush country. This time he is assigned to the case of the missing fishing launch and solves it very competently, though at a pace which may exasperate impatient readers. Sound and carefully worked out.

MURDER WITH LOVE, by Garland Lord. Major McKay, who is seventy-nine and exceptionally solvent, invites a bunch of his relatives to visit him and to discuss his will. Naturally enough, the relatives all dislike the Major, somebody gets killed, and a nice young girl is suspected. You've encountered this idea before, but it's entertainingly presented.

THE WILD DUCK MURDERS, by Theodora Du Bois. An unusually hazardous case for the young McNeills, who have already solved a couple of murders in their New England medical college. This one has to do with botulism, bombs, and un-American activities and will pass the time for you nicely if you don't insist on too much logic in your motives and clues.

GOING, GOING, GONE, by Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Asey Mayo, after some elaborate sleuthing in the cranberry bogs around East Weesit, discovers who put the body of Solatia Spry, the antique dealer, into a chest sold at auction. Highly recommended for Mayo fans and not quite so highly for others, since there is a good deal of confusion mixed in with the Cape Cod atmosphere.

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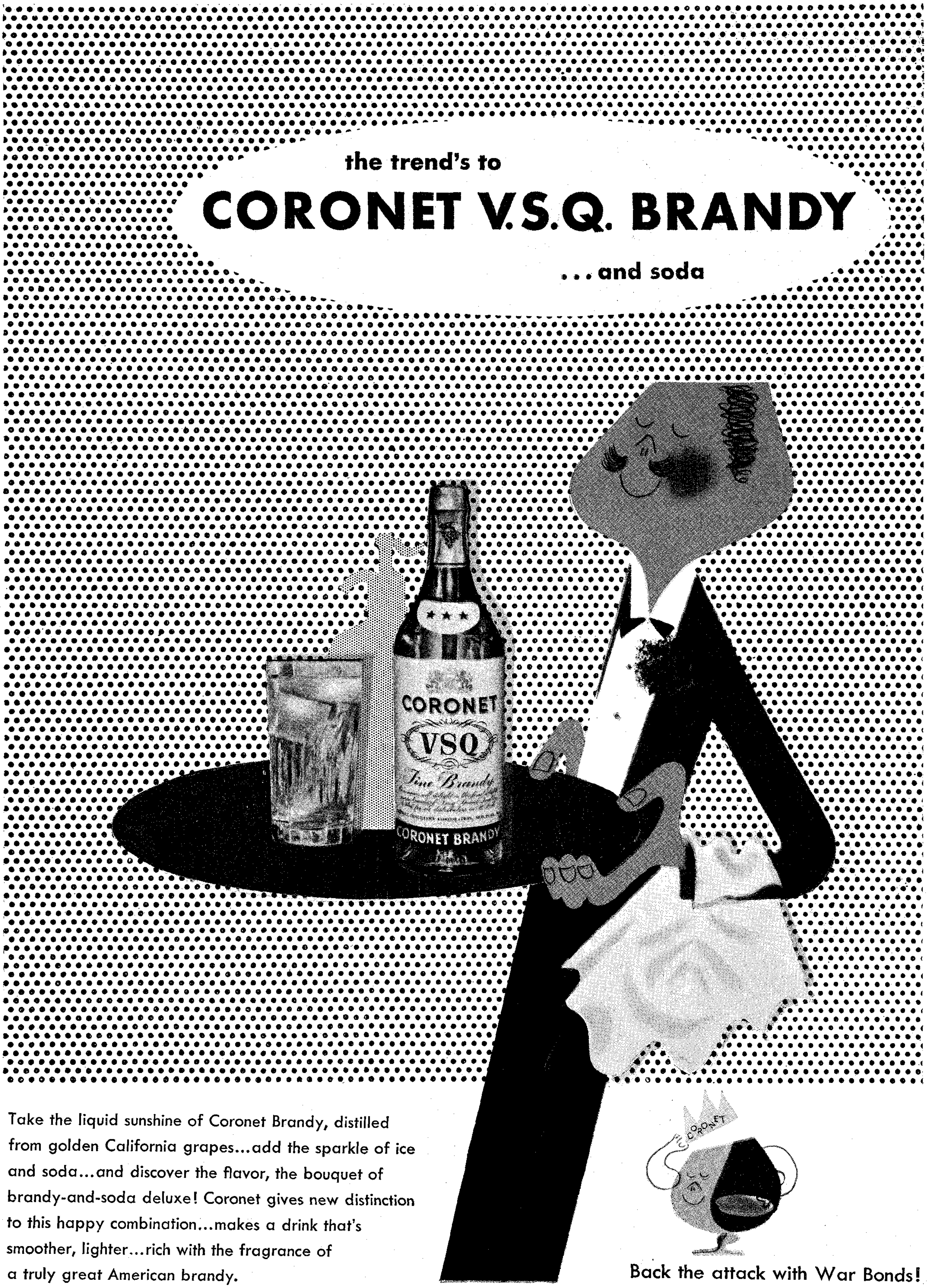
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